



THE INDEPENDENT

No 3,703

MONDAY 31 AUGUST 1998

(1RS0p) 45p

IN THE NEWS SECTION

A Ruud awakening

10 PAGES OF SPORT



That sinking feeling

IN THE BROADSHEET REVIEW

Can England save its coastline?

REVIEW FRONT



Exposing all on the Web

ARTS, COMMENT & NETWORK

New fines for stress at work

COMPANIES that subject their workers to dangerous levels of stress are to face prosecution as part of an official crackdown on unsafe modern working practices.

The Health and Safety Executive has decided that employers who drive their staff to nervous breakdown and chronic depression are just as culpable as those whose employees are physically injured in dangerous workplaces.

Next week, guidelines will be issued to thousands of British companies on their legal responsibilities for protecting staff against high levels of stress. The move follows research by the HSE showing that 500,000 Britons are suffering illness caused by work-related stress.

Jenny Bacon, the HSE's director general, said last night that high stress levels "were now being suffered across the work spectrum. We are no longer just talking about teachers on the back of the national curriculum," she said.

"This is affecting managerial, professional and clerical staff, care workers and nurses as well as teachers."

Companies which are found by HSE inspectors to be subjecting their workers to unreasonable levels of stress will be served an improvement notice. If they fail to act they will be prosecuted under the Health and Safety at Work Act.

Tom Mellish, the TUC's health and safety officer, said stress was now the number one safety concern among British employees. "Employers should be prosecuted," he said. "There is plenty of information and support structures out there for them to do something about it. We are encouraged that the



John Prescott: Approval sought for code of practice

HSE's inspectors are now focusing on the issue of stress.

Business leaders are anxious that employers are not blamed for anxiety which may have its origins in domestic problems. A spokesman for the Confederation of British Industry said: "In many instances stress problems in the workplace are carried over from private lives. Employers cannot be held to account for factors over which they have no control."

The CBI is strongly opposed to any new measures which will increase the legal liability of businesses for stress-related illness.

The HSE move follows research which indicated that many of the modern practices introduced in the last 15 years to improve working environments have actually increased levels of stress.

Many workers do not enjoy working in teams or in open-plan offices, the research showed. Others feel that working from home and part-time working have left them isolated and unsure of their role in the company. The researchers also found that the hiring of temporary staff increases

stress levels for permanent employees because the temps are "buffered" from the most difficult tasks.

Measures designed to help workers relax, like massage at the desk, have only short-term benefits, while doubts have emerged over the value of stress management consultants.

No firm has yet been prosecuted for causing stress to its staff but companies have become more conscious of the issue since a court ordered Northumberland County Council to pay £175,000 in compensation to John Walker, a senior social worker who suffered two nervous breakdowns, in 1996.

Since then, several employers have been forced to make out-of-court settlements, running into hundreds of thousands of pounds, after stressed workers brought civil actions.

The HSE believes that it will be in a stronger position to take action against firms who subject their staff to stress if the Deputy Prime Minister, John Prescott, agrees to the introduction of tougher rules in the form of an Approved Code of Practice on stress.

The new official guidelines will warn employers: "It's your duty in law to make sure that your employees aren't made ill by their work."

Firms are told to take an understanding attitude towards members of staff who admit to feeling stressed and not to see the admission as "a sign of weakness". The guidance states: "Don't be tempted to think that firing someone provides an easy way out. If you don't act reasonably in dismissing an employee, they could claim unfair dismissal."

Leading article Review, page 3

Bouquets were laid, rituals observed, but somehow the mood had changed



Marking the anniversary of the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, mourners place flowers on Kensington Palace railings

David Rose

AFTER THE remarkable scenes of national mourning that greeted the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, a year ago today, the first anniversary was expected to unleash another tidal wave of grief.

But public displays of sentiment at the weekend were distinctly muted, and the huge crowds that were anticipated at symbolic sites around the country failed to materialise.

Not that the rituals were not being observed. Bouquets were laid yesterday outside Kensington Palace, the Princess's home; pilgrimages were made to her final resting place on the Althorp estate; loyal subjects gathered to see the Royal Family at Balmoral.

BY KATHY MARES, LINDA GREGORIAS AND KIM SENGUPTA

But as the nation prepared to mark the anniversary of a cataclysmic event in British public life, the mood was more contemplative than last year, the grieving less conspicuous.

It was a strikingly small congregation that attended services at Westminster Abbey yesterday to hear prayers said in the Princess's memory - in contrast to last year, when the Mall was thick with mourners waiting to see the cortege pass.

The funeral service, the climax of an extraordinary week, was watched on television by more than 31 million British

viewers. Yesterday the memory of the Princess, who died in a Paris hospital after her Mercedes hit a pillar in an underpass by the Seine, was invoked at churches around the country.

At the Abbey, the Precentor, the Rev Dominic Fenton, said during prayers for the dead that "we particularly remember Diana, Princess of Wales."

The scenes outside Kensington Palace were unexpectedly sober. Last year, the surrounding gardens were a focal point for people who, despite having never met Diana, felt personally bereaved. They thronged the park in their tens of thousands.

Yesterday, the crowd barriers erected by police were re-

dundant. There were no more than 500 visitors in and around the gardens at any one time.

But the sentiments of those who made the trip to Kensington were genuine nonetheless. Maeve O'Hanlon, 61, who brought a spray of lilies, said: "I came out of respect, love and admiration, a great feeling for a very special person who changed my life."

Some 2,500 people congregated at Althorp, in Northamptonshire, where Diana is buried. Earl Spencer, her brother, will hold a private memorial service there today with other family members.

In Paris, a stream of tourists and locals visited the crash site, at the Pont de l'Alma un-

derpass, near the Eiffel Tower, to lay flowers at a small monument that has become an unofficial shrine to the Princess.

The real mourning, though, was going on at Balmoral, where the Princess's two sons, William and Harry, spent the weekend with their father and other senior royals, as well as the Prime Minister, Tony Blair. They attended a service at Craighie Church, where private prayers will be held for Diana today.

It may be that the anniversary itself will witness large-scale exhibitions of public sorrow. Or it may be that, a year on, people are finally starting to let go of this beguiling and flawed woman whose death affected them so profoundly.

Deal to save Russia in doubt as Communists back out

RUSSIA'S CRISIS deepened dramatically last night with the apparent collapse of a political power-sharing deal and growing signs that an isolated Boris Yeltsin now faces a major showdown with parliament.

The President's candidate for prime minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin, faces being rejected by parliament after the Communist Party abruptly withdrew its support for his confirmation late last night.

The decision is a heavy blow for the Kremlin, which wants a premier installed as soon as possible to start tackling Russia's worsening economic crisis.

The Communists' decision came after a day of intense ne-

BY PHIL REEVES in Moscow

gotiations with representatives from the Kremlin, parliament, and Mr Chernomyrdin which initially appeared to have secured an agreement. Under it, parliament would have received the right to veto all ministerial appointments except the "power" ministries - foreign, interior, and defence - and the federal security services, which would remain under the control of the Kremlin.

But within hours the deal began to fracture with the announcement by Gennady Zyuganov, who heads the Communist factions, that he would

not sign it, and that his party would not support Mr Chernomyrdin's candidacy due for debate in the Duma, the lower house, today. "Tomorrow... the whole faction will vote against Chernomyrdin," he told Russia's NTV commercial television station. "Mr Chernomyrdin is an accomplice with Yeltsin in the destruction of the past five years (of Russia's economy)."

Mr Zyuganov has a record of changing tack at the last minute, and so the Kremlin and Mr Chernomyrdin may yet be able to salvage something from their deal. But the signs last night were not good.

The decision is certain to cast a pall over this week's summit

between President Bill Clinton and Mr Yeltsin. The situation worsened still further when the ultra-nationalist Vladimir Zhirinovskiy, the leader of the Liberal Democratic Party, the third largest parliamentary party, announced that his group would not be voting for it. Grigori Yavlinsky, the leader of the liberal faction Yabloko, also criticised the agreement.

The deal was awaiting Mr Yeltsin's signature last night, although it seemed to have fractured before he had the chance to sign. Earlier in the day it had been apparently sealed after several days of talks struck by Kremlin aides, parliamentary leaders and Mr Chernomyrdin's camp. It

included an agreement not to dissolve the Duma until the end of its term next year, and a suspension of all votes of no confidence in the new government.

Time is running out to cope with the crisis which has shattered Russia's financial system, sent the ruble and stock market plunging and endangered the political foundations of the country. Monday is the deadline for the Duma to vote for Mr Chernomyrdin and Mr Yeltsin will formally have to resend his request to give the deputies up to seven days' extra time.

Attempt to break impasse; The Argentine connection, page 18 Banks' reaction, page 12

Grand Prix turns into demolition derby

DAMON HILL kept his head while all around him were losing their's to win the Belgian Grand Prix yesterday at a rain-drenched Spa-Francorchamps one of the most incident-packed motor races of all time.

The race began with one of the biggest pile-ups in Formula One history, continued with an exhibition of wet-weather driving by Michael Schumacher - curtailed by a shunt, a three-wheeled drive back to the pits, and an angry altercation with David Coulthard - and finished with Hill's first victory since he claimed the world championship in 1996.

The race had only reached the first corner when Coulthard lost control in the atrocious conditions and 13 cars were spectacularly taken out in the subsequent mayhem. With wreckage strewn all over the track the race was stopped.

Fortunately none of the drivers was hurt and the race started for the second time just under an hour later.

Then, again at the first corner, more chaos as the world championship leader Mika Hakkinen spun his McLaren and crashed out of the race.

Hill, who made a superb second start in his Jordan, powered into the lead, but it was only a matter of time before Schumacher passed the Briton and carved out a dominating lead.

Then he ploughed into the rear of Coulthard's McLaren, derailing the Scot. Hill, driving a composed race, inherited the lead and held on for the 22nd grand prix win of his career. The victory was the first ever for the Jordan team in 127 races, while Hill's team-mate Ralf Schumacher came home in second place. Report, picture, page 22

INSIDE
FULL CONTENTS
PAGE 2
TODAY'S TV
REVIEW, PAGE 20

HOME
A concession to left-wing Labour MPs failed to quell concern over anti-terrorist laws
PAGE 2

HOME
A sleaze committee will advise the Prime Minister to tighten checks on honours
PAGE 4

HOME
A BBC documentary on Britain's prisons could make stars of women convicts
PAGE 5

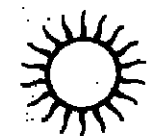
FOREIGN
Australia's prime minister has called a general election six months early
PAGE 9

FOREIGN
Aung San Suu Kyi, the leader of Burma's opposition, says she is ready to go to jail
PAGE 9

BUSINESS
US firms are ahead of their European counterparts in dealing with the euro
PAGE 12

SPORT
England lost two batsmen in three balls to slump to 25 for 2 against Sri Lanka
PAGE 15

9 770951 946511



Very dry, very hot and very PIMM'S all day.



INDEX

HOME NEWS

PAGES 2-8

Revealed: recipe for TV success

The secret of successful television drama has been revealed: a rural setting, a former soap actor as the star and trailers full of sex. Page 5

Blair's approved children's books

The Prime Minister believes children will increase their appetite for reading if parents read them 'naughty' books with mischievous characters. Page 6

Tour firms defend British tourists

Tour operators have defended nearly 10 million holiday-makers who pour into Spain each year against the condemnation of Britain's vice-consul in Ibiza. Page 8

FOREIGN NEWS

PAGES 9-11

80 die as Cuban airline crashes

Up to 80 people were killed when a Cuban commercial airliner plunged into a suburb of the Ecuadorian capital on Saturday and burst into flames. Page 9

Indonesian riots target Chinese

Thousands of poor Indonesians ran riot in Java over the weekend, burning and looting property owned by the ethnic Chinese community. Page 9

Communists clean up Black Hole

Thousands braved monsoon showers in Calcutta to listen as Jyoti Basu urged the Congress Party to abandon its economic liberalisation policies and unite with the Communist party. Page 11

BUSINESS NEWS

PAGE 12

Arnault sniffs around Yardley

LVMH, the French luxury goods group headed by Bernard Arnault, is one of nearly 70 parties who have expressed an interest in buying Yardley from the receivers. Page 12

SB and Medeva in diet drug row

SmithKline Beecham and Medeva are locked in a bitter row with two US academics who have alleged that one of their diet drugs could cause heart and lung problems. Page 12

SPORTS NEWS

PAGES 13-22

Huddersfield give Wigan a fright

Super League leaders Wigan were given the fright of their lives by bottom club Huddersfield before securing a flattering 38-14 victory. Page 14

Russell Claydon wins in Munich

Britain's Russell Claydon won his first tournament after nine years as a professional golfer by winning the BMW International Open in Munich. Page 18

MONDAY REVIEW

20-PAGE BROADSHEET SECTION

Anne McElvoy

'Prince Charles has not yet been persuaded to do a speech announcing "The Monarchy's coming home" but that is the message.' Page 3

Trevor Phillips

'Sex has been detached from the emotion. It is no more significant than an aerobic step class.' Page 4

John Walsh

'Is it not high time that such concepts as Bathtime, Storytime and Drinks of Water were subject to regulation as well?' Page 5

Letters	2	Network	12-16
Leaders and comment	3-5	Listings	17-18
Obituaries	6-7	Games	19
Gazette	7	Radio, Satellite TV	19
Features	8-9	Concise crossword	19
Arts	10-11	Today's TV	20

Cryptic crossword, section one, page 22



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Up to 200,000 packed the streets of Notting Hill, West London, yesterday for the colourful and noisy annual carnival

Neville Elder

London streets swing to carnival sounds

BY LOUISE JURY

THOUSANDS of people packed the streets of West London yesterday for the noisy and colourful celebrations of the 33rd Notting Hill carnival.

Up to 200,000 people, many of them children, began the three-mile carnival parade which has become as much a part of the Bank Holiday festivities as rain and traffic jams. Two million people are expected to attend by the time the event winds down tonight, watched by 3,800 police officers.

Stephanie Harwood, the spokeswoman, said many local residents were taking part this year instead of moving out for the Bank Holiday. She added: "Lots of people who live in the area are amazed to find how many friends they have as carnival weekend approached."

Rain stayed away from the festival but parts of Britain will not be so lucky today. A Meteorological Office spokesman said rain would sweep into Northern Ireland, Scotland and western parts of England and Wales, with fresh winds over much of the country. Temperatures hit 23C in Bristol yesterday.

Motorways were uncharacteristically quiet but AA Roadwatch warned of inevitable delays today. Among return travellers will be 130,000 people who spent the weekend at the Reading Festival listening to bands including New Order, the Beastie Boys, Prodigy and Supergrass.

Labour revolt over terror Bill

A GOVERNMENT concession to left-wing Labour MPs has failed to ease their concern about the anti-terrorist laws to be rushed this week through the Commons in the wake of the Omagh massacre.

The MPs were still threatening to table amendments to the legislation in spite of the assurance given yesterday by Mo Mowlam, the Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, that the Bill will have to be renewed every 12 months for it to stay on the statute book.

Kevin McNamara, Labour's former Northern Ireland spokesman, said he was con-

cerned that MPs were being dragged into rushing the Bill through, and warned it could damage the credibility of the peace process.

He said the support of the nationalist community could be undermined if there was even one mistake with convictions on the uncorroborated evidence of a police officer.

MPs will not see the Bill until Wednesday morning, hours before it is due to be taken through all its Commons stages.

Home Office sources said telephone taps will not be made admissible evidence under the Bill, although ministers believe the security forces will use intercepted conversations to establish whether suspects belong to banned groups.

Courts will be able to convict people for being members of a banned group on the word of a single officer. Failure to answer questions will be taken into account by the courts.

The Bill will also have sweeping powers against international terrorists, making it an offence to plan to commit any criminal offence abroad -

a measure which could catch paedophiles and bank robbers, as well as terrorists.

Ms Mowlam has tried to reassure the Labour MPs who are concerned about the civil rights issues raised by the emergency legislation.

She wrote in *The Observer*: "The legislation will not be a blunt instrument, but a precise tool to help the police in their efforts to bring those few individuals still engaged in violence to justice. The new legislation will be compatible with the European Convention on Human rights and needs to be renewed by Parliament for

each further year it is in operation," she said.

Tony Blair will visit Omagh with President Clinton on Thursday, before the President goes to the Republic of Ireland to meet Bertie Aherne, the Irish Prime Minister. It is possible that their wives will also take part in the visit.

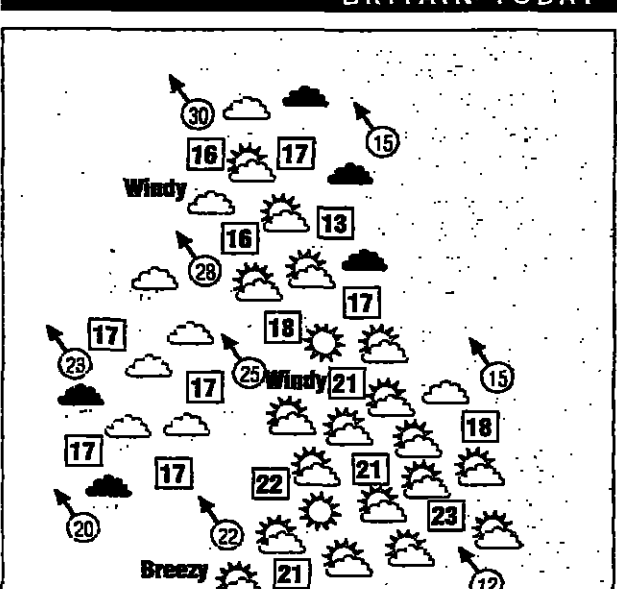
Mrs Clinton will be in Ulster for a conference hosted by Ms Mowlam before the President flies to Belfast from Moscow, where he is meeting Boris Yeltsin for a summit on the financial crisis facing Russia. The President is expected to underline American condem-

nation of the IRA breakaway group and make it clear they will not be allowed to raise funds in the United States.

David Trimble, the Northern Ireland First Minister, and leader of the Ulster Unionist Party, yesterday denied a report that he was prepared to make a concession to the IRA by ending his demand for the decommissioning of all weapons.

It had earlier been suggested that Mr Trimble was prepared to allow them to keep handguns, providing they destroyed or abandon their explosives.

BRITAIN TODAY



FORECAST

General situation: Windy with rain spreading across Northern Ireland. Rain later in western Scotland and dull with fog patches and drizzle towards east and north coasts of Scotland until it will be cooler and cloudier towards North Sea coasts.

East S & SE England, London, Midlands: Hazy spells of sunshine. A light south-east wind. Max temp 21-24C (70-75F), cooler right on the coast.

West Midlands: Hazy sunshine but cloudier towards coasts. A light to moderate south-east wind. Max temp 19-22C (66-72F).

East Anglia: Hazy sunshine but cloudier towards coasts. A light to moderate south-east wind. Max temp 19-22C (66-72F).

Channel Isles: Pleasant hazy sunshine. A light to moderate south-east wind. Max temp 21-22C (70-72F).

SW & NW England, Lake District, Isle of Man, Wales: Breezy with hazy sunshine, cloudier towards evening. A moderate to fresh south-east wind. Max temp 20-23C (68-73F).

East N & NE England: Hazy sunlight but cloudier towards coasts where fog and drizzle is possible. A light to moderate south-east wind. Max temp 19-22C (66-72F), cooler near coasts.

NI Ireland: Windy with rain moving in. A fresh to strong south-east wind. Max temp 20C (68F).

SW & NW Scotland, Glasgow, NI: Windy with sunny spells but rain likely later. A moderate to fresh south-east wind. Max temp 18-21C (64-70F).

SE & NE Scotland, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, NI: Dull with fog and drizzle towards coasts. A moderate to fresh south-east wind. Max temp 18-21C (64-70F), cooler near coasts.

OUTLOOK

Wet and windy in Scotland on Tuesday with rain for other parts of the UK. Strong winds and rain becoming confined to northern Scotland on Wednesday with a mix of sunny spells and showers elsewhere, the showers mainly in the north and west.

TRAVEL

Roads: London: M1/A12 link road. Various restrictions in place. Until 31st December 1999.

West Midlands: M5 between J5 (Bham west) and J2 (Dudley). Restricting work with narrow lanes both ways.

Until 12th October:

West Yorkshire: M1 between J43 Skipton and J42 (Leighouse Interchange) (M62).

Roadworks with 50mph speed limit.

Until 1st November:

Bedfordshire: M40 between junctions 1a (M25) & 3 Wycombe East. Three narrow

AIR QUALITY

Today's readings:

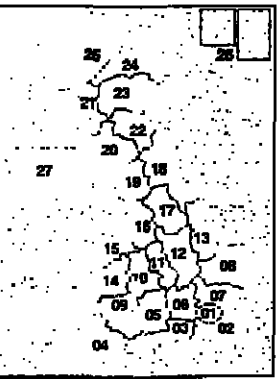
City	No ₂	O ₃	SO ₂
London	Moderate	Good	Good
S England	Moderate	Moderate	Good
C England	Moderate	Moderate	Good
N England	Good	Good	Good
Scotland	Good	Good	Good
NI Ireland	Good	Good	Good

SUN & MOON

Sun rises: 06.11
Sun sets: 19.50
Moon rises: 15.36
Moon sets: n/a
Full Moon: September 6th

WEATHERLINE

For the latest forecasts dial 0991 8800 followed by the two digits for your area. Source: The Met. Office. Calls charged at 50p per min (inc VAT).



YESTERDAY

EXTREMES

Warmest: St Helier 24C (75F)
Coldest (day): Sumburgh 14C (57F)
Wettest: Tidesdale 0.02 in
Sunniest: St Martin 12.3 hours

For 24hrs to 2pm Sunday

City	Min	Max
Aberdeen	0.5	11
Angus	0.5	11
Armagh	1.1	11
Belfast	4.8	0.1
Birmingham	7.8	0
Bristol	5.1	19
Buckingham	5.1	19
Burton	3.7	16
Cardiff	5.4	22
Cardigan	1.3	17
Carmarthen	1.0	15
Edinburgh	3.2	21
Exeter	11.4	19
Fishguard	10.4	17
Folkestone	2.1	19
Glasgow	7.0	20
Hastings	6.4	19
Hove	9.5	22
Leamington	10.9	17
Leeds	1.5	20
Lewes	0.03	11
Liverpool	7.1	21
London	0.1	23
Lowestoft	0.1	23
Manchester	1.1	20
Margate	4.5	19
Morriston	1.0	16
Newquay	1.0	17
Newry	1.0	17
Northwich	10.3	21
Orkney	10.3	21
Penryn	10.3	21
Perth	10.3	21
Portsmouth	10.3	21
Scarborough	0.01	15
Shrewsbury	1.2	18
Southport	1.2	18
Stirling	7.4	16
Swansea	10.6	20
Torquay	11.4	19
Torquay	11.4	19
Weymouth	10.8	19

RAIN TAKES DEADLY TOLL

RAIN AT high altitude has

turned the slopes of Mont

Blanc, Europe's highest moun-

tain, into a treacherous wall of

ice. In seven days, 15 climbers

- from Spain, Germany, Hun-

gary, Italy and France - have

fallen to their deaths. The lat-

est victim was a 25-year-old

Polish woman who died yesterday.

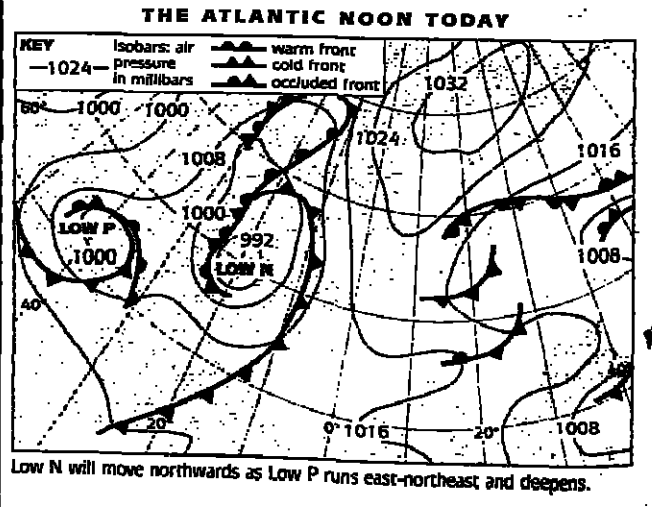
The authorities are urging

climbers to use a guide.

THE WORLD



THE ATLANTIC NOON TODAY



Low N will move northwards as Low P runs east-northeast and deepens.

THE WORLD YESTERDAY

City	Min	Max
Adelaide	13	21
Algeria	13	21
Amsterdam	16	21
Ankara	16	21
Athens	16	21
Bahia	16	21
Bangkok	16	21
Batavia	16	21
Bombay	16	21
Buenos Aires	16	21
Calcutta	16	21
Canton	16	21
Cebu	16	21
Colon	16	21
Hankow	16	21
Hong Kong	16	21
Kobe	16	21
London	16	21
Lyons	16	21
Manila	16	21
Medan	16	21
Memphis	16	21
Moscow	16	21
Mumbai	16	21
Nairobi	16	21
Paris	16	21
Peking	16	21
Rangoon	16	21
San Francisco	16	21
Shanghai	16	21
Singapore	16	21
Sourabaya	16	21
Tientsin	16	21
Yokohama	16	21

JP 11/10/150

THE INDEPENDENT
Monday 31 August 1998

THE INDEPENDENT
Monday 31 August 1998

HOME N. 4/5

London
streets
swing to
carnival
sounds

World's richest ruler makes £1bn economy cuts to pay off his debts

BY ANDREW BUNCOMBE
AND JEREMY WARNER

THE SULTAN of Brunei, the richest man in the world until recently, has been forced to liquidate millions of pounds of investments to pay off debts.

Within the last month, the Sultan, Sir Mude Hassanal Bolkiah, has liquidated up to £1bn worth of internationally-managed investment portfolios to repay loans for which they were collateral.

In the last year, the man who can afford to fly his Aston Martin sports cars to the British factory to have the engine oil changed, has seen his personal fortune fall by an estimated \$2bn (£1.3bn). He has also lost his title as *Forbes* magazine's World's Richest Person.

The unprecedented cash raising measures have been forced on the ruler of the tiny South-east Asian state by a combination of the wide-ranging economic meltdown in the Far East and the collapse on the world market in the price of oil - the source of most of Brunei's wealth.

Just how serious his problems are is not clear as details of the Sultan's wealth are considered a state secret. Any problems the Sultan is facing, however, will obviously be affected not only by the uncertainties of oil prices, but how long the recession in the Far East lasts.

Yesterday it was reported that the state-run Brunei Investment Agency (BIA) had run down funds with Morgan Grenfell Asset Management, JP Morgan - the American investment house - Citibank and the Japanese bank Nomura.

"This is quite serious," said one source yesterday. "It clearly shows there is a cash crisis of some sort that he is having to deal with."

The Sultan himself is taking the matter seriously. *The Independent* has learnt that last month he called his investment managers to the capital of Brunei, Bandar Seri Be-



The Sultan and his family entertain the Prince of Wales in 1996

gawan, for a crisis meeting. But the prices and the recession facing the tiger economies may only be part of the problem that is threatening the finances of the man, whose name has become synonymous with vast, unimaginable wealth.

In recent months, the Sultan and his brother, Prince Jefri, have been locked in a bitter dispute following a series of allegations that the Prince was leading a wild and extravagant lifestyle, both financially and sexually. Earlier this summer, one of Prince Jefri's companies - Amedeo Development Corporation (ADC) - was closed down with outstanding debts of up to £10bn. Prince Jefri himself was ousted as head of the BIA, the last post of any importance he held within the state, and has fled to the US.

From there he in turn claimed that his ousting was the result of the increase in influence of a number of conservative government advisers who wished to turn Brunei into a fundamentalist state.

News of the Sultan's asset liquidation comes as teams of accountants are working through records in Brunei's Ministry of Finance to ascertain exactly how much the country is worth.

Meanwhile, senior partners from the accountancy firm, Arthur Andersen, have been appointed by the Sultan as special managers and inspectors to a number of companies, including the now defunct ADC.

"Clearly things have not

been going as they should," said a spokesman for the accountancy firm. "It will be the job of the managers and inspectors to go in and have a look at what has been happening and make their report and recommendations for the future."

Most analysts believe the Sultan's wealth and the general wealth of Brunei are one and the same thing - he technically owns all of the 2,200 square mile country - and any reduction of his personal fortune could hit the country hard.

The population, currently around 300,000, pays no income tax, social services are free and lavish while the education system includes grants for overseas education, and allows children from poorer homes to enter professions.

All this has been achieved from the wealth of oil, which started to make Brunei rich in the early 1970s. But some estimates predict oil reserves will last no more than another 25 years. Pressure on the Sultan to create alternative wealth is growing and things will not have been helped by the latest developments.

Perhaps it is too soon to start feeling too sorry for the Sultan. While he may now only be third on the *Forbes* list, this is more to do with the inexorable rise of the wealth of Microsoft's Bill Gates rather than a collapse of the Sultan's.

It is worth bearing in mind that he earns more than £70 a second.

He is still very rich.



The Sultan of Brunei, thought to earn £70 a second, is now only third richest man in the world

TEN FACTS ABOUT THE SULTAN'S WEALTH

- 1 The Sultan lives in the world's largest palace. It has 1,789 rooms - with 50 crystal chandeliers in the dining room.
- 2 The palace contains a heliport, miniature mosque, recreation centre and an underground garage for 800 cars.
- 3 The Sultan is the world's biggest buyer of Rolls-Royce cars.
- 4 The Sultan flies and owns four Gulfstream IVs, three Airbus A330s, two Boeing 747s and a 767.
- 5 The Sandhurst-educated Sultan succeeded his father in 1967 with the support of the British. Brunei obtained independence in 1984.
- 6 The Sultan owns a farm in Darwin, Australia, which is bigger than Brunei.
- 7 He owns up to 200 polo ponies, imported from Argentina along with their grooms. The ponies live in air-conditioned stables and fodder is flown in monthly from Australia.
- 8 The Sultan once hired Rod Stewart to sing at one of his children's parties.
- 9 All citizens have the right to talk directly to the Sultan.
- 10 The Royal Brunei Malay Regiment (Brunei's army) has been known to use Exocet missiles - each costing more than £100,000, for target practice.

DNA links 'Stone Age' tribe to first humans

BY STEVE CONNOR
Science Editor

SCIENTISTS MAY have found the direct descendants of one of the first tribes of early humans to emerge out of Africa about 100,000 years ago.

The discovery promises to shed light on one of the most enigmatic periods in early human history, when the first people colonised the world, eventually leading to Homo sapiens becoming the only species to dominate every corner of the globe.

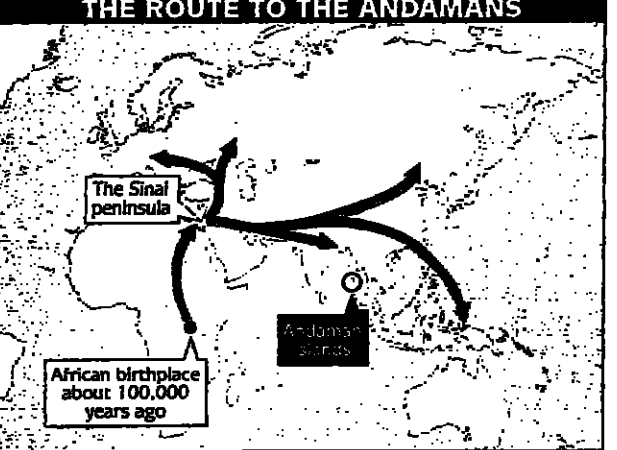
Locks of hair stored at Cambridge University for the past 90 years have revealed DNA evidence to link the inhabitants of the remote Andaman Islands with the first anatomically modern humans to migrate across Asia.

The Andamanese were living a stone-age existence when Western explorers in the 19th century made contact. An analysis of their genetic make-up indicates they could be a lost tribe that has remained isolated from other humans for many thousands of years.

DNA analysis has shown that in spite of the wide variation in the physical features of ethnic groups today, we are more closely related to each other than most other species of mammals.

Scientists believe only a small number of our ancestors - perhaps no more than a few thousand - crossed the Sinai peninsula to populate Asia, Europe, Oceania and the Americas.

The genetic "bottleneck" caused by having so few ancestors resulted in humans today being relatively inbred. Studies into the sequence of "letters" in the genetic code of different ethnic groups - analysed from blood samples - have nevertheless been able to guide scientists to the most ancient lineages of DNA that date back to this early period of human history.



Dr Erika Hagelberg, a geneticist at Cambridge University, and Dr Carlos Lalueza Fox, from the University of Barcelona, have extracted enough DNA from the hair of 42 people to compare the genetic relationship of the Andamanese with other ethnic groups around the world.

One particular mutation, where a tiny stretch of DNA is deleted, shows that the Andamanese, who live in the Bay of Bengal south of Burma, do not share their pattern of inheritance with other Asians.

"The significance of this mutation is that it seems to be associated with the more recent population explosions linked with the development and spread of agriculture about 6,000 to 8,000 years ago," said Dr Hagelberg.

"It looks like the Andamanese are the descendants of a much earlier hunter-gathering group of humans who did not have any later contact with the agricultural people and who were therefore not part of the subsequent population explosion out of Africa and across the Asian continent."

Agriculture is a recent innovation in human history, with the earliest indications of it appearing in the fertile crescent of the Middle East about

10,000 years ago. It is widely assumed that the agricultural revolution spread across the rest of Europe and Asia either by hunter-gathering communities dying out, or by their conversion to farming.

The Andamanese may prove to be one of the few people alive today with a truly ancient genetic lineage dating directly to the earliest human migrations across Asia.

The Andaman islanders may owe their unique genetic make-up to their fierce reputation and to geographical isolation. They live in densely forested mountains and have a history of killing any foreigners who stray into their territory.

The Andamanese traditionally live by hunting wild pigs, fishing and collecting fruit, berries and nuts. One of their most unique cultural features is that they had no method of making fire. Their language is also unique, having no relationship with the tongues of neighbouring populations.

Their only indigenous weapon is the bow, which the Andamanese use for both hunting and fishing from dug-out canoes. They have no traps and have never discovered how to make fishhooks.

Anthropologists have long been unable to classify the



Kakita Sarkar, and his son Kania, of the Andaman Islands

Andamanese - their physical appearance is neither caucasian nor mongoloid - and gave them the name "negrito" because of their dark skin and pygmy stature.

The Andamanese hair samples at Cambridge are part of the Duckworth collection made by the great explorer and early anthropologist, AR Radcliffe-Brown, one of the first Western scholars to study the islanders.

Dr Hagelberg said the hair samples represented a unique genetic resource because they date to a period just after the islanders were contacted and therefore had not suffered any "genetic dilution" resulting from intermarriage with outsiders.

"Our results indicate that the Andamanese are the descendants of one of the earliest expansions of anatomically modern humans. They appear more closely related to southern African pygmies than to other Asian groups. They are, in effect, the descendants of the earliest migrations of Homo sapiens out of Africa," she said.

The present-day Andamanese are in decline, being highly susceptible to illnesses to which they have no immunity, and from pressure on their native forests from logging companies.

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Donor honours' face new scrutiny

By COLIN BROWN
Chief Political Correspondent

AN ANTI-SLEAZE committee will advise the Prime Minister to tighten checks on official honours. It emerged last night as Tony Blair was embroiled in a fresh row over honours for donors to the Labour Party.

The Neil Committee will advise the Prime Minister in its report in October on party funding that the remit of the political honours scrutiny committee should be extended to cover all honours. It could cover the so-called Labour "luppies" for the first time.

The committee, chaired by former Tory Cabinet minister Lord Pym, would be allowed to scrutinise those nominated for services to business, the arts and other areas of commercial life which are not at present covered by the committee.

Mr Blair abolished political honours when he came into office last year as part of the attempts to clean up public life.

The Government is almost certain to accept the recommendations, which were suggested in evidence to the Neil inquiry by Lord Pym's committee, and could be used to answer the allegations that Mr Blair was favouring supporters of the Labour Party with honours.

The allegations of cronyism were made by the Tories after the publication of Labour's annual report showing a third of those who gave donations of more than £5,000 to party funds were later given honours or jobs.

The donors included Lord Hamlyn, the publisher and founder of *Octopus*, who was awarded a life peerage in the New Year's Honours List. He has given an estimated £500,000 to the Labour Party.

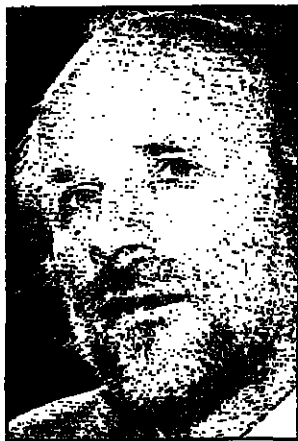
Others who got peerages after making big donations included Melvyn Bragg, the BBC presenter, writer Ruth Rendell, and Lord Sainsbury, head of the supermarket chain, who gave an estimated £3 million.

Others who gave money and got appointments to public bodies or task forces included television executive Greg Dyke and computer entrepreneur Alan Sugar, who was made a youth enterprise adviser.

Barbara Roche, a duty Government minister, denied any



Felix Dennis
Publisher, *Sixties* hippie, defendant in the 1971 *Oz* trial, made his money in computer magazines and owns, among other homes, David Bowie's former pad in Mustique.



Greg Dyke
Chairman of Channel 5, best known for reviving the fortunes of his previous employer, TV-am, by enlisting the services of Roland Rat. Has not looked back since.



Lord Hollick
Owner of United News and Media, currently engaged in costly campaign to convert *Express* newspaper from dyed-in-the-wool Tory organ to touchy-feely Labour vehicle.



Lord Sainsbury
Of the supermarket dynasty, is one of the country's richest men and one of Labour's biggest personal donors - reportedly having given £3m over three years.



Lisa Stansfield
Soul diva from Rochdale, once told the former Tory prime minister, John Major, to get lost when he asked to see her backstage. Puts saving the NHS as her top priority.



Peter Gabriel
Rock star with one of the toughest assignments in showbusiness: devising a performance that will fill the 6,000-seat arena at the heart of the Millennium Dome.



Alec Reed
Chief executive of Reed Executive recruitment agency. Has been asked to turn his skills to the teacher shortage, and is also piloting the welfare-to-work scheme.



Baroness Rendell
The crime-writer and founder of the party's fundraising 1000 club; has been an assiduous Labour peer with one of the best voting records since her elevation to the Lords.



Sir Cameron Mackintosh
Theatre impresario, producer of *Cats*, *Les Misérables* and *Phantom of the Opera*, recognised theatre could be a global event and made a £350m fortune



Alan Sugar
East End entrepreneur and chairman of the *Amstrad* computer-to-hi-fi firm whose cut-throat style made him a millionaire, and brought him the chairmanship of Tottenham Hotspur.

hint of impropriety in the honours or jobs for donors. "Appointments are only made on merit," she said.

But a Tory spokesman said: "Our charge is one of cronyism at the heart of Government. The names read like an invitation list to cocktail parties at Number Ten."

Pete Townsend of the Who, singer Lisa Stansfield and Mick

Hucknall of Simply Red are named among the major donors to Labour in the annual report which shows that the party slumped to a record deficit of £4.5million after the election.

The party says it regards sponsorship as "wholly different" from political donations, but the sponsors who paid more than £5,000 included G.W.

the lobby company which sacked disgraced Labour insider Derek Draper after his claims that he had close access to ministers.

Big donors included comedians Ben Elton and Eddie Izzard, actors Sinead Cusack and Jeremy Irons, Manchester United boss Alex Ferguson and bookseller Tim Waterstone.

All are named along with

unions and some companies under Labour's new code of ethics to disclose all donations of more than £5,000.

It does not say how much they donated but the £1 million donated and returned to Bernie Ecclestone appears in the accounts.

The report, published yesterday, will strengthen Labour's demand in the Neil

committee report for a £15 million cap to be put on party expenditure at elections.

It says that spending on elections is now "out of hand" and must be capped to be brought under control. The cost of the general election was £13.7 million, bringing Labour's total election expenditure over three years to £26 million.

DONATIONS OF MORE THAN £5,000 TO LABOUR IN 1997

The following individuals and companies gave Labour more than £5,000 last year, either as a cash donation or in the form of sponsorship of party events

CASH

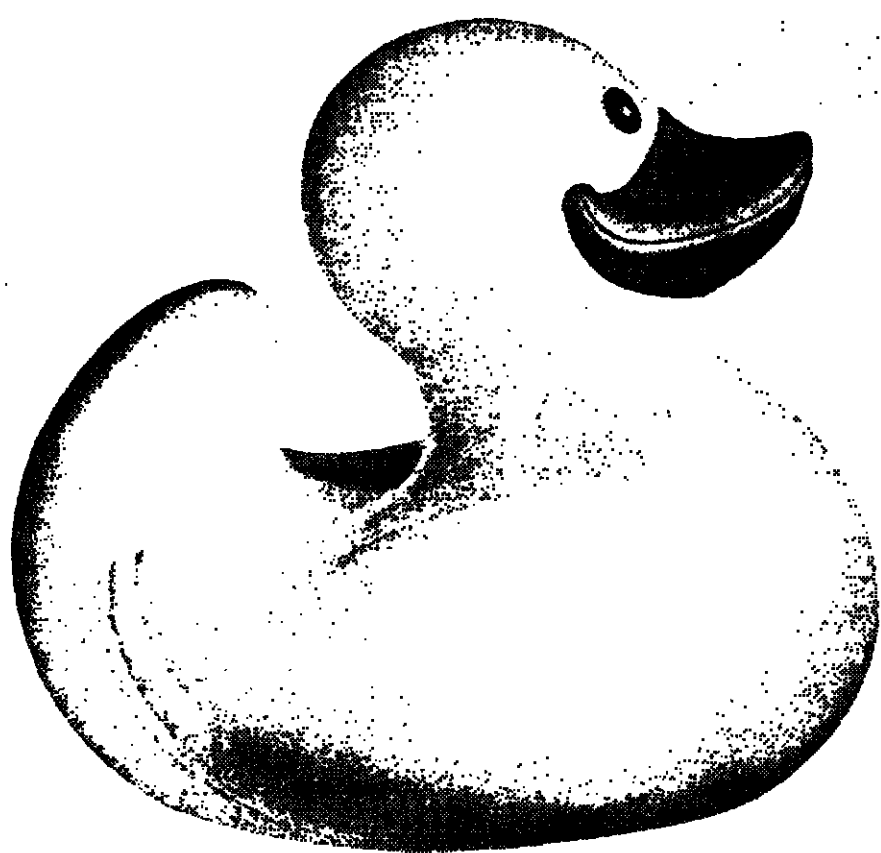
Jon Aisbitt
Amalgamated Engineering and Electrical Union
Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen
Jarvis Astaire
Awaywale
Stephen Barclay
Alex Bernstein
Jimmy & Sarah Boyle
Melvyn Bragg
David J B Brown CBE
Lucy Brown
Leslie Butterfield
Caledonian Mining
Caparo Group Ltd
Brian Clarke
Peter Coates
Ronald Cohen
Communication Workers Union
The Co-operative Party
Co-operative Wholesale Ltd
J Costello
Creation Records
The Currie Group of Companies
Sinead Cusack and Jeremy Irons
Doug D'Arcy
Brian Dempsey
Felix Dennis
Robert Devereux
Greg Dyke
Robert East
Bernie Ecclestone
Ben Elton
Harold Ennis OBE, DSc (Econ.)
FCA, F Mgt
Alex Ferguson CBE
Peter Gabriel Ltd
General Municipal Boilermakers' Union
Glenyork Ltd
GLO Ltd
David Goldman MBE
Graphical Print Media Union
Greater London Enterprise
Greek Cypriot Brotherhood
DB Green
Lord Hamlyn CBE
Gary Hart
Christopher Haskins
Lord Hollick
Geoff Howard-Spink
Mick Hucknall

Janet Hulme
Norman Hyams
Jspat International (UK) Ltd
Eddie Izzard
Gordon R Jarvis
Joel Joffe
Isaac Kaye
J Kerr
London Export Ltd
Frank Lowe
Sir Cameron Mackintosh
Maurice Millward
Mr & Mrs Jeremy Mogford
Peter Morgan
G Phillips
Nathu Ram Puri
A Purdie
Lord Putnam CBE
Ranger Oil (UK) Limited
Alec Reed CBE
Baroness Rendell CBE
Gerry Robinson
Lord Sainsbury of Turville
Anthony Scrivener QC
Marion Stott
K Snape
Somerset Handling plc
Lisa Stansfield
Sir Sigmund Sternberg
O St J, KSGGJP
Howard Stringer
Alan Sugar
Sun Life Provincial Holdings plc
Tony Tabatzaik
Chris Tavear
Neil Tennant
Peter J Thompson OBE, LLD
Matt Thomson MBE - Thomson Litho
Peter Townshend
Transport and General Workers' Union
Unison
Tim Waterstone
Michael Watt
West Midlands Trade Union
Liaison Committee
Phyllis White
Kingsley Williams
Richard Wilson
G Wright
Legacy (This donation was made and repaid during the financial year)

SPONSORSHIP

Amalgamated Engineering and Electrical Services
Bergmans
British American Financial Services
BT
Cable Communications Association
Century Press
Citigate Westminster
Co-operative Wholesale Society
Crag Group Ltd
Create Ltd
Daily Record and Sunday Mail Ltd
The Engineering Council
Enron Europe Ltd
FA World Cup 2006 Bid
Freud Communications
Glen Gilda - Peoples
G.W.
Graphical Print Media Union
Lancashire Enterprises
Christopher Mackenzie

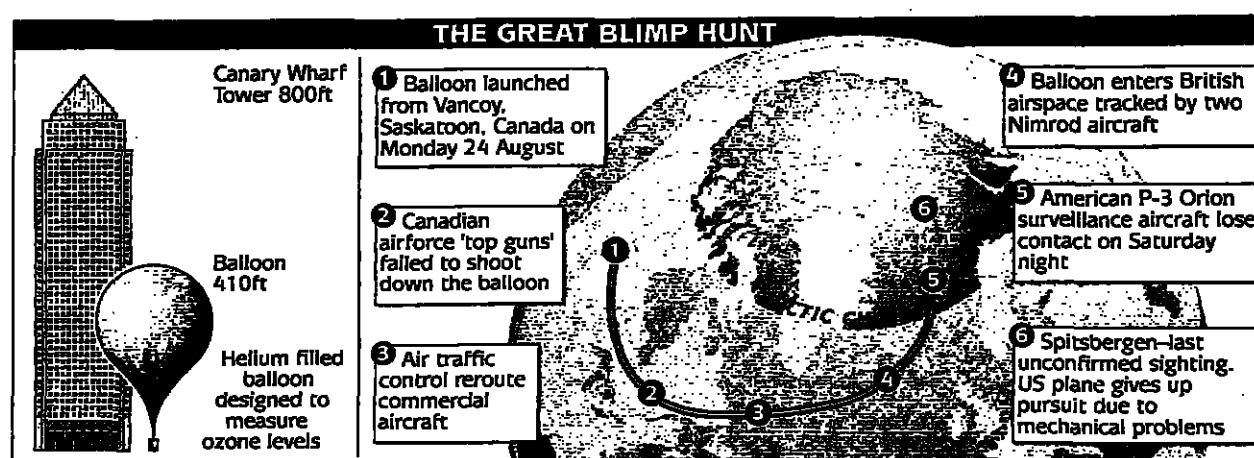
Manro Haydon Trading and Mauros Ltd
Mirror Group Newspapers
Novartis Pharmaceuticals UK Ltd
Peter Phillips
Raytheon Systems Limited
Geoffrey Robinson
Salway plc
J Sainsbury plc
Scottish Power
Scottish Trade Union Labour Party Liaison Committee
Tesco Stores plc
Thompsons (Solicitors)
Matt Thomson MBE - Thomson Litho
Transport and General Workers' Union
TU Fund Managers Ltd
UK Defence Forum
Unison
Yorkshire Tyne Tees Television



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Top guns become spud guns as Nato loses balloon

NATO AIR crews demonstrated their levels of vigilance yesterday by failing to find a rogue Canadian weather balloon as tall as St Paul's cathedral.

Since its launch a week ago from Saskatchewan in Canada, the helium-filled balloon has tormented air-traffic controllers and left air force top brass defending their pilots who appear to be more spud gun than Top Gun.

Taller than Big Ben, wider than five football pitches and visible from 40 miles, it might appear difficult to miss.

But US Navy officers admitted they had still not found the balloon, which has sur-

By GARY FINN

vived a 1,000-round machine-gunning and evaded the best efforts of three nations. The US Navy did not help by dispatching P-3 Orion planes with the wrong radar.

The runaway was last seen on Saturday 200 miles north-east of Iceland but a US surveillance plane abandoned the search on Sunday morning. Winds are pushing it towards Spitsbergen, in Norway, forcing air traffic controllers to re-route commercial air traffic over the North Atlantic.

A US Navy pilot thought he had spotted the balloon yes-

terday, but had to turn back with propeller problems. Then RAF Nimrods were scrambled from Kinloss in Scotland, but they failed to report success.

The balloon escaped after being launched last Monday from a site near Saskatoon, in western Canadian, to measure ozone levels.

Two Canadian CF-18 jet fighters were scrambled to shoot it down. They failed. But Canadian air force top brass have sprung to the defence of pilots, both joint winners of last year's Top Gun trophy.

Li Col Steve Willis tried to explain. "With something like this, which is stationary in the

air when the CF-18s are flying very, very fast, it is difficult to shoot it," he said. "The pilots shot at it but there was no visible effect. We are not embarrassed. Our pilots are tops."

Missiles were not deployed because of the huge cost, said one source. A single missile alone costs several hundred thousand dollars.

Ironically, the balloon may yet succeed where Steve Fosssett and Richard Branson have failed. A US air force spokesman said: "Perhaps the best way to bring this balloon down is to put a millionaire on it."

Leading article, Review, page 3

N-plant criticised in report

MANAGERS AT the Dounreay nuclear facility are bracing themselves to be back in the spotlight, for all the wrong reasons, when the findings of the most thorough safety audit in the complex's forty year history is made public tomorrow.

The report, by the Government's Health and Safety Executive, looks at why the electricity power supply to Dounreay's fuel cycle area - where some of the most potentially deadly radioactive materials known to mankind are

By BILL MOWAT

processed - was cut for 16 hours in May after an excavator driver's machine sliced through the main underground cable.

The month-long probe in June was by a total of 14 inspectors and senior officials from the agency's Nuclear Installations Inspectorate, plus one from the country's other atomic safety watchdog, the Scottish Environment Protection Agency.

The fine toothcomb exer-

cise was ordered after a series of Dounreay scandals exposed in the late spring and early summer.

They included the Atomic Energy Authority being fined £2,000 at Inverness Sheriff Court in January over an incident in which four men, breathed in radioactive dust.

Dounreay site managers are also likely to face prosecution over a mysterious incident where other workers were contaminated by plutonium.

Also came the publication of a damning report by senior in-

spector Tony Walker, of the HSE, into a probe which he undertook there from June to September last year.

This study, which had previously been officially classified as "secret", was made public last June following demands by MPs investigating the decision to import atom bomb-grade uranium to Dounreay from Georgia.

In advance of tomorrow's expected hard hitting report the HSE has already clamped three so-called "Improvement Notices" on the Authority.

JP 11/10/1550

rutiny

Revealed: the secret formula for a hit TV drama

THE SECRET of successful television drama, the Holy Grail for TV producers, has been revealed. The key to maximum ratings is, it seems, deceptively simple: a rural setting, a former soap actor as the star and promotional trailers full of sex.

Edinburgh Television Festival was told this weekend that programmes stand the best chance of garnering high ratings if producers stick to this simple formula.

The guidelines were outlined at a drama workshop held by Tony Marchant, writer of the BBC's Bafta-winning series *Holding On*. Corinne Hollingworth, the original producer of *EastEnders*, and Ian Parker, *The Observer's* television critic and Granada's head of PR.

Mr Marchant revealed that his series, which had no soap stars and a grim urban setting, achieved its best rating when

BY PAUL MCCANN
Media Editor

the trailer for the fifth episode in the series deliberately played up the sexual content of the episode.

The trailer, which ran in the week before the episode, concentrated only on characters kissing each other – and it lifted ratings by almost half-a-million viewers.

"It has become known as the 'shagging episode'," Mr Marchant told the workshop audience. "And it did deal with a lot of sexual scenes, but trailers are important. We had lost a week of trailers before the series started because it was just when Diana had died and the BBC pulled the trailers until after her funeral. We got lower ratings for the series than we had expected."

But the key to higher ratings,



EastEnders Nick Berry in 'Heartbeat'; a rural idyll for the doctors in 'Peak Practice'; and Anna Friel, with Steven Mackintosh, bringing sex appeal to 'Our Mutual Friend'



the panelists claimed, is "the casting of a popular soap star."

Ms Hollingworth asked: "How big a success would *Our Mutual Friend* have been without Anna Friel in it? It was a BBC2 period drama, but it had a very good tabloid property in it, which was very helpful."

Sally Ryle, head of press at Granada Television, admitted: "Who is in it is the first question and is everything to ITV. When *Heartbeat* was launched,

Nick Berry was all we had to flog it on. But we could say we have Wicksy from *EastEnders*. Using your stars in programme PR is all about bringing the right horse to the right water."

Another departed *EastEnders* star, Michelle Collins, has been snapped up for a role in a major BBC comedy drama about holiday reps.

The actress, 35, was furious when *EastEnders* producers plotted to kill off her popular

character, Cindy Beale, next month. But she is now swapping chilly Albert Square for three months in Cyprus as the star of *Sunburn*.

Cindy and Tiffany Mitchell, also to be killed off shortly when the actress Martine McCutcheon leaves the long-running soap, were two of the biggest ratings boosters, Collins said.

Nick Berry duly brought the viewers to *Heartbeat*, but the other key ingredient of the series

Fly-on-cell-wall documentary set to make stars of prisoners

THE BBC is making a "docu-soap" about life in a women's prison, raising the possibility that thieves, drug addicts and even murderers could become as well known as Maureen from the *Driving School* series.

Chris Terrill, the director responsible for successful docu-soaps such as *Cruise* and

BY JANE ROBINS
Media Correspondent

HMS Brilliant is currently filming inside New Hall Prison in Wakefield, West Yorkshire. He says the material he is gathering is so compelling that the BBC is grappling with the difficult question of how to handle

it. His "characters" include drug addicts and young offenders and, he says, viewers will become intensely involved with their lives inside the prison, perhaps without being aware of the crimes they have committed.

BBC bosses now have to consider whether to allow a series of programmes which is likely to develop characters with such household appeal that they become media stars.

It is against BBC guidelines to allow criminals to use television to benefit from their crimes. The Corporation will also need to consider the sensitivities of their victims. In a de-

bate about the future direction of docu-soaps at the Edinburgh International Television Festival, Mr Terrill was joined by Jeremy Mills of *Airport* and *Hotel* fame, and ITV's Grant Mansfield who, when at the BBC, was responsible for *Driving School*, *Holiday Reps* and *Vets School*.

"When we started doing *Vets*

School we thought we would be lucky to find four or five who would want to do it, but out of 65 students there were only four or five who didn't want to be in the film," said Mr Mansfield.

The experience has been just the same at New Hall, where prison wardens are particularly keen to take part. "The stereotype of the prison warden is so bad, they were worried that it would be perpetuated if we only filmed prisoners," said Mr Terrill. Filming began in May and will continue until Christmas.

Steve Hewlett, the new Director of Programmes at Carlton, criticised cheating in

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Phone calls to lover trapped Noye

THE TOWN of Barbat, just off the Andalusian coast of Spain, is a world away from the motorway in the Home Counties where Stephen Cameron was stabbed to death. But that is where the search for his alleged murderer, Kenneth Noye, ended after a two-year manhunt.

Celebrations by Det Supt Nick Biddiss and his colleagues in the Kent police force at Maidstone would, however, be tempered by the knowledge

BY KIM SENGUPTA

the case still has a very long way to go. The British government now has 40 days to submit an extradition request to the Spanish authorities. When it does, the attempt is expected to be resisted by Mr Noye's legal representatives. It will be up to courts in Madrid to decide whether there is enough evidence to justify sending him back to the UK, and the result is not a foregone conclusion. In

the past, the Crown Prosecution Service in London had refused to issue an international arrest warrant for Mr Noye.

But Det Supt Biddiss, who retires next month, and his team are determined to do their utmost to get the case to a British court. The main plank of the prosecution case would be the testimony of Danielle Cable, the victim's fiancée, in whose arms he died. There is also believed to be other eye witness evidence about the

hilling on 19 May, 1996. Identification is expected to be a key issue.

Mr Cameron, 21, of Swanley, Kent, was knifed to death in what was thought at first to be a "road rage" attack by the driver of a dark Land Rover Discovery. Police trawled through owners of 17,000 such vehicles. They discovered that a Land Rover Discovery, registered to an Anthony Francis, had been crushed at a breaker's yard in Kent just after the murder.

On 10 June 1996 it was revealed that police were trying to trace Mr Noye and had visited his home near Sevenoaks, in Kent. On 9 September he was officially named as a prime suspect in the inquiry in the *Police Gazette*.

Mr Noye's alleged whereabouts ranged from Cyprus - where he was said to have played golf with another fugitive, Asil Nadir - to Portugal, Dubai, Argentina and Russia. It was also claimed he had been

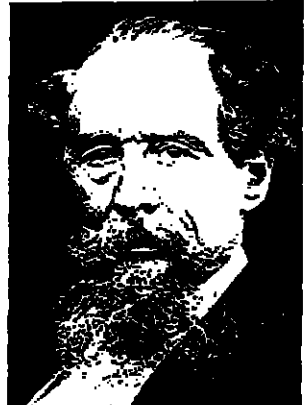
flitting in and out of the country, visiting his south London haunts under the noses of the investigating detectives. Once he was supposed to have drunk a toast to them at a Chinese restaurant in Orpington. Eventually came underworld claims from his friends that he was, in fact, dead.

What they did not know, however, was that police had been eavesdropping on phone calls to one Mr Noye's mistresses. The breakthrough

came when officers from the elite National Crime Intelligence Service, helping Kent police, traced money passing through a Spanish bank account used by Mr Noye. Another phone tap led to his refuge, a farmhouse in the village of La Muela. The investigating team were afraid there would be leaks. Two detectives from Kent were sent to carry out surveillance. Last Friday, the decision was taken to move in, and a warrant was faxed to

Spain. At 10.24am, accompanied by Spanish detectives, the officers from Kent arrested Mr Noye.

Back in England, Danielle Cable's mother said she was happy for Stephen Cameron, but felt "apprehension" about her daughter, who will have to give evidence at any future trial. At Mr Noye's home, which had been searched by police on Saturday, reporters were accused of persecuting the man and sprayed with a hosepipe.



Dahl, Dickens and Tolkien: Tony Blair's choice of authors to encourage boys to read

What a growing lad needs is a naughty book, says Blair

BY GARY FINN

THOUGH HE was not much of a role model to inhabitants of Tolkien's Middle Earth, Gollum, the hissing, twisted jeweller thief central to *The Lord of the Rings*, is the key to encouraging more boys to take up reading, according to the Prime Minister.

Tony Blair believes children will increase their appetite for reading if parents read them "naughty" books with mischievous characters.

Mr Blair will encourage more fathers to read with their sons in an effort to increase their literacy skills. The "Dads and Lads" initiative is part of the Government's National Year of Reading campaign.

The campaign starts today with an interview on Radio 4's *Woman's Hour*, in which Mr Blair tells how his father used to read him the stories of Robert Louis Stevenson and how he has continued the practice with his own children.

He lists his "literature for lads" which includes Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, the *Narnia* series by C.S. Lewis and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novels charting Sherlock Holmes.

The Prime Minister also stresses the importance of subversion evident in the works of Roald Dahl. Mr Blair said: "I

LADS' LITERATURE

The *Narnia* books
C.S. Lewis
Lord of the Rings
J.R.R. Tolkien
Sherlock Holmes books
Arthur Conan Doyle
Kidnapped
R.L. Stevenson
Picwick Papers
Charles Dickens
Naughty
Walter Scott
The *Wyrd* Museum trilogy
Robin Jarvis
The *Redwall* books
Brian Jacques
Wicked!
Paul Jennings and Morris Gleitzman

The titles chosen by Tony Blair for World Book Day, 'Desert Island Discs' and the National Year of Reading

others described his choice of material as "a bit dull" and urged him to highlight more relevant contemporary works.

Anne Barnes, general secretary of the National Association for the Teaching of English, said: "The Prime Minister's choices are a bit dated because of some of the class systems and values evident in those works but that does not necessarily mean much to children so long as there is a strong narrative and interesting characters."

"I think the answer to fostering interest in reading is to follow the interests of the child. Parents should also try to read something which interests them because a child will pick up on the adult's enthusiasm."

"I'm not sure how many fathers will start reading to their sons because Tony Blair says so but the fact remains that we should support any effort to increase reading among boys."

The Government's focus on boys rather than girls at the start of the National Year of Reading has been prompted by research showing a widening "gender-gap" which has seen girls outstripping their male fellow-pupils at all exam levels.

Research by the National Literacy Trust revealed that primary school boys view reading as wimpy and avoid it, a view often carried through life.

think he was one of the first who would write in a slightly naughty way, which makes books intriguing and interesting."

Other "naughty" books that found favour with Mr Blair's children include the fantasy adventures of Brian Jacques, author of the *Redwall* series about woodland animals set in medieval times; Paul Jennings, co-author of the *Wicked!* series of children's thrillers; and Robin Jarvis, author of the *Wyrd* Museum trilogy.

Last night the Prime Minister received broad support for the "Dads and Lads" scheme but



The Prime Minister, Tony Blair, with his son Nicholas

Roger Allen

Tories' war on euro hots up

BY COLIN BROWN
Chief Political Correspondent

WILLIAM HAGUE is planning to bring forward a Tory Party referendum on the single European currency to counter attacks by Michael Heseltine and Kenneth Clarke on his policy of ruling out membership of the euro.

Tory party leadership sources said last night that if the former deputy Prime Minister and the former Chancellor launched their crusade against his policy, they would bring forward the referendum to "to lance the boil".

Mr Hague has promised the party a referendum on the euro, but has so far refused to say when it would be carried out. He will be accused by the Government of panicking, if he calls one now in the face of the challenge by Mr Heseltine and Mr Clarke.

The clash promises to get Mr Hague bogged down in the issue again, when many Tories believe they should be attacking the Government on the economy, jobs, interest rate cuts and concern about rising indirect taxation.

Mr Heseltine and Mr Clarke are planning to appear on the first day of the Tory Party conference in Bournemouth on a pro-European platform for the Tory Mainstream group, a umbrella organisation for euro-enthusiasts.

"No decision has been taken. It will depend on how much trouble the Heseltine faction cause in Bournemouth," said a Tory source.

The leadership believes that a referendum which backed Mr Hague's policy would silence the euro-enthusiasts, but they are protesting that so far, there has been no proper debate within the party about Mr Hague's policy.

Mr Clarke said in a recent interview in *The Independent* that Mr Hague was carrying out a "listening exercise" on everything but his policy on the euro.

IN BRIEF

Climber dies as she falls from cliff face to rocky sea

A WOMAN was killed yesterday when she fell from a cliff face she was climbing into rocky sea at Taerwby Bay near St David's, Dyfed. Coastguards, a lifeboat and a rescue helicopter sped to the scene from where a second climber, a man who was believed to have suffered a broken leg, was flown to hospital at Haverfordwest. The two were climbing with a group.

Call for urgent quarantine reform

REFORM OF the quarantine laws must be speeded up, campaigners said yesterday in a plea to the Agriculture minister, Nick Brown. The RSPCA said publication of a government quarantine review had been delayed until November, but the Ministry of Agriculture said that it had never given a date for publication of the review.

School holidays drain cash

MOST FAMILIES will have spent more than £500 keeping each child amused with trips to theme parks and zoos and holidays by the time the schools reopen, according to a new survey. The survey, by Switch debit card, said the average parent spent £85 a week on each child with the biggest chunk of cash going on the annual holiday, which most families said cost them about £1,000.

Diner shot in restaurant

A MAN, aged 21, was in hospital yesterday after he was shot in a restaurant by another diner who claimed he had taken his seat at Junior's restaurant in Stoke Newington, north London. The victim, who has not been named, was taken to hospital with injuries that were not thought to be life-threatening and is in a stable condition.

Burglaries 'set to rise'

BURGLARIES could reach record levels this autumn and winter, according to research into 250,000 cases by Royal London Insurance. This followed a drop in break-ins to 7 per cent below average during summer.

Shape of ears affects power of hearing

ACCIDENT VICTIMS find learning to hear properly after their ear shape has been changed by surgery as difficult as learning a second language.

The findings emerged from work by a team of Dutch scientists who (purely in the spirit of experiment) wore mouldings that changed the shape of their ears. They discovered that for up to six weeks they had trouble locating the source of sounds - but that once they adjusted, they could manage both their new and old ear shapes with ease.

"The learning... resembles more the acquisition of a new language than other forms of sensory adaptation," noted Paul Hofman, who led the research at the University of

BY CHARLES ARTHUR
Technology Editor

Nijmegen in the Netherlands.

The work, which appears in next month's issue of the journal *Nature Neuroscience*, shows that our ability to locate the height of a sound source is largely determined by what happens when the sound waves reflect off the ridges and folds of the outer ears, or pinnae.

The brain uses the result to localise sounds, by performing a complex analysis of relative volumes and the balance of various frequencies. And usually, we only have to get used to one set of ears. Perhaps one shouldn't be so dismissive of the devoted *Star Trek* fans who

wear pointed ears in devotion to their Vulcan hero, Mr Spock.

The research does, however, raise some interesting questions. "Whether or not Vulcans hear things differently (or better) than we do is hard to know," said Fred Wightman and Doris Kistler of the University of Wisconsin, in a commentary on the Dutch work. "One wonders how well Leonard Nimoy (who played Mr Spock in *Star Trek*) can localise sounds when he is using Spock's ears rather than his own."

No doubt it will be the first question on the agenda when Nimoy next appears at a *Star Trek* convention. He might, of course, choose to cup a hand to his ear and reply: "Pardon?"

New autopsy on aid worker

A SECOND post-mortem examination has been carried out on Anna Lightfoot, the British voluntary worker found dead with stab wounds in Belize.

Ms Lightfoot, 27, from Saddleworth, near Oldham, Greater Manchester, was found four days after going missing during a shopping expedition in the former colony, where she was on an expedition with Raleigh International. Her body

was 500 yards from the track that she should have been travelling on between a banana plantation and dense jungle. An initial examination showed she had suffered stab wounds. "We are not expecting to receive any details of the (second) post-mortem or forensic tests until Tuesday or Wednesday," said a Foreign Office spokeswoman.

Meanwhile Raleigh International has arranged for a

counsellor to fly out to the Central American country to speak to the 93 young volunteers and 35 members of staff remaining.

Ms Lightfoot had been involved in a scheme to build classrooms in the San Pablo region. A Raleigh International spokesman said that although the volunteers would be remaining in the country the expedition would not be returning to the San Pablo area.

Rattle's rapturous final symphony

LAST NIGHT

SIR SIMON RATTLE
CITY OF BIRMINGHAM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

THERE WERE tears all round as Sir Simon Rattle stepped down as music director of the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, after 18 years at the helm.

Rattle, 43, took over the orchestra in 1980 as a callow youth of 25.

It was his brilliant flair for programme planning and uniquely intelligent interpretations of 20th century music - from Ravel, Mahler and Sibelius to Schoenberg, Webern and rising young British hopefuls such as Thomas Adès - which earned the CBSO an international reputation of a kind unknown since Pierre Boulez and the BBC Symphony Orchestra in the late Sixties.

Typically, Rattle went out with a bang. Three bangs, actually. Such were the queues for his last concert on Saturday and Sunday at Birmingham's Symphony Hall that the CBSO flung wide the doors of its final rehearsal to let in an eager public.

And what a bonanza of an occasion it was. With the hall festooned in its scarlet and silver livery, and the equally silvery, mercurial maestro stealing his own show by giving lavishly of his unbeatable best.

The dotting fans, young and old alike, weren't letting their man get away lightly.

Time and again they hauled him back, to yells of "Simon" and "encore" and "bravo", to ply him on stage with their bouquets and accolades.

Grizzled he may be now (after 10,000 hours spent with the CBSO), but to them he still is "young Simon" - the likely lad from Liverpool that Brummies took to their



Sir Simon Rattle: Bowing out with a bang

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Grizzled he may be now (after 10,000 hours spent with the CBSO), but to them he still is "young Simon" - the likely lad from Liverpool that Brummies took to their

hearts 18 action-packed seasons ago. True to form, their hero didn't let them down. With canny ingenuity, Rattle opted to bow out with Mahler's epic *Resurrection Symphony* culminating, aptly, in the massive final chorus, "Yes, thou shalt rise again!"

Rattle will rise again, but where he will pop up next is anybody's guess, although the world's great orchestras - notably the Berlin and Vienna philharmonics - are falling over themselves to engage his services.

Some argue he is just the kind of appointment needed to give Covent Garden a kick up the backside; or to salvage single-handedly Peter Mandelson's millennium celebrations.

Certainly this un-masochist maestro will continue to work with the UK's Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, and he'll be back in Birmingham and at London's Barbican next spring, leading the CBSO in the fiery *Towards Millennium* series.

So watch this space. Rattle may be a hard act to follow, but we have not seen the last of him yet.

RODERICK DUNNE

JP 11/10/93

Tour firms defend Ibiza's party animals



Young people dancing at a rave in Ibiza. The Spanish resort has around 450,000 visitors a year. Rex Features



Dawn breaking in Ibiza finds a young man collapsed on a beach after a night out drinking. Chris Grieve

AS RECORD numbers of British holidaymakers head abroad for sunshine holidays, a light was shed yesterday on the seedy underside of one of the most popular destinations.

Michael Birkett, 51, British vice-consul on the Spanish island of Ibiza, has resigned his post in disgust at the alcohol and drug-fuelled antics of young British holidaymakers. He leaves today after condemning their degenerate be-

BY LOUISE JURY

haviour for ruining Britain's reputation.

"Basically I am sick of the behaviour of some of the mainly young British tourists who come here, and of clearing up the mess they cause," he said.

An article in the island's newspaper, *Diario de Ibiza*, last week branded British holidaymakers "animals", but Mr Birkett had already handed his

notice in by then. "Not all British tourists behave badly," he said. "There are a lot of families who come here and just enjoy themselves. But there are problems with the younger tourists."

Mr Birkett, formerly an accountant at the British embassy in Madrid, has been in Ibiza for 18 months where his duties included dealing with crime, drugs overdoses and accidents.

About 450,000 British holidaymakers a year visit Ibiza, and concerns about their behaviour centre on drunkenness, drug-taking and promiscuity.

A television documentary last year showed two women who claimed to have slept with 40 men during their fortnight's holiday. Police have expressed concern at the amount of drugs being imported for the booming club scene.

Tour operators yesterday rushed to defend their clients against the vice-consul's allegations. A spokeswoman for the Association of British Travel Agents said there were always some people who got into trouble. "If you went into any police station in the UK on a Saturday night you would find people involved in problems. Those people go on holiday," she said.

The vice-consul would deal with a high percentage of those who cause problems by the na-

ture of his job. But the Spanish quite like us there. They don't have to market Ibiza to the British.

Two-fifths of package holidays offered by British tour firms are sold to Spain, which is the number one destination for Britons, followed by France, then Greece and Florida.

Millions of Britons visit Spain each year and Foreign Office statistics published in its last consular service report show that the country also holds the largest number of Britons in jail - about one-sixth of the 2,000 held worldwide.

A spokesman for Club 18-30, which has faced criticism for encouraging bad behaviour, said: "A lot of things get exaggerated and sensationalised. Our view is that San Antonio [Ibiza's night-life capital] is little different to a number of holiday resort destinations around the world with a vibrant youth culture."

A Thomson Holidays spokeswoman said younger people liked Ibiza for the clubs, while families and older visitors enjoyed quieter parts of the island. She added: "We do try to encourage our customers to behave responsibly and carefully but there are instances of people letting themselves get out of control."

Trevor Phillips
Review, page 4

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Primaries told to assess new children

PRIMARY SCHOOLS will be told this week by David Blunkett to start basic assessments of children as soon as they enrol.

The Secretary of State for Education wants primary school teachers to carry out an assessment of whether each child can add to 10, recognise the sound of letters in the alphabet, and remain in class unsupervised for 10 minutes.

"We want to see baseline assessment in all primary schools for the first time from the age of admission, rather than waiting until they are seven years old," said a government source.

Mr Blunkett is wary of describing the new assessments as tests, but it is intended to help parents and teachers determine the standard of each child, and whether special help is needed. "It could help to tackle dyslexia, for example. We think the parents will want this," said the source.

Teaching unions have complained about the additional workload from testing, and some teachers may be unhappy with a further burden being

BY COLIN BROWN
Chief Political Correspondent

placed on them in primary schools, but many schools already carry out baseline assessments.

Mr Blunkett flatly denied a report that parents of primary school pupils will be told to send their children to bed on time and ensure that they have up to 12 hours' sleep under new contracts that schools will draw up with families.

Schools are being asked by Mr Blunkett to reach agreement with the parents about setting basic rules of behaviour time-keeping and homework, but this will not extend to bed time rules. The suggestion had led to protests from both David Hart, general secretary of the National Association of Head Teachers, and Theresa May, the Tory spokeswoman on schools.

Ms May said: "This New Labour madness is the nanny state out of control... It's time this government stopped bossing people about and trusted them to get on with their own lives."

Label laws leave out soya foods

A COMPULSORY labelling scheme for genetically modified (GM) food being introduced tomorrow will not give consumers the information they need, it was claimed yesterday.

Friends of the Earth campaigners said the regulations being implemented across Europe would con the public because they allow too many exemptions.

The British government acclaimed the new rules a victory for the consumer. But Adrian Bebb, food campaigner at FoE,

BY LOUISE JURY

said yesterday that the majority of products containing genetically modified ingredients would not be labelled.

The exemptions include any foods that contain soya oil or other soya derivatives such as lecithin, even though they may have come from genetically engineered soya beans. More than 60 per cent of processed foods, including bread and baby food, contain soya, Mr Bebb said.

TREVOR PHILLIPS

'Most alarming of all is the way in which sexual display is compromising individual privacy'

—THE MONDAY REVIEW, PAGE 4—

SPRINGER

Suu Kyi set to confront government

AUNG SAN Suu Kyi, the leader of Burma's opposition, says she is ready for another major confrontation with the Government and prepared to go to jail.

Speaking to *The Independent* in her first interview since returning to Rangoon, following a 13-day stand-off in a van with the authorities, Ms Suu Kyi looked frail but unshaken in her determination to raise the stakes in her political struggle.

I met Burma's democracy leader in the crumbling home of Bohmu Aung. He is one of five surviving members of the group of "Thirty Comrades" who, along with Ms Suu Kyi's father, Aung San, are revered as the founding fathers of independent Burma.

Yesterday he was celebrating his 78th birthday, in spite of military intelligence officers milling around, aggressively photographing and videoing everyone who had dared to show up at the former general's house.

In an upstairs room, Ms Suu Kyi, 53, spoke of her ordeal at the tiny bridge where she was stopped by the authorities after attempting to leave the capital to visit members of her National League for Democracy (NLD).

She refused all food and water supplied by the military and lightly dismissed their attempt to belittle her protest by sending Madonna and Michael Jackson tapes to entertain her. Although some reports of the state of her health have been alarming, she insisted that she was "okay", albeit under medical supervision and trying to eat more to regain weight.

Her doctor has told her that she should be under medical observation but she insisted she had no time to lie in bed. Instead she is working on a plan to convene the parliament elected in 1990 after the NLD won an overwhelming victory but was not allowed to take its seats in the legislature. The

BY STEPHEN VINES
in Rangoon

NLD set a 21 August deadline for the authorities to convene Parliament but there was no response. Last week, after the deadline expired, students in the capital dared to hold the first demonstration since 1996.

A Government spokesman, Lt-Col Hla Min, said: "If they call a national parliament this means they are making themselves a parallel government."

"We don't want to take harsh actions but the Government's priority is national security."

He accused Mrs Suu Kyi of "trying to derail the stability of the country as a whole". The



Aung San Suu Kyi: Ready to convene parliament

Government would consider declaring the NLD "an illegal organisation" meaning that its members would be liable for arrest.

"We have to tell them frankly," he said. "If you walk on this path, you're not giving us much choice." He added: "What is more important national security or unrest?"

Ms Suu Kyi's response is uncompromising. "If they try to do that it is they who are breaking the law. We are doing nothing illegal," she said.

Her party is "obviously prepared for the worst... everybody who is a member of the NLD is

psychologically prepared to go to jail at any time".

Ms Suu Kyi would not say how or when any attempt would be made to convene Parliament but made it clear that there would be no need to wait "weeks or months".

She believed her 13-day vigil on the bridge promoted "greater unity between the forces of democracy".

In her absence, negotiations were conducted with other opposition parties elected to the 1990 parliament. The deputy general secretary of the NLD, Tin Oo, said that another four parties had agreed to join the NLD in the reconvening of parliament.

Ms Suu Kyi insisted that she was not disappointed that there were not more protests to mark the failure to convene the parliament on 21 August and to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the 1988 massacre of democracy protesters on 8 August.

She was impressed student organisations had unilaterally decided to take to the streets. Their courage "was quite astonishing", she said, considering that the universities have been closed for the last two years and that they had no legal means of assembly.

Ms Suu Kyi insisted that support for the democracy movement was growing although the military government's tight control over the country made it difficult to express.

However, Lt-Col Hla Min scoffed at the idea of widespread support. "The population of this country is not interested in what the NLD has to say," he said. They are more interested in food on the table."

He said it was not possible to include Aung San Suu Kyi in talks because she was not "an officially recognised leader". However, he said: "We do not rule out anything."



Rescue workers, police and soldiers search for survivors among the debris of the Cubana airliner in Quito

AFP/Juan Zurita

Sabotage fear as 80 die in crash



A survivor is comforted after the crash

Reuters

UP TO 80 people were killed when a Cuban commercial airliner plunged into a suburb of the Ecuadorian capital, Quito, on Saturday and burst into flames, apparently after at least four failed attempts to take off.

Nine victims were found on the ground in the El Rosario suburb, on the edge of the Mariscal Sucre international airport. They included five boys who had been playing football.

Early reports point to engine failure but Cuban technical and security experts were flying to Quito to investigate any hint of sabotage, after threats by US-based Cuban exiles, dedicated to overthrowing Fidel Castro. The exiles have warned they would mount terrorist attacks against Cuban planes.

Most of the Quito victims were Ecuadorians but they also included three Italians, two Spaniards, two Chileans, an Argentinian and a Jamaican

BY PHIL DAVISON
Latin America Correspondent

who was identified as Susan Elizabeth Jackson.

Red Cross workers said 15 people on the Tupolev-154, from the state-owned Cubana de Aviacion airline, had survived by falling through holes in the fuselage before the flames erupted. The plane was on a circular route from Havana to Quito with a planned stopover in the Ecuadorian coastal city of Guayaquil.

Survivors spoke of the several take-off attempts. A Chilean passenger, Alvaro Martinez, told Ecuadorian television he had counted four before the fatal one. "On the first attempt, the engines sounded really ugly," he said. "A flight attendant told us there was a problem. After the fourth attempt, I went to the cockpit to ask the pilot what was going on. He told me they were waiting

for an air pump to get the plane started again. On the final attempt, they couldn't seem to get up enough speed to get off the ground and the pilot tried to brake. I said to myself 'God help us, we're not going to make it'."

Witnesses said the plane seemed to rise slightly but its undercarriage clipped a runway perimeter wall and its nose caught the roof of a car repair workshop before the plunge through football fields, players and spectators scattering in terror.

It was the third crash in almost the same spot in 14 years. Mariscal Sucre airport lies in an Andean mountain hollow at 9,300ft. The site has been widely criticised because of its position in the heart of a busy working-class suburb.

Ecuador's newly-elected President, Jamil Mahud, promised he would commission a study on building a new airport outside the capital.

Australian PM's poll gamble

AUSTRALIANS WILL vote in a general election on 3 October, after John Howard, the Prime Minister, decided yesterday to gamble his government's comfortable majority and seek a fresh mandate only two-and-a-half years after he came to power.

The election, which Mr Howard has called six months before its due date, will decide which leader takes Australia into the next millennium and who presides over a referendum next year on becoming a republic.

The choice will be between Mr Howard, 59, leader of the conservative Liberal Party, and Kim Beazley, 49, of the opposition Labour Party.

It will be a hard-fought campaign, in which both leaders will be trying to convince voters that their parties are better placed to manage the country in increasingly uncertain economic times. Mr Howard's leadership will also be an issue, as will the emergence of One Nation, the right-wing group led by Pauline Hanson, which has become notorious for attacks on Asian immigration and welfare funding for Aborigines.

BY ROBERT MILLIKEN
in Sydney

Mr Howard's Liberals, in coalition with the National Party, won by a landslide in March 1996, ending Labour's record 13-year reign.

Labour faces a huge task. Only one incumbent Australian government has ever lost power after just one term. Mr Beazley holds his own constituency, in Western Australia, by the slimmest of margins.

But Mr Howard has whittled away the goodwill that he earned in his 1996 victory. Recent opinion polls suggest the coalition may lose the election, which appeared unthinkable six months ago. Mr Beazley has overtaken Mr Howard in polls for preferred prime minister.

The coalition's standing in the polls rose slightly earlier this month when Mr Howard announced sweeping reforms to the tax system. The centre-piece is a consumption tax, similar to VAT, of 10 per cent on almost everything, including food and drink. Income tax rates will be lowered to offset the new tax.

Mr Beazley countered with



John Howard: Seeking a fresh mandate

a tax reform plan that promises relief to low- and middle-income earners, but does not include a VAT. Although Labour itself once tried to introduce a VAT, it will now try to exploit the fact that the unpopular tax proposal could be Mr Howard's political Achilles' heel.

Labour could well be right. The Liberals under John Hewson, a former leader, lost the 1993 general election over a VAT plan when the then Labour government waged a scare campaign against it.

Mr Howard hopes the timing

of the election will run his way. Australia's economy is buoyant, but the country is starting to feel the shockwaves from Asia's financial turmoil, where most Australian exports go. Another shock has come from the economic turmoil in Russia. As a big commodity-exporting country, Australia is badly placed to withstand a flood on to the world market of cheap commodities from Russia.

But Mr Howard is not a popular leader. The press have attacked him for failing to counter Ms Hanson's racial diatribes. Business leaders are disappointed he has not been more decisive in attacking unions.

Ms Hanson will loomover the entire campaign. The party stunned the establishment when it won 11 seats in a Queensland state election in June, and captured almost a quarter of the state's vote. The Hanson Queensland victory was seen mainly as a protest vote but it could cause havoc if it is repeated in the forthcoming federal poll. Some pollsters have predicted the Hanson party, with about 10 per cent of the vote, may end up holding the balance of power in Canberra.

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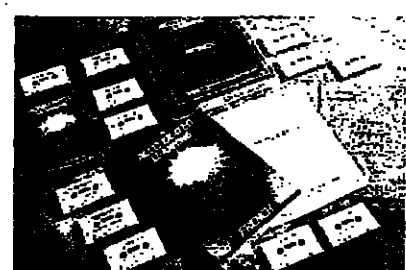
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Thousands go on rampage in Java

THOUSANDS OF poor Indonesians ran riot in Java at the weekend, burning and looting property owned by the ethnic Chinese community, as President BJ Habibie sought to defuse the mounting economic and racial tension in the country.

In an alarming replay of events earlier in the year, mobs vandalised and burned Chinese-owned warehouses, boats, cars and homes in two days of disturbances in Cilacap, in central Java.

Indonesia's former president, Suharto, was pressured into resigning in May after two days of uncontrolled rioting in Jakarta, much of which was also directed at the country's small but wealthy Chinese population. The latest turmoil came at the end of a week of violence in

BY RICHARD LLOYD PARRY

Indonesia, where inflation and food shortages are forcing millions into poverty. At least one person was shot dead when police and soldiers broke up a rally by opposition supporters on the island of Sulawesi, and rice mills and food shops were reported to have been looted by a hungry mob in the east Javan town of Situbondo.

There were conflicting reports from Cilacap of what triggered the riots on Friday and Saturday. The *Jakarta Post* cited anger over alleged extortion by government officials and low wages among fishing boat crews, who are paid about 12p a day. But local police blamed the chaos on rumours of the imminent arrival of Chi-

nese-owned fishing boats from Sumatra.

"There are already 300 large fishing boats [from Sumatra] in Cilacap. I guess the rumour angered the fishermen, since they feared a threat to their livelihood," Colonel Noer Muiz, Cilacap's military commander said.

Eight of the fishing boats were burned on Friday along with cars and buildings, and it was not until late at night that police and troops restored order.

On Saturday morning, rioters burned shrimp and jellyfish warehouses and looted ethnic Chinese homes. Several dozen people have been arrested.

In Jakarta, President Habibie attempted to put a lid on the simmering unrest by insisting that the earlier wave of rioting, in May, had not been motivated by

racial hatred. "It is not based on ethnic values but injustice and frustration over the social gap," he told Hong Kong's *Sunday Morning Post*. "This could happen in Hong Kong or Peking. It is not ethnic outrage."

The government appears to be in denial about the event, when some 1,200 people died and more than 150 women, most of them ethnic Chinese, are believed to have been raped, often by gangs of men.

Non-governmental organisations and Indonesia's official National Commission on Human Rights have documented the rapes, and President Habibie himself offered an apology. Now, according to Indonesia's Minister for Women's Affairs, Tutty Alawiah, there is no evidence they took place.

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Russian power deal breaks impasse

Shamil Zhumatov/Reuter

■ Viktor Chernomyrdin GETS the job. He also becomes more independent from Boris Yeltsin, as he will rely on parliament to approve most of his ministers. This distance from the Kremlin will help when he runs for president in two years time. He also gets an agreement from parliament that there will be no vote of "no confidence" in his government for a year.

[illegible]

interfering with life as a nuclear engineering student, he declared, but if anything it was making it "easier ... to score with women".

The residents of the all-male floor immediately below Ash's dormitory room have been less than charmed by such remarks. In fact, they have stopped talking to him altogether.

So has most of the student

[illegible]

JP 11/10/1998

Communists clean up the 'Black Hole'

A FEW thousand kilometres to the north, in Moscow, the Communists were looking forward to getting their hands on power once again. But in Calcutta, where a four-day conference of the party culminated yesterday in a mass celebration of the old verities, the Communists never went away.

Communist-led governments have ruled the state of West Bengal almost continuously since 1967. And one extraordinary man has dominated the politics of the state for the whole of that period, and has been chief minister continuously for 21 years.

Jyoti Basu, 84 last month, is the longest serving chief minister in the country. Two years ago he nearly became Prime Minister of the country. He continues to dominate both his party and his state with little apparent effort.

Yesterday, 20,000 people braved monsoon showers to listen as Mr Basu urged the Congress Party to abandon its economic liberalisation policies and unite with the Communist Party to bring down the government, led by the Hindu nationalist Bharatiya Janata Party. He chided his party members for arrogance and urged them to "serve the people better". When he finished the crowd cheered and cheered.

Thanks to the Black Hole, the work of Mother Teresa among the dying, and horrifying anecdotes from returning travellers, Calcutta probably has a more terrible image than any other city. Kipling called it the City of Dreadful Night. A century later Dominique Lapierre tried on a new tag, "City of Joy", but it failed to stick. Calcutta was the modern urban nightmare at its most extreme: Victorian-style population density, pollution and callousness married to native ignorance and apathy, compounded by wave after wave of refugees from war, famine and flood.

In 1967 the British town planner, Colin Buchanan, re-

BY PETER POPHAM
in Calcutta

ported that Calcutta was "a city in a state of crisis. We have not seen human degradation on a comparable scale in any other city in the world." The city, he went on, was "rapidly approaching the point of breakdown in its economy, housing, sanitation, transport and the essential humanities of life. If the final breakdown were to take place it would be a disaster for mankind."

Today Calcutta remains a formidable city, but the breakdown has not happened. In several respects, it is doing much better than India's other great cities. Power cuts are rare: in India, that alone is practically a miracle. Calcutta used to be notorious for its crowds of beggars; today, even outside the smartest hotels, beggars are few and have the air of part-timers.

Delhi has been talking about building a mass transit system for as long as anyone can remember, without one sod of earth being lifted. Calcutta has India's only metro: one line, 16.5kms in length, plain but reliable, flat fare about 5p. In the 1960s and 1970s Calcutta was notoriously lawless; today it is "quiet", according to my taxi driver. The high-rolling gangsters fled the city years ago when Draconian laws were imposed on them.

Much of the credit for this transformation must go to Mr Basu, the neat, unsmiling, uncharismatic, fastidious-looking doctor's son who converted to communism while a law student in London in the Thirties. "He is a fresh politician," one of his supporters told me at yesterday's rally - an odd word to use about someone who has been around so long. He clarified: "No allegation has been laid against him, no charge."

Mr Basu, beyond questions of ideology, is that most treasured figure in the Indian landscape: an apparently incorruptible politician. With his



Jyoti Basu: Incorruptible fighter for his city

thin, downturned lips, hooded eyes behind large spectacles, and prissily upturned chin, he looks practically Calvinistic.

In Howrah, across the Hooghly River from Calcutta, Mr Basu's supporters were indulging in the old-time religion. Files of men marched in behind red-star flags, chanting "Inkalab Zindabad." "Long live the revolution". Thousands of hammer-and-sickle flags fluttered. Posters of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin were on sale. Revolutionary songs

crackled through the sound system. You could have mistaken it for one of those sad British May Day gatherings, the difference being that here the party was in power, having been democratically elected time after time.

"No other land and people can offer such difficult ground as this one, for anyone demanding unity and solidarity of effort from his supporters," wrote Geoffrey Moorhouse in his book, *Calcutta*. Yet that very diversity may be the key to communism's success here. Better than any other creed on offer, certainly better than the divisive Hindu nationalism espoused by the BJP. Marxism offers a useful myth of common interest.

And in the hands of someone as wily as Mr Basu, who has lured more foreign investments than any other state except Maharashtra, while continuing to declaim the gospel of revolution, it continues to persuade West Bengal's masses that they have something to believe in, while growing - very gradually - more prosperous.



Communist election graffiti in Calcutta lampooning the Congress Party

Kumar Madu Reuters

Relax in muscle ladies' hands

LIFE IN Delhi knocks you sideways. Getting thumped on the head, kneaded in the small of the back, jabbed between the shoulder blades, or drummed on the soles is a weekly routine for millions of ordinary people.

To coax a dutiful spouse, daughter, or servant into giving backrubs on a regular basis is not so easy these days, although a traditional daughter-in-law will still press her mother-in-law's feet on demand.

Most Delhi-ites - who start life with a full-body oil massage every day for their first year - expect a percussive tapping and firm tugs, while rhythmic fingers rub away the tension. They won't tolerate a desultory rub. So they hire wandering professional masseuses like Lado, Mooni, or Rupa, whose speciality is a vigorous oil massage lasting an hour. These *maalish-walis* or "muscle ladies" prefer private housecalls. A good *maalish-wali* can leave you feeling like a tabla drum after a classical raga.

"Lado knocked on my door when I was first expecting my son," Rohini Bhattacharyya told me. "She's also a *doi* (midwife), and I hired her to wash nappies when the baby came. She'd pick him up just above his ears, twist his legs, then give him a slap."

"This was alarming at first but very good for his spine. She taught me how to massage baby and it always calmed him." Rohini now uses the same technique on her arthritic dog. Male customers can get a passable massage on a street corner while sitting in a barber's chair.

No 10 rupee hair trim is complete without the "shampoo" - old-fashioned Hindi for a serious head rub. Evelyn Waugh, in a letter from India to his wife, wrote how "an aged *babu* ... took off nearly all the hair on my head and then took my skull in his hands and tried to crush it."

CITY LIFE DELHI



Enjoying a vigorous massage Dieter Ludwig

But women rarely use these pavement barbers. "It is not the done thing," said Rupa, a part-time *maalish-wali*, wiping oil from her strong hands. "People would stare because she is out in the public view." So women look forward to the winters, when they can summon the *maalish-walis* up to their roof terraces.

Mooni, the *maalish-wali*, stroked the nape of Geneve Rajkhotia's neck.

"After a head massage, it's better for me to be at home already. I get too relaxed to move." Geneve, who scouts out routes for treks in the Himalayas when not recuperating in Delhi, says her sessions on the roof are utter bliss.

Rupa and Mooni look satisfied. They make less than a pound per session, but manage a living with a round of weekly clients. They will massage married men, but not bachelors. "My clients pay me as much or as little as they like," says Rupa.

"They usually ask me back, because I give a good, hard massage. I like to listen to them chatter."

Sometimes she gets paid extra not to spread a hot bit of gossip.

JAN MCGIRK

JOHN WALSH

'The Princess died all over again and all the amateur psychologists explained why you'd felt upset a year ago'

THE MONDAY REVIEW, PAGE 5

MASTERFUL



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BUSINESS

Banker warns US off special Russian deal

BY JOHN WILLCOCK

LEADERS OF the top industrial nations gave a cautious thumbs up to yesterday's compromise political deal between the Duma, the Russian parliament and Viktor Chernomyrdin, the country's acting prime minister.

A key German banker, however, warned Americans that President Clinton's visit to Moscow this week should not be used as an excuse to argue for favourable terms for US lenders.

In Moscow, Mr Chernomyrdin reached agreement yesterday on a compromise with parliament and aides of Boris Yeltsin, aimed at halting Russia's crisis and preventing further economic turmoil. The deal was aimed at building a political consensus.

No proposals for dealing with the economic crisis have been discussed yet.

Observers were concerned, however, that the political deal appears to strip power away from Mr Yeltsin in favour of the Communist-dominated Duma, many of whose members favour "switching on the rouble printing presses." This could spark hyperinflation, analysts fear.

The Clinton administration said that continued financial support depends on actual reforms in Russia. Lawrence Summers, Deputy Treasury Secretary, said yesterday: "What is crucial is not words at this point, but the actions the Russians are able to take at what is a critical juncture for them and their management of the economy."

Mr Summers said that the terms of the current IMF package would have to be renegotiated before any new IMF loans could be discussed.

Separately, in an interview with German Sunday newspaper *Welt am Sonntag*, Mr Chernomyrdin said President



A small boy out to buy bread in Moscow yesterday as Russia tries to sort out the rouble crisis. Dima Korotayev

Yeltsin and the new Russian government "won't allow a roll back" to old Communist ways.

Mr Chernomyrdin's greatest problem was trying to regain the confidence of the Russian people in the administration and legislature, which has slumped as a result of the non-payment of wages and pensions, as well as the rise in prices over the past six months.

"Above all, we now have to counterbalance this backlog and compensate the more vulnerable social groups for possible price increases, guarantee that savings in banks will remain untouched, and calm the exchange rate fluctuations of the national currency," he said.

He added that politics and economics "are too closely tied" in Russia; both the political and economic climate must

be stabilised, and mechanisms created so that Russia can pay its debts and "decisions of the past," particularly with regard to foreign investors, "be considerably corrected."

Meanwhile, Martin Kohlhausen, president of the German banking federation, said he was concerned the US will seek preferential treatment in Russian debt restructuring when Mr Clinton visits Moscow this week.

"I don't think this is primarily about providing further money to clean up Russia's finances, but is a race by creditors and investors. The Americans want preferential treatment in debt adjustments," he said.

Mr Kohlhausen said that all Russia's international creditors should be treated equally. Germany is Russia's largest

foreign lender with an exposure of over £25bn.

"If there is preferential treatment as a result of political pressure I would not be impressed," said Mr Kohlhausen, chief executive of Commerzbank.

"That would promote the feared lopsided development of the world financial system."

The weekend's events have not lifted analysts' gloom. Gerard Lyons, chief economist at banking group DKB International, said: "Stock markets in the US, the UK and Europe have discounted too much good economic news. As the crisis intensifies, they continue to look vulnerable."

There have been continued calls for cuts in interest rates around the world to counter the crisis, but analysts said cuts could still be some way off.

"Asset price inflation has been a central fear of central bankers this year; in other words stock markets have been seen as too high," he said.

"It is unlikely that a fall in stock markets will trigger rate cuts until declines seem sharp enough to threaten the economy."

The Financial Services Authority and the Bank of England have formed a special committee to keep daily monitoring of Western banks and their exposure to the Russian crisis.

Meanwhile in Japan the Economic Planning Agency Minister Taichi Sakakima expressed bitterness that Russia had failed to promote a Western-style market economy while lawlessness had gained force. "We hoped that Russia would achieve a market-oriented economy but it didn't. In fact, it is a mafia economy."

Heart fear for dieters' drug

BY FRANCESCO GUERRERA

SMITHKLINE BEECHAM and Medeva, two of the UK's leading pharmaceutical groups, were locked in a bitter row last night with two US researchers who have alleged that one of their diet drugs could cause heart and lung problems.

The researchers from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology say that phentermine, a popular anti-obesity treatment, could damage patients' heart valves and lungs when taken with anti-depressants such as Prozac. The two drugs are often prescribed together in the US to patients attempting to lose weight.

The two companies vigorously rejected the charges, saying that the MIT lecturers' findings were based on rat studies from the 1970s which, in fact, explicitly contradict the authors' hypotheses.

Medeva also made counter allegations that one of the researchers had a conflict of interest as he was the co-inventor of a rival diet drug.

Drs Timothy Maher and Richard Wurtzman, the two researchers, make their allegations in a paper on Wednesday to the International Congress on Obesity, in Paris.

In the study, abstracts of which have been seen by *The Independent*, the two argue that the combination of phentermine, which is not sold in Britain, and Prozac could destroy the ability of the body to control serotonin in the blood.

Too much serotonin damages blood vessels, particularly in the lungs, and can harm heart valves. However, they admit that nobody has been diagnosed as having developed heart and lung diseases as a result of taking the drugs.

SmithKline and Medeva dismissed the allegations and said the diet drug was safe.

BRIEFING

BT to invest £300m in Korea

BRITISH TELECOM is to spend \$500m (£300m) on a 20 per cent stake in the South Korean cellular phone company, LG Telecom. Clearance from the South Korean Information and Communications Ministry is needed before BT can go ahead, and insiders expect a deal as early as October.

BT faces several competing bids for the stake in the mobile phone group. LG Telecom, set up in 1996, is a consortium led by the industrial conglomerate, LG Electronics. Until now BT's biggest investment in Asia has been in Japan.

Racal to sell off telecoms arm



RACAL has put its telecoms arm up for sale once again after dropping plans for a flotation. A number of groups are understood to be interested, including Scottish Telecom and Energis.

Sources close to Racal say that the company is looking for up to £300 million for the subsidiary, way ahead of the £450m price tag it was looking for last year when it failed to clinch a deal.

Since then telecommunications companies have enjoyed a good run on the stock market.

Racal wanted to float the company, but now Sir Ernest Harrison, the company's chairman (above), is believed to be looking for a trade sale.

French scent Yardley opportunity

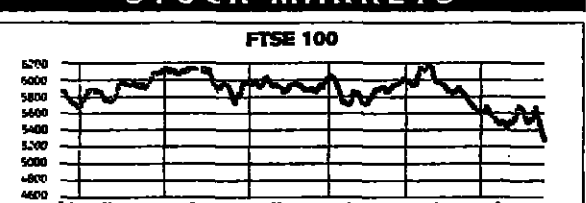
LYNCH, the French luxury goods group headed by Bernard Arnault, is one of nearly 70 parties who have expressed an interest in buying Yardley from the receivers, it emerged over the weekend.

The English perfume company with a 200-year history went bust last week with debts of £120m.

The joint receivers, Tony Thompson and Roger Oldfield of accountants KPMG, are searching for someone to buy Yardley as a going concern.

A spokesman for KPMG said yesterday: "We are unable to confirm individual names of people who have been contacted us, but we can say that there has been very strong interest in Yardley so far, which is very encouraging as it is still early days."

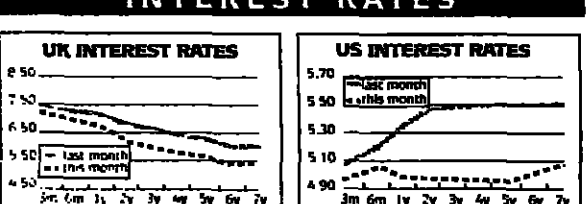
STOCK MARKETS



INDICES

Index	Close	Wk's chg	Wk's chg (%)	52 wk high	52 wk low	YTD chg (%)
FTSE 100	5249.40	-227.60	-4.16	6183.7	4382.8	-3.778
FTSE 250	4786.20	-288.30	-5.68	5970.9	4428.3	-4.21
FTSE 350	2515.10	-116.70	-4.43	2969.1	2141.8	-3.855
FTSE All Share	2440.84	-117.83	-4.61	2886.52	2106.99	-3.857
FTSE SmallCap	2126.10	-172.50	-7.51	2793.8	2187.4	-3.895
FTSE Pledge	1187.10	-88.30	-6.92	1517.1	1233.7	-4.331
FTSE AIM	808.60	-37.00	-4.29	1146.9	937.4	-1.494
FTSE EBLCC 100	908.44	-	-	-	-	-
Dow Jones	8051.68	-481.97	-5.65	9367.84	6971.32	-1.843
Nikkei	13915.63	-1382.57	-9.04	18775.08	14378.67	-1.095
Hong Kong	7829.74	-302.13	-3.81	15607.98	6544.79	-5.205
Dax	4993.54	-169.97	-3.29	6217.83	3487.24	-3.217

INTEREST RATES



Index	3 month	6 month	1 year	10 year	15 year	Long bond	Yr chg
UK	7.63	0.31	7.38	-0.25	5.33	-1.72	5.06
US	5.63	-0.11	5.53	-0.50	5.07	-1.22	5.34
Japan	0.63	0.06	0.54	-0.04	1.33	-0.91	1.86
Germany	3.48	0.18	3.64	-0.02	4.19	-1.46	4.99

CURRENCIES

Index	3 month	6 month	1 year	10 year	15 year	Long bond	Yr chg
£/\$	1.6225	+1.71c	1.6195	-	-	-	0.6190
£/DM	2.0610	+2.27p	2.0977	-	-	-	1.7966
DM/\$	2.8038	+0.19p	2.8275	-	-	-	1.2095
£/¥	166.00	+1.00	161.50	-	-	-	105.20

OTHER INDICATORS

Index	Close	Wk's chg	Wk's chg (%)	YTD chg (%)
Brent Oil (\$)	12.20	0.13	1.00	-
Gold (\$)	274.35	+10.45	3.23	95
Silver (\$)	4.79	+0.37	4.66	-

www.bloomberg.com/uk SOURCE: BLOOMBERG

TOURIST RATES

Country	Rate	Country	Rate
Australia (\$)	2.8231	Mexico (nuevo peso)	14.90
Austria (schillings)	20.09	Netherlands (guilders)	3.2201
Belgium (francs)	58.98	New Zealand (\$)	3.2380
Canada (\$)	2.5213	Norway (krone)	12.83
Cyprus (pounds)	0.8358	Portugal (escudos)	291.29
Denmark (krone)	10.95	Saudi Arabia (rials)	6.0421
Finland (markka)	8.7925	Singapore (\$)	2.8065
France (francs)	9.5832	Spain (pesetas)	242.00
Germany (marks)	2.8666	South Africa (rand)	10.33
Greece (drachma)	492.16	Sweden (krone)	13.17
Hong Kong (\$)	12.35	Switzerland (francs)	2.3556
Ireland (pounds)	1.1359	Thailand (bahts)	63.83
India (rupees)	64.52	Turkey (liras)	441.098
Israel (shekels)	5.8972	USA (\$)	1.6053
Italy (lira)	2835		
Japan (yen)	231.29		
Malaysia (ringgits)	6.6370		
Malta (lira)	0.6213		

Rates for information purposes only. Source: Thomas Cook

US firms gear up for euro as UK dithers

COMPANIES FROM Britain and other European countries struggling to adapt to Economic and Monetary Union face a fresh threat from US businesses, according to research from KPMG Management Consulting.

The discovery that US organisations are ahead of their European counterparts in such key areas as readiness for pricing issues and company location comes as British scepticism toward the euro appears to be hardening.

The past week has seen Paul Sykes, the millionaire businessman, take up the late Sir James Goldsmith's campaign against British membership of the single European currency, even as Tony Blair, the Prime Minister, is reportedly urging ministers to make a big push for entry.

Mr Sykes, who has given financial backing to anti-Emu Tory candidates, will run his campaign alongside the "Business for Sterling" group that includes Lord Hanson among its members.

Meanwhile, research by the financial recruitment consultancy Robert Half International, published yesterday, says UK businesses are "burying their heads in the sand" and not preparing for the euro.

"Most companies are running away from the issue," one executive told the consultancy. "If it was viewed simply as a new currency they should cope, as most deal in foreign currencies. However, it is seen as something totally alien and they seem frightened by it all."

Another added: "UK businesses have their heads buried in the sand. They believe that Emu won't happen in the current format and hope for special conditions to be attached to how we join."

Jeff Groat, the consultancy's managing director, found the results of the survey shocking but not surprising. "Businesses

BY ROGER TRAPP

have got to realise that even though they may not be trading in Europe, their customers or suppliers are - and could insist on trading in euros. If businesses aren't geared up to cope with even basic changes to their finance systems, they're going to have a rude awakening in 1999."

One of the organisations leading the way in seeking to convince European companies that Emu will bring opportunities as well as threats is Citibank, the giant US financial organisation that is currently in the process of merging with Travelers Group.

Likewise, Chase Manhattan Bank was last week reported to have been seeking to gain a lead by adopting the euro for all internal operations previously conducted within the countries of the 11 states taking part in the first phase of Emu. And the securities firm Merrill Lynch is opening new offices in a bid to cash in on the new market.

Such moves back up the findings of the KPMG survey that 31 per cent of US companies, compared with 46 per cent of those in Europe, still have to start their review of the effects of Emu on their pricing structures, and that 62 per cent of US companies thought Emu would make intra-European trade easier, against a quarter of European companies, said Vicky Pryce, chief economist with KPMG Management Consulting.

"Ironically, European companies that are not prepared even for increased competition within the EU once Emu starts are now facing additional threats from the US. They must act quickly to get ahead or risk losing ground," she added.

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SPORT

US Open: Men's and women's titles up for grabs as challengers, old and new, queue up to make an impression

Hingis looking over her shoulder

BY JOHN ROBERTS
in New York

A WAXWORK of Martina Hingis was wheeled into the interview room at Flushing Meadow, and the world No 1 observed that the figure was "smiling and happy". Shortly afterwards it was taken apart and sent to Madame Tussaud's, the body by freight, the head as hand luggage.

Hingis' rivals have similar plans for the 17-year-old Swiss when she defends the women's singles title at the United States Open, which starts today. "This year the players became much stronger," Hingis said. "You have the younger players, who are now more experienced. And the older ones started practising again! They want [the success] back. Right now the competition is very big."

Since Hingis successfully defended the Australian Open title in January, defeating Conchita Martinez in the final, the old guard have staged a revival. Arantxa Sanchez-Vicario won the French Open and Jana Novotna finally fulfilled her ambitions at Wimbledon.

In tennis circles it is still possible to mention Monica without reference to Bill. Seles defeated Hingis emphatically in the semi-finals in Paris. Steffi Graf is also looking fit and confident again, completing her US Open preparation with victories against Lindsay Davenport and Novotna and winning a tournament in New Haven.

"I think Monica especially is very dangerous," Hingis said. "She knows what she wants in life right now. Last year, or the year before, she would just play, but she wasn't really 100 per cent into it. But right now she only focuses on that."

Davenport, the tall, powerful No 2 seed, also impresses Hingis. "She's very aggressive and this court is pretty good for her, not too fast, not too slow. She's improved her serve and lost so much weight, so she moves better. She lost to Steffi the other day. I can't imagine Lindsay losing to Steffi after what happened in their recent matches. Steffi can play very well still, and she seems to be in a good way. We'll see at this Grand Slam."

Hingis won the third of her Grand Slam titles last year, out-classing the American Venus Williams, three months her senior, in the final. Williams' game has matured to the point where it is beginning to match her athleticism.

Not to be upstaged by the Hingis waxwork, a huge Reebok poster of Williams' face covers the side of a building near the 59th Street Bridge. "It's a nice picture," Williams said. "I think I picked it out." She also helped design her latest line of tennis clothing. "I have seven different dresses," Williams said, adding pointedly, "that means I'll have to play seven matches." So she fancies her chances? "I think my chances are great." According to two *New York Times* writers, the most exciting moment of last year's US Open was the shoulder-to-shoulder confrontation between Williams and the Romanian Irina Spirlea during a change-over in their semi-final. The dust-up is recounted as a symbol of the feisty nature of the

women's game. "All the men did was hit rockets past each other," one writer said.

That hardly does justice to the efforts of Pat Rafter and Greg Rusedski, who battled through two weeks of difficult matches to contest the men's singles final. Rafter, by winning the title, restored Australia's prestige. Rusedski, the first British man to reach a singles final at the US Championships since Fred Perry in 1936, went on to be ranked No 4 in the world and won a variety of Sports Personality of the Year awards. None of that counted for much over here.

Rafter, whose recent form has placed him high among the favourites, again denied Rusedski when they met on Saturday in the semi-finals of the Hamlet Cup, in Long Island.

Rusedski took heart from an encouraging build-up to the US Open in the two tournaments he has played following a lengthy spell on the sidelines nursing an ankle injury. The sixth seed will need to be confident for an opening match against the enigmatic South African, Wayne Ferreira.

The Americans are hoping to cheer a revitalised Andre Agassi all the way to, and possibly beyond, a quarter-final meeting with Pete Sampras, the world No 1.

During the weekend Sampras practised with Petr Korda, the man who eliminated him in the fourth round last year. Watched by an enthusiastic gallery, they exchanged shots in the Louis Armstrong Stadium, which has been scaled-down since the Arthur Ashe Stadium took centre stage last year.

Sampras, who is trying to equal Roy Emerson's record of 12 Grand Slam singles championships, won his four US Open titles in the Louis Armstrong Stadium, the first as a 19-year-old in 1980.

That was the year which produced eight different Grand Slam singles champions for the first time since 1966 - Ivan Lendl and Graf (Australian Open), Andres Gomez and Seles (French Open), Stefan Edberg and Martina Navratilova (Wimbledon), Sampras and Gabriela Sabatini (US Open).

For that to happen this year, the following players must be defeated during the coming fortnight - Korda and Hingis, Carlos Moya and Sanchez-Vicario, Sampras and Novotna. Which leaves plenty of scope for contenders old and new.

In a year of tennis anniversaries, it is sad to learn that the graceful former home of the US Championships, Forest Hills, may be sold for building purposes.

Although nothing definite has been decided, the odour of commerce is unmistakably in the air. It was at Forest Hills 60 years ago that Don Budge completed the original Grand Slam, and 30 years since the US Championships went open, with victories for Ashe and Virginia Wade. The Championships moved to Flushing Meadow 20 years ago. But, as Billie Jean King said longingly of Forest Hills: "Sitting there and watching the sun go down behind the stadium - you'll never see another sight like that in tennis."



Venus Williams, left, will provide a guiding hand to her sister, Serena, on her first appearance at the US Open, which starts today

Jeff Christensen/Reuters

Rusedski getting into the groove

GREG RUSEDSKI goes into the US Open this week with his confidence boosted, despite losing in the semi-finals of the Hamlet Cup in Comack, New York.

"It was satisfying to get seven matches in since my return," Rusedski, the 24-year-old Briton, said after losing 6-4, 7-5 to Patrick Rafter, the reigning US Open champion.

While 25-year-old Rafter, ranked No 3 on the ATP Tour, goes into the US Open in New York as probably the form player on the circuit, Rusedski, playing only his second tournament since a seven-week lay-off with an ankle injury, feels he may still need a few more matches to re-

turn to his best. "I didn't raise my intensity level high enough," he said. "I have to get into the match right from the start. Today I didn't. I didn't start off serving very well. You can't do that against top 10 players. They make you pay for it."

"Patrick's serve was definitely on. By far, he's the best player on the tour this summer," Rusedski, who faces South African Wayne Ferreira in a tricky first-round match, said. Rusedski sprained his ankle at Queen's Club in London on June 12, an injury which saw him sidelined for seven weeks. Second-seeded Rafter was to meet No 8 Felix Mantilla of Spain in the final.

In Brookline, Massachusetts, the fourth-seed Michael Chang escaped several sticky situations to defeat the talented French qualifier Sebastian Grosjean 7-5, 4-6, 6-3 in the semi-finals of the MFS Pro Tennis Championships.

Chang's victory put him into the final against a wildcard entry, Paul Haarhuis of the Netherlands, who defeated the third-seeded Frenchman Cedric Pioline by the same 7-5, 4-6, 6-3 scoreline.

Chang, who struggled with three-setters in his previous three matches, took the first set with a break in the final game as Grosjean hit two unforced backhand errors. It was the

first set Grosjean had lost in four tournament matches.

The 20-year-old Grosjean, playing in only his second career semi-final, used his big forehand to get the vital break in the seventh game of the second set to even the match.

Chang, surviving an exchange of breaks early in the third set, used his patient and potent baseline strokes to get the clinching break at 5-3, then served out the final game.

"He played some tough tennis - he's definitely a talented, up-and-coming player," said Chang about his opponent. "He hit some unbelievable forehands. I'm glad to be in the final." Haarhuis, making his first ATP

Tour final since 1996 and looking for his second career singles title, mastered Pioline with a superior service and a more effective all-round attack.

Meanwhile, Steffi Graf won her first tournament since May 1997 and the 104th title of her career, defeating Jana Novotna 6-4, 6-1 in the Pilot Pen International at New Haven, Connecticut.

The victory marked the first major stepping stone of the German's comeback from injury. She was out of the game from June 1997 after knee surgery, returning briefly in February. But it was not until June that she was able to compete regularly once again.

Early bath the secret of Whalley's success

In a League Of Their Own! The Dick, Kerr Ladies Football Team
By Gail J Newsham (Scarlett Press; £9.99)

WOMEN'S football might be a backwater of British sport, and kept that way until recently by unconstructed chauvinism, but it has produced more than its fair share of vivid characters.

That is one of the lessons of this history of what is still the most famous team of female footballers ever to lace a boot. Take Lily Parr, for example. A six-foot left-winger, she spanned the decades by playing for the club from 1919 to 1961, scoring over 1,000 goals and earning no end of grudging admissions

BOOK OF THE WEEK

that, had she been a man, she would have played for England. She certainly lacked nothing in the tricks of the trade, on and off the pitch, as she was not above purchasing and later selling the match ball - and, on one occasion, the knives and forks from a stately home where the team was getting changed.

In her retirement, Lily suffered from breast cancer and needed a double mastectomy. Her indomitability is summed up in her comment: "It's taken me 62 years to

grow these, and now they've taken the bloody things off me!"

Joan Whalley, a school pal and kick-about partner of Tom Finney, played for almost as long, before becoming a recluse and living "on top of a mountain" with her menagerie. Finding her and persuading her to talk about her experiences was a key to the success of this account, as with her recollection of going to Bolton for "a proper soda bath" - a mystical ritual that put her to sleep for five days but made her play like a demon the following Saturday.

Someone who will not be found in these pages is Dick Kerr. Any idea that he was some sort of impresario, like Busby Berkeley or

Paul Raymond, is well wide of the mark, as Messrs Dick and Kerr were merely the founders of the engineering works in Preston that employed the women and supported their fund-raising football activities during the First World War.

The svengali figure was neither Dick nor Kerr, but Alfred "Pop" Frankland, a Preston greengrocer who fought a losing battle to keep his girls out of the pub on their way back from matches.

Crowds as high as 53,000 watched Dick, Kerr during the 1920s, a decade that also saw them play - and beat - men's teams in America. Even the Football Association's ban on them playing on the

grounds of affiliated clubs failed to stop them; they explored alternatives like rugby league grounds and still attracted big attendances.

It was not lack of support but a shortage of players that led to the club, by then known as Preston Ladies, folding in 1965. Gail Newsham's theory is that, if they had hung on for another year, they would have been revived by the upsurge of interest in all forms of football after the 1966 World Cup.

Even so, Dick, Kerr Ladies are the inspiration for the growth of women's football since then and this book is a timely tribute to genuine sporting pioneers.

DAVE HADFIELD

THIS WEEK'S TOP TEN SPORTS BOOKS

- 1 Rothmans Football Yearbook 1998-99, edited by Glenda Rollin (Headline, paperback, £17.99)
- 2 My World Cup Diary, Glenn Hoddle with David Davies (Andre Deutsch, hardback, £17.99)
- 3 Anything but... an Autobiography, Richie Benaud (Hodder & Stoughton, hardback, £17.99)
- 4 News of the World Football Annual 1998-99, edited by Eric Brown (Invisible, £5.99)
- 5 Kick off - The Official Premier League Fans Guide 1998/99 (Sidon Press, £5.99)
- 6 Playfair Football Who's Who 1999, edited by Jack Rollin (Headline, paperback, £6.99)
- 7 Sunday Muddy Sunday - The Heart and Soul of Sunday League Football, Peter May (Virgin, paperback, £7.99)
- 8 Playfair Football Annual 1998-99, edited by Glenda Rollin (Headline, paperback, £4.99)
- 9 Left Foot in the Grave, Garry Nelson (Collins Willow, paperback, £5.99)
- 10 Life at the Top, Mark Hodgkinson (Queen Anne Press, paperback, £7.99)

Chart compiled by Sportspages, 94-96 Charing Cross Road, London (0171 240 9604) and St Ann's Square, Manchester (0161 832 8530)

1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* were determined by the method of Arar and Collins (1971) using a Shimadzu 1010 spectrophotometer. The concentration of chlorophylls was expressed as $\mu\text{g mL}^{-1}$ of the sample.



Despite his win in the BMW International Open at Munich yesterday Russell Claydon still had to play out of the sand

Claydon victorious at last

GOLF

BY JOHN OAKLEY
in Munich

RUSSELL CLAYDON won his first European Tour title after nine years as a professional in Munich yesterday. Claydon, who admits to weighing 16-stone plus, sank eight single putts in his last 11 holes and nine in all to finish with a 68 to finish 18 under and take the BMW International Open by one shot from Jamie Spence.

The 32-year-old has been second five times in European Tour events and was also runner-up in the Australian Masters in 1989 when still an amateur, but he insisted that it had never concerned him. "I've never bothered about finishing second," he said, "I try my hardest every week and if you come second you have probably beaten about 155 golfers, which isn't bad. So it was never a problem for me."

Claydon went out last with the home favourite, Bernard Langer, who finished joint fourth, and said it was a pleasure to play with the German. "Bernard is the best of all the best players you can play with," he said. "He knows how to deal with a German crowd, his manners are impeccable and he is very helpful. He made it easy for me."

"The crowd were very fair. They all wanted Bernard to win but they cheered all my good putts and I had quite a few today."

Claydon was lying fifth after he bogeyed the seventh but then he charged magnificently for home. He got up and down for pars at the eighth, 10th and 13th and sank five birdie putts at the ninth, 11th, 12th, 15th and 17th holes.

Spence was already in the clubhouse on 271 when Claydon came to the final par-five hole and he laid up before hitting his third shot some 12 feet from the pin for a two-putt winning finish.

Spence had not seemed in the running after 14 holes but birdied three of his last four holes. He then watched Claydon make his five at the last and said: "I obviously wanted to win but I'm not too disappointed. Russell is a great talent, if only he would realise it."

Despite all his single putts, Claydon thought the key to his victory was at the 472-yard 10th hole. "It's a terrible drive and I thought I had finished in a bush," he said.

"But when I got to the ball it wasn't in the bush and I managed to get my second shot near to the green and then got up and down for a par four. It felt like an eagle when I had been thinking I might make a double-bogey six."

"You get moments in a round when things go your way and this was one of them."

Scotland's Andrew Coltart is 11 shots behind the leader, David Duval, in the World Series at Akron, Ohio. In the third round he shot a one-under-par 70 for a two-over-par total of 212.

Duval leads by one stroke from John Cook while the best-placed European, Sweden's Jesper Parnevik gave himself an outside chance of winning with a 66 to be six shots off the lead.

Payne Stewart regained the lead in the Greater Vancouver Open in Surrey, Canada, with a six-under-par 66 to go one stroke ahead after three rounds.

McCoist back in business

BY DAVID MCKINNEY

Kilmarnock 3
Hearts of Midlothian 0

THERE'S LIFE in the old dog yet. Ally McCoist proved he still has goals in those golden boots of his and, even as a Kilmarnock player, he is still helping the Rangers cause. His goals deprived Hearts of the chance to move above Rangers at the top of the league though, realistically, Hearts deserved nothing from their poorest performance for some time.

Only then did Hearts show some urgency but the closest they came was a shot by Jose Quintero into the side net. Kilmarnock should have added a third in the 72nd minute when Varelle beat the offside trap, but as the Frenchman attempted to take the ball round the goalkeeper, Rousset stuck out an arm to save.

The visitors then had their best spell of the game, but failed to make much of an impression on the Kilmarnock defence and, with four minutes to go, the Ibrox double act was in action again as Durrant delayed his pass until McCoist had made ground on the left and the striker's shot was destined for just one place.

His first goal came in the eighth minute. A through ball to Jérôme Varelle resulted in a cross from the right which found McCoist ahead of his marker to shoot the ball into the net. Four minutes later he should have made it two but his final shot was well saved by Gilles Rousset.

With 15 minutes gone McCoist conjured yet another chance when a curling left-foot shot from 20 yards was pushed away by the flying goalkeeper.

In the whole of the first half, Hearts failed to make a genuine chance and they fell further behind in the second when Dylan Kerr threaded a fine pass to McCoist, whose left-foot shot went in off Rousset to the delight of the large Kilmarnock support.

Perhaps the rigours of a European tie on Thursday took a toll, but Jim Jefferies' side were ponderous throughout, while Kilmarnock were fluent and inventive. Their midfield, run by Ian Durrant and Alan Mahood, exerted a stranglehold most of the game and provided the platform from which McCoist scored his hat-trick.

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The leading French sprinter, Christine Arron, has had to pull out of the Berlin gathering. She became the third fastest woman of all time earlier this month when she clocked 10.73 seconds to win the women's European 100 metres title, but will miss another showdown with the American world champion, Marion Jones.

Meanwhile, another of Britain's younger generation of sprinters, the 25-year-old European 200 metres champion Doug Walker, has said he believes he has an "outside chance" of running in the Commonwealth Games next month despite having had an operation on his knee only last Thursday.

The organisers of Scotland's Commonwealth Team have offered Walker a place on the official flight out to Kuala Lumpur on Saturday, although they have emphasised that the decision to take up the offer is Walker's alone.

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Flying Scot Curbishley sets the pace

ATHLETICS

BY MIKE ROWBOTTOM
in Glasgow

ALLISON CURBISHLEY gave yesterday's Spar British Challenge in Glasgow an ideal start when she lowered her own Scottish 400 metres record to 50.73 seconds. Curbishley was pressed all the way down the finishing straight by her teammate, Katherine Merry, who ran the 200 metres at the recent European Championships, but indicated her immense potential over one lap by contributing a leg in 50.4 as the 400m relay team won the Bronze medal. Merry was timed at 51.02sec.

Lindsay Christie returned to competitive action at the age of 36 this weekend and demonstrated that he has maintained a high level of fitness since officially retiring from the track last summer.

The former World and Olympic 100 metres champion, who now coaches a group of athletes including Darren Campbell, who took over Christie's European title earlier this month, turned out for his club Puma TVH in Saturday's Gold Cup at Bedford. He won in a time of 10.38 seconds, a performance that he described afterwards as being a warm-up for tomorrow's IAAF Golden League meeting in Berlin.

There, Christie will team up in an invitation relay event with Campbell and Collins, a group of talented young British sprinters - Christian Malcolm, the World Junior 100 and 200m Champion, and the European Silver Medalist, Dwain Chambers.

Speaking earlier this year, Christie said that he would not contemplate making any kind of serious comeback, especially as he was now coaching younger runners in his specialist event. But he did not rule out running for his club if required, and he estimated that he would be able to achieve a time of about 10.03 seconds.

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Purple patch by Scarlets sinks tired Ebbw Vale

RUGBY UNION

BY ROBERT COLE

Llanelli 35
Ebbw Vale 18

EBBW VALE, keen to make an impact in domestic and European competition this season, will have to scrutinise Saturday's performance.

For 40 minutes, give or take an occasional Scarlet riposte, they totally dominated and fully deserved an 18-point opening burst, including two tries from their underrated wing, Alun Harris.

But instead of capitalising, the Steelmen capitulated with surprising tameness as Llanelli found more than a second wind and cruised home with an energetic second half performance which delighted their coach Gareth Jenkins.

"I was very pleased with our second 40 minutes and I thought Martin Morgan did exceptionally well for someone so inexperienced."

Jenkins might have also paid tribute to his other forwards, who having been brusquely treated, found that the Vale packed lack stamina.

Vale's veteran, Richie Collins, and their captain, Kingsley Jones, tried in vain to rally the troops, but once Phil Booth and David Hodges had scored early second-half tries Llanelli were in the driving seat with their half-backs, Aled Thomas and Stephen Jones, growing in confidence.

Hart stays as All Blacks coach despite whitewash

RUGBY UNION

BY ROBERT COLE

JOHN HART, the New Zealand coach, has vowed to continue through to next year's World Cup, despite overseeing one of the most dismal seasons in his country's history.

The All Blacks lost 19-14 to Australia on Saturday to give the Wallabies a 3-0 Bledisloe Cup clean sweep for the first time since 1929 and left them bottom of the Tri-Nations tournament.

Hart, visibly shaken at the loss, readily admitted that he would resign "if it was in the interests of New Zealand rugby."

He said: "I expect I'll get a lot of criticism. There's not much you can do about it. Mistakes were made and they were simple things that just went wrong. In the end I'm very committed to the job."

David Moffett, the New Zealand Rugby Football Union chief executive, stated before the match in Sydney that Hart would continue to have full support, whatever the result.

For the first time Hart attacked the All Blacks' performance and hinted that some players had slipped below acceptable standards. "We dropped ball we shouldn't have dropped, we threw bad passes. Those are things unfortunately you can't coach," he said.

Australian joy over their historic triumph has been marred by the prospect of Matt Burke, facing up to six months out of a shoulder injury. The full-back dislocated his right shoulder as he scored the decisive try.

Denilson off to slow start for Real Betis

FOOTBALL

BY ROBERT COLE

THE £20M world record signing, Denilson, made a disappointing start to his Spanish league career as Real Betis were held to a goalless draw by newly-promoted Alaves in Bilbao on Saturday.

The Brazilian showed some nice touches but looked short of fitness as he was kept quiet by a stubborn Alaves defence. The match was played at Athletic Bilbao's San Mames stadium because of continuing ground improvements at Alaves.

Valencia made a winning start to their league campaign, beating Atletico Madrid 1-0 with a header by Miguel Angel Angulo, set up by the Romanian international Adrian Ilie.

Bordeaux won 2-0 at ailing Metz to open a two-point lead in the French league as the title favourites, Paris St-Germain, crashed 2-1 at home to newly promoted Lorient.

Sylvain Wilford scored twice, taking his tally to six goals in four games, to leave Bordeaux the only team with maximum points from four games. They have two more points than Marseilles, who were held 0-0 at Le Havre.

Two minutes later, Lorient's playmaker, Stéphane Pedron, scored direct from a free-kick well out on the right, tucking the ball inside the base of the near post as Lama went down too late.

Stefan Effenberg scored twice on his return for Bayern Munich as last season's runners-up in the Bundesliga began their defence of the German Cup with a 5-0 win against the amateurs, LR Aalen.

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TODAY

FOOTBALL (7.45 unless stated): Nationwide Football League Second Division: Barnet v Blackpool; Burnley v Millwall; Gillingham v Wrexham; Third Division: Carlisle v Southend; Chester v Cambridge; Luton v Leyton Orient.

TOMORROW

FOOTBALL (7.45 unless stated): Nationwide Football League Second Division: Manchester City v Walsall; Reading v York.

FRIDAY

FOOTBALL (3.0 unless stated): European Championship Group One: Wales v Italy (19.00); Group Two: Greece v Turkey (19.00); Group Three: Czech Republic v Ireland (19.00); Group Four: Scotland v Ireland (19.00).

SUNDAY

FOOTBALL (12.00 unless stated): Nationwide Football League First Division: Oxford Utd v Portsmouth (12.00); Second Division: Luton v Burnley (12.00); Third Division: Carlisle v Southend (12.00); Fourth Division: Luton v Leyton Orient (12.00).

WEDNESDAY

FOOTBALL (7.45 unless stated): Nationwide Football League Second Division: Manchester City v Walsall; Reading v York.

THURSDAY

RACING: SALISBURY (2.20); YORK (2.0); FORTY (2.10).

FRIDAY

FOOTBALL (3.0 unless stated): European Championship Group One: Wales v Italy (19.00); Group Two: Greece v Turkey (19.00); Group Three: Czech Republic v Ireland (19.00); Group Four: Scotland v Ireland (19.00).

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WEDNESDAY

FOOTBALL (7.45 unless stated): Nationwide Football League Second Division: Manchester City v Walsall; Reading v York.

Striking problems confront Smith

IN EINDHOVEN last week the Dutch press were bemoaning Wim Jonk's departure from PSV, a genuine European power, to Sheffield Wednesday, a moderate English club. That he was thought to be doubling his wages was obviously a factor but, they lamented, "He wants to play in the Premiership, you have such a good league".

This was not immediately apparent at Goodison Park on Saturday. In the same way as some films become celebrated for their ineptitude, Everton and Tottenham produced a match which was so awful it became entertaining. After watching PSV play sweet passing football with an emphasis on attacking wing play, returning to this thud-and-blunder was like following *Casablanca* with *Spice Girls - The Movie*.

While it had seemed premature to call this a relegation battle after just two matches the fare, and the raw approach of both players and supporters, suggested the billing was accurate. Already Tottenham fans are looking nervously at their end-of-season run-in (Liverpool, Chelsea and Manchester United) while Everton's final day trip to Southampton has a "death or glory" look to it.

Everton, in particular, were dreadful and, while Christian Gross deserved this 1-0 win for his courage and decency, beating such a rabble hardly made a compelling argument for preserving his job. Jürgen Klinsmann is the latest to be linked with his position but Gross insisted: "I am convinced I will stay in charge. I have a positive mind and treat these stories as a challenge." If he does depart he will at least remember Everton with affection, having begun and ended his reign with Goodison victories.



GLENN MOORE
COMMENTARY

"Everybody likes coming here," said Gross with a smile, but for Everton fans it is becoming a grisly ritual akin to that endured at Maine Road in recent years. As ever they greeted the team with a ferocious roar then, after the first wayward punt forward at Duncan Ferguson's head, fell silent with frustration, nerves and despair before, like the team, rousing themselves for a late, doomed, assault.

It seems that however many changes are made, to management or personnel, the team's pattern remains the same: "Hit it at Fergie's head and hope something happens." We are not yet out of August and the one-time School of Science has already reached the familiar stage where, admitted Walter Smith, "it's not about style, it's about results." Including last season's abysmal closing form Everton have now gone 353 minutes without a goal and have only scored three in the last 13 hours' play (during which they have taken four points from 24).

Smith now knows what he has let himself in for by moving south - though he might have guessed by being preceded to Everton by one of his thorax cast-offs, Alec Cleland, whose summer signing was indicative of



Everton's Nick Barmby dives into a strong challenge from Tottenham's Allen Nielsen at Goodison Park. *Allsport*

Everton's falling standards. With Cleland and the composed but unadventurous Michael Ball flanking three ponderous central defenders Everton found themselves playing five at the back at home. This left the team bereft of width which, in turn, meant the passing skills of John Collins were wasted. Thus, over and over again, it was left to Ball, David Unsworth or Cleland to hoof the ball at Ferguson from deep. After several years of this type of service Ferguson, once an accomplished player on the ground, has become a parody of an old-fashioned centre-forward as he waits on the edge of the D with his arm aloft calling for a hoof forward.

"Duncan is an option and a good one given his power in the air but it is used too many times," Smith said. The solution, if he cannot change the mindset of his players, is to sell Ferguson, whose Everton record of 33 goals in 106 league games is hardly prolific. Smith is urgently hunting a goalscorer - not to play off Ferguson but to provide an alternative option.

The admirable goalkeeper Thomas Myhre is one of Everton's few strengths. There was another assured Norwegian between the sticks at the other end, as Espen Baardsen rewarded Gross for dropping Ian Walker. With Sol Campbell commanding in defence, Colin Calderwood and Darren An-

derton industrious in midfield and Les Ferdinand, as usual at Goodison, in the mood in attack, Spurs had a decent spine. Lifted by Ferdinand's early goal, scored after Craig Short allowed him a free run at David Ginola's corner, they matched Everton's unflagging effort and thus gained supremacy through their greater balance and cohesion.

Not that they were without their own frailties, and they needed some solid saves from Baardsen and a couple of helpful decisions to survive. One was the ruling out of a Ferguson "goal", apparently for offside, another the refusal to grant Marco Materazzi a penalty for falling over Anderton's leg.

Since Ginola might have won an earlier penalty when falling under Unsworth's challenge, this evening's things up. Television evidence was inconclusive in both cases but if Peter Jones, inconsistent in other areas, was mistaken he was in good company. Few of the referee's charges performed any better.

Goal: Ferdinand 0-1 (5).
Everton (5-3-2): Myhre; Cleland (Hutchinson, 74), Short, Materazzi, Unsworth, Ball, Barmby (Spencer, 74), Decort, Collins; Ferguson, Caidamertien, Substitutes not used: Gerrard (64), Tiller, Wilson, Tottenham Hotspur (4-4-2): Baardsen; Carr, Campbell, Vega, Tramezzani; Fox, Calderwood, Anderton, Nielsen, Ferdinand (Armstrong, 71), Ginola. Substitutes not used: Walker (64), Allen, Clemence, Wilson.
Referee: P Jones (Loughborough).
Bookings: Everton: Cleland, Ball, Ferguson, Tottenham: Vega, Ginola, Anderton, Carr.
Attendance: 39,378.
Man of the match: Campbell.

Ricard provides the spark

BY SIMON TURNBULL

Middlesbrough 1
Derby County 1

IT WAS not very far from the madding crowd at Middlesbrough on Saturday that Jim Smith, that hardy perennial of football management, once upon a time famously despaired of the foreign bodies creeping into the English game.

"As far as I'm concerned he can rot on his pig farm in São Paulo," the blood-spitting Bald Eagle said of Mirandinha, having failed to swoop down from the directors' box in time to stop Newcastle's Brazilian sprinting off Ayresome Park as quickly as he had collapsed to the ground under the slightest hint of a challenge.

At the Riverside Stadium on Saturday, just past the burger van selling Emerson Hot Dogs (one bite and they're gone, presumably, and bursting with São Paulo pork, quite possibly), Smith watched his team take the lead with a goal scored by a Costa Rican and then lose it thanks to a header by a Colombian.

In the decade since Mirandinha reduced him to a state of pig-sickness, Smith has clearly revised his opinion on the foreign legionnaires of football. His Derby are not so much a County as a world, what with a German, a Croat, a Costa Rican, a Norwegian, a Dane and two Italians on the pitch on Saturday not to mention an Estonian and a Jamaican on the bench and an Argentinian waiting in the wings.

It was, however, the South American whom Middlesbrough's manager, Bryan Robson, introduced at half-time who held the key to a Premiership contest overflowing with internationalists but with precious few drops of international class.

With Alan Armstrong and Marco Branca on the injured list, Middlesbrough need nothing more than a striking asset as they look to take some sort of foothold in the big league - other, perhaps, than Paul Gas-

colgne doing more than huff and puff his way through 90 minutes, which he did as a plodding passenger on Saturday.

Hamilton Ricard looked as aerobically challenged as Gascolgne in the handful of First Division games he played last season, after arriving at the Riverside for £2m from Deportivo Cali in March. Hamilton, it seemed, had great difficulty doing anything academical on the pitch.

In 45 minutes on Saturday, however, the 24-year-old Colombian showed sufficient sharpness to reveal the international pedigree he has gained alongside Faustino Asprilla in his national team. Not that his influence alone was responsible for stirring Boro from their first-half stupor.

Giving Paul Merson licence to roam on the right was significant, too. Indeed, it was from Merson's right-wing cross that Ricard rose to head the 48th minute equaliser. "Hamilton is getting used to the English game, to the surroundings and to his team-mates now," said Robson.

As for Smith, he could be grateful for the uncharacteristic fumble by Mark Schwarzer that allowed Paulo Wanchope to open Derby's seasonal goalscoring account - and that Gascolgne hit the bar (not after the game, but during it) with his one contribution of note, a curling 71st minute free-kick.

"I'm not exactly over the moon with the performance," Smith said. But the Bald Eagle was not exactly sick as a parrot either. His legionnaires, after all, remain unbeaten in the green and pleasant land of the Premiership.

Goals: Wanchope (31) 0-1; Ricard (48) 1-1.
Middlesbrough (4-3-2-1): Schwarzer; Stockdale, Festa, Cooper, Gordon; Gascolgne, Merson, Townsend; Smith, Ricard (4-4-2); Merson; Beck, Substitutes not used: Vickers, Middleton, Shefferson (64).
Derby County (3-5-2): Hault Lauren, St. Michel; Eranio, Carley, Bohlen, Powell, Schoror (Duffy, 60); Starmig (Balado, 83), Wanchope, Substitutes not used: Burton, Bridge-Willson, Poom (64).
Referee: M Riley (Leeds).
Bookings: Derby: Bohlen, St. Michel, Eranio, Wanchope.
Man of the match: Powell.
Attendance: 34,121.

Hodgson warns of the perils of point pinching

BY GUY HODGSON

Blackburn Rovers 1
Leicester City 0

WHILE KENNY Dalglish's leaving of St James' Park has caused few tears on Tyneside, the atmosphere it has created is not wholesome. The measurements of success and failure, the climate in which you keep or lose your job, have become harsher. Two matches are now the common currency.

Fear and caution were the powerful emotions in this match, crushing enterprise, straitjacketing the players, and affecting at least one manager. "In the past we were under pressure after 10 games," Roy Hodgson said. "Now it's after every single match."

The Blackburn manager had articulated his indignation at Dalglish's sacking/resignation before and maybe his despair took to the pitch with the teams, promoting the escalating risk of losing way above the possible pleasure of a victory. Even Uriah Rennie, a referee who has polished a bright reputation in just over a year in the

Premiership, seemed to lose his perspective.

It was the referee who had Hodgson cursing in an uncharacteristically tetchy appearance, so it was his principal striker, Chris Sutton, who gave a more objective overview. "What worries me after two games at Ewood Park is how tight it's going to be this season," he said. "Most teams are under so much pressure because of all the money involved and they are fighting just to stay in the Premiership."

"It's understandable, but it isn't pretty to watch and I wonder how the fans will react as time goes on. Unfortunately, I can see only Manchester United, Liverpool and Arsenal coming here and having at go at us."

If that means nine months of this sort of game, where point pinching is the rule, then we all ought to be worried. Leicester dozed for 25 minutes, allowed Kevin Gallacher to put Blackburn ahead, and when they did wake up they had little but the long ball as a tactical option.

Blackburn, who initially left the £12m pair, Kevin Davies and Christian Dailly, on the bench,

had a winless start to the campaign prominent in their thoughts and were little better. Consequently the match was one of few opportunities.

Instead the attention drifted to Mr Rennie, who gave an idiosyncratic performance with a 5-0 scoreline in terms of bookings until Leicester's Frank Sinclair and Emile Heskey were added in the latter stages.

Sutton was blown up almost every time he rose for a header and was booked for what Hodgson said was taking the option of "either diving out of the way or getting a broken leg". But while Blackburn's manager and players tempered their criticisms to avoid the wrath of the Football Association, Steve Walsh was not so circumspect.

The Leicester centre-back collapsed to the floor in the last second after a collision with Tim Sherwood and, when no penalty was forthcoming, had to be restrained by his teammates from doing something he might regret to Mr Rennie.

"Something has to be done about him," Walsh said. "We have three players with head injuries, confrontations all over

the pitch, I got taken out in the box and the referee does not know what to do. No wonder I had to be held back."

"Because of the way he handled the game he had everybody at each other's throats. His decisions were winding everyone up and causing needless problems. I'm not just talking about what happened to me, but his whole performance. He was getting so many things wrong. It's not good enough."

In a match where cynical trips went unpunished and petty indiscretions got the full treatment, he had a case no matter how you viewed the final moments. But in a world where speaking one's mind is a short cut to penury, the FA is unlikely to be as understanding.

Goals: Gallacher (12 min) 1-0.
Blackburn Rovers (4-4-2): Flowers; Haul, Hinchot, Pocock, Oakeson; Perez (Duffy, 71), Sherwood, Filcott, Duff (Wilton, 71); Sutton, Gallacher (Davies, 63). Substitutes not used: McKinlay, Pinn (64).
Leicester City (3-5-2): Ketter, Sinclair, E-Rott (Teggar, 66), Walsh; Savage, Zagonari (Parker, 57), Lennon (Campbell, 54), Izzet, Guppy, Heskey, Coxon. Substitutes not used: Kaarmark, Arphed (64).
Bookings: Blackburn: Flowers, Pocock, Filcott, Sutton, Perez; Leicester: Sinclair, Heskey.
Referee: U Rennie (Sheffield).
Man of the match: Izzet.
Attendance: 22,554.

Saints back to bad old ways

BY NICK HARRIS

Southampton 1
Nottingham Forest 2

SOUTHAMPTON's defeat by Nottingham Forest on Saturday showed just how capable both sides are of performing contrary to expectation.

The Saints - for probably the first time in a decade - started the season without being among the sides most pundits thought were destined for relegation. The summer addition of experienced and proven players (Mark Hughes, David Howells, Stuart Ripley) to a squad which produced some fine performances in the past year from unlikely sources (Paul Jones, Carlton Palmer) led many to think they could be

an exciting proposition and, if not actually become contenders for any honours, at least replicate the 12th place they achieved in the Premiership in May.

Saturday's result, the third defeat in three games this season, gave little credence to the theory. "We are not a team that is playing with confidence at the moment," Dave Jones, the Southampton manager, offered in explanation afterwards. "It is annoying and baffling after I have brought in so many quality players to the club. I can't put my finger on the problem but we just did not perform."

Although there were encouraging signs from some quarters - Matt Le Tissier played an assured 90 minutes of thoughtful football and

earned and scored a last-minute consolation penalty - the sum of Southampton's parts still added up to something less than a whole lot.

Forest, by contrast, seen as bankers by many to free-fall straight back to the Nationwide, produced a determined display - typified by the relentless effort of Steve Stone - that should postpone, if not stop, talk of relegation. Jean-Claude Darcheville, the speedy Frenchman, scored a composed goal to put Forest ahead in the 53rd minute after being set up by Stone, and then Stone himself made it two 16 minutes later.

"I am not convinced this was his [Darcheville's] best performance for us," said Dave Bassett, the visitor's manager. "Still, if he keeps scoring goals

when he is not at his best, I won't complain."

As for Southampton, perhaps time will help the mixture of old hands, new faces and youth to get better but with Paul Jones, the goalkeeper, suspended for their next match, and three defeats behind them, it will take some motivating to help them live up to new - and loftier than usual - expectations.

Goals: Darcheville (53) 0-1; Stone (69) 0-2; Le Tissier pen (90) 1-2.
Southampton (4-3-1-2): Jones; Dodd, Morrison, Dryden, Hiley (Berridge, 70); Tisser, O'Shea, Hughes. Substitutes not used: Lundie, Gibbons, Hiley (64).
Nottingham Forest (4-5-1): Bassett; Bonalair, Armstrong, Christie, Rogers (Stones, 45), Johnson, Gernhill, Thomas. Substitutes not used: Gushie, Lytle, Edwards, Cronley (64).
Referee: D Gallagher (Barbury).
Bookings: Southampton: Hughes, Ripley, Forest: Stone.
Man of the match: Stone.
Attendance: 14,942.

British Gas
Home Energy

JP 11/10/150

Super league claims to have fans' backing

BY NICK HARRIS

THE company behind a breakaway European super league will meet with Premier League clubs on Thursday to tell them football supporters support its plans.

An opinion poll commissioned by Media Partners - the company behind the league - suggests a majority of supporters would like to see an independent body overseeing

European club football. The poll, researched and analysed independently by MORI, shows 55 per cent of the 1,061 football fans canvassed favoured a switch from Uefa, European football's governing body, and 70 per cent said they approved of Media Partners plans when given details.

The survey will add weight to Media Partners plans, which currently involve dozens of Europe's

biggest clubs, including Manchester United, Arsenal and Liverpool. It also comes at a time when a number of clubs are understood to have committed themselves to the super league to the extent they have already informally agreed to take part.

Peter Kenyon, a Manchester United director and the club's negotiator in super league talks, said yesterday his club had no immedi-

ate intentions of joining a breakaway, but he stopped short of saying it was definitely not under consideration. "Our prime objective is the Premier League," he said. "We will not do anything to disrupt that."

The news comes after a weekend when Uefa held an executive meeting in Monaco and firmly rejected the idea it would consider working with any outside body to change its tournaments.

"We think it [the Media Partners project] is not in the spirit we would like to see in European competitions and Uefa will not co-operate with any venture it can't identify with," Gerhard Aigner, Uefa's general secretary said.

Uefa will now develop changes of its own - to come into effect by the year 2000 - through a special task force which will include Peter Leaver, the chief-executive of the

Premier League. The task force will work in close co-operation with five major clubs, all former European champions - Liverpool, Juventus, Bayern Munich, Ajax and Olympique Marseilles - to think of ways to thwart any renegade action.

The changes will include merging the Uefa Cup and the Cup-Winners' Cup, expanding the Champions' League, making competitions more lucrative, introduc-

ing professional referees and possibly introducing "wild card" entries to the Champions' League.

The last suggestion is surprising, not only because Uefa had previously ruled out any entry to its competitions not solely based on performance in the previous season, but because it - and the other proposals - almost exactly mirrors what Media Partners has put on the table.

Wenger has Petit problem

BY PHIL SHAW

Arsenal 0
Charlton Athletic 0

EVERYONE KNOWS what Arsène Wenger stands for, that fusion of English toughness and European technique which brought the Double back to London N5. We are still waiting to learn what the Arsenal manager will not stand for.

Much has changed since the George Graham era. Interviews with long-serving players invariably refer to how Wenger's advice on lifestyle has prolonged their careers. The diets and the drinking may be different, yet indiscipline on the pitch continues to cast a dark shadow in the marble halls.

Emmanuel Petit's dismissal against Charlton was the club's 16th since the Premier League started in 1992. Of the 14 clubs who have been in continuous membership, only Wimbledon have a worse record. Arsenal's total is double that of Liverpool and six more than Manchester United. Petit, a personable, even sensitive individual off the park, has evidently not learned from his sending-off for manhandling a referee in October. That was one of six red cards Arsenal were shown in all competitions last season, recipients ranging from the teenage substitute, Jason Crowe (after 33 seconds), to the seasoned international, Dennis Bergkamp.

The flashpoint this time came 12 minutes into the second half, after Charlton had survived two penalty appeals in quick succession. Petit, cautioned for disputing the second decision, then showed a lack of self-control with a late lunge on Shaun Newton. He appeared at first to refuse to go - and also to take the standing ovation he was perceiving given as vindication for his action.

Wenger stopped short of the public condemnation that might send the right signals to the dressing-room, though he must realise that Arsenal's Champions' League opponents now know that Petit, for one, is easily provoked. "Manu shouldn't have done it, though he didn't mean to injure their player," he said. "When he's frustrated he over-reacts. He shouldn't do it."

Asked about the culture of dissent and indiscipline which is totally at odds with his own urbanity, Wenger replied: "I'm not happy with it. It's a big concern."

Petit, meanwhile, maintained he had merely pressed Mr Poll for a penalty, when Patrick Vieira fell under Steve Brown's challenge, and did not use abusive language. He accepted that he deserved the second caution, but his rush of blood (unjustified by television replays which showed that even if a foul should have been given, contact was outside the area) could have cost his side even more dearly if it had allowed Charlton to score.

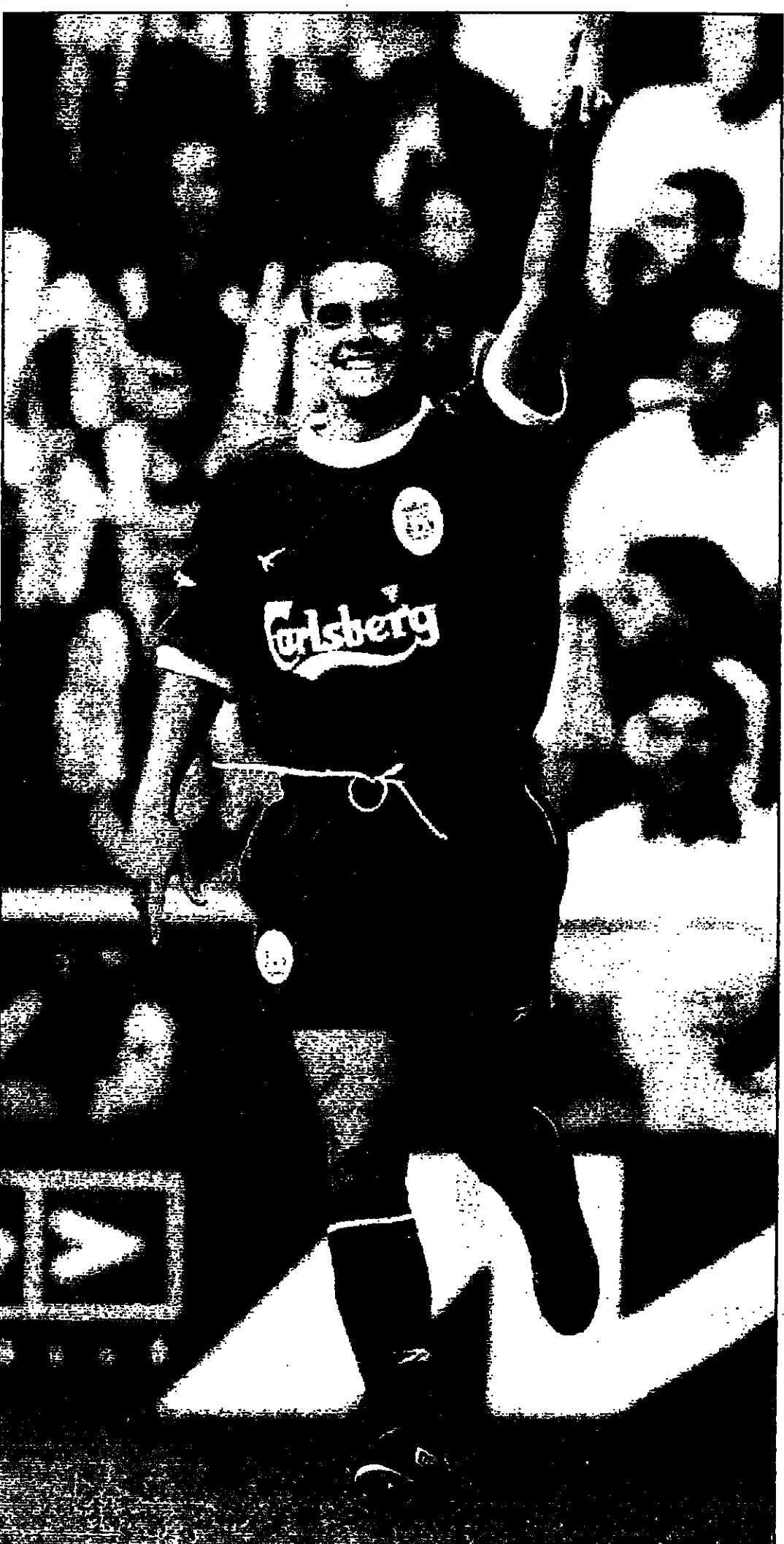
His frustration was a tribute to Charlton. Lazily typecast as this year's Barnsley, Alan Curbishley's team are solid, where their promoted predecessors were slapdash. Exactly 900 minutes have now passed since they last conceded a League goal, reflecting much graft on the training ground. However, it should also be noted that, even before Petit's exit, they matched the champions chance for chance.

Charlton worked voraciously to deny Arsenal space in midfield, where their captain, Mark Kinsella, did not suffer by comparison with two World Cup winners. Although their next away fixtures take them to Manchester United and Liverpool, the organised manner in which they have already thwarted Newcastle with 10 men and deprived Arsenal of a 12th successive home win augurs well.

Whereas Kinsella cost Curbishley £150,000 from Colchester, Wenger may have to spend 50 to 100 times as much to secure the two players he admits he is seeking. Defenders, he said, are not a priority: a striker to relieve the burden on Bergkamp surely is, though Arsenal will not pay an "unreasonable" price like the £9.2m Milan asked for Patrick Kluivert.

The jaded form of their creative catalyst represents a real quandary. "Dennis isn't right yet because of the World Cup," Wenger sighed. "He went into it without proper preparation after getting injured in May and finished it exhausted. But we can't give him time to prepare properly because we have so many games."

Arsenal (4-4-2): Seaman; Dixon (Nias, 66), Keown, Adams, Winterburn, Partridge, Petit, Vieira (Hughes, 74), Curbishley; Bergkamp, Anelka (Dyer, 70). Subs: not used: Bould, Manninger (gk). Charlton Athletic (4-4-2): Mc Millin, Brown, Youds, Powell; Newton, Kinsella, Redfern, Robinson (Mortimer, 77); Hunt (5 Jones, 64), Mendonça. Subs: not used: Baines, K Jones, Patterson (gk). Referee: G. Poll (Ting). Bookings: Arsenal: Petit, Viera. Charlton: Youds, Hunt, Dixon, 3 Jones. Sending off: Arsenal: Petit. Man of the match: Kinsella. Attendance: 38,014.



Michael Owen celebrates the first goal of his hat-trick in Liverpool's 4-1 victory over Roud Gullit's Newcastle United at St James' Park yesterday.

Radebe style all smiles for Graham

IN CONVERSATION on the touchline at Selhurst Park, waiting after the match to perform for television, George Graham and Joe Kinnear agreed that not many players today are drawn to the responsibility of defending. "It isn't glamorous enough for them," Graham said.

Lucas Radebe is a notable exception. Almost every week Graham is asked "name your price" for Leeds United's athletic, leggy, South African centre back, whose performance in Saturday's 1-1 draw against Wimbledon further justified the high rating he gets throughout the Premiership. "I could sell him tomorrow," Graham confided, "and I'm talking about the biggest clubs."

Radebe's attitude is precisely that of the legacy Graham left in place at Arsenal. "Lucas loves defending," the Leeds manager said. "I see in him what I saw in Tony Adams, Nigel Winterburn, Lee Dixon and Steve Bould. They go on and on at Highbury because they get great joy from what they do and have two terrific midfielders providing protection."

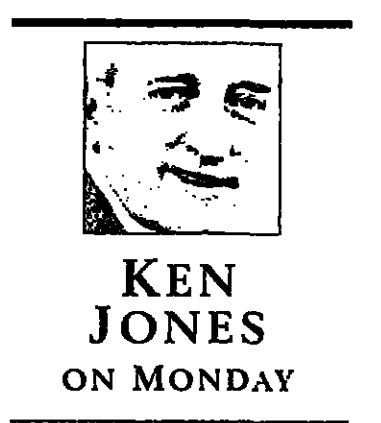
An outstanding full-back in his day, a Republic of Ireland international who shared in the latter phase of Tottenham's long ago glories, Kinnear nodded in agreement.

Working a hard furrow, with five points from three games, the perky Wimbledon manager deserves better for his commitment. His is a poorly supported team, make do and mend, pick up what you can, buy in cheap, mould and capitalise. By comparison, even cash-strapped Leeds are from a different world.

Kinnear's task is to squeeze every last drop from average players, while hoping his better men can make decisive contributions. The withdrawal of Efan Ekoku after 40 minutes, replacing him with the limited Carl Leaburn, was one towering figure for another, prompted by Ekoku's ineffectiveness.

It is the old story. Too laid back for his own good, Ekoku was on fire when scoring twice against Tottenham on the opening day of the season but here was the other side of him, ambition all too easily snuffed out by Radebe and Robert Molemar. Kinnear's public utterances - "They put everything into it and we deserved something for our efforts towards the end" - barely concealed his frustration. "We were second best," he admitted to Graham, grateful for the terrific strike that enabled Wimbledon to draw level in the 72nd minute.

For all that graft, Wimbledon were fortunate to achieve parity with a team that bears all Graham's trademarks: defensively sound, well organised, un-



KEN JONES ON MONDAY

stinting in application and so lively going forward that their goal attempts were in double figures before Lee Bowyer put them ahead with a stunning shot in the 61st minute.

There are few more inspired attackers in the Premiership than Harry Kewell. David Hopkins better for losing weight, and Jimmy Hasselbaink has come fully to terms with the physical demands of the Premiership.

Today, attitude is all important. It stood out in the effort from Manchester United's Ryan Giggs and David Beckham in Poland last week. "We used to have midfield players to unlock defences," Graham added. "That's no longer enough. Everybody has to work."

When Kinnear saw things going wrong, he switched Hughes to the right side of midfield to help counter the threat that was coming from Kewell and Ian Harte. Bowyer's goal, coming after Neil Sullivan's goal-keeping had kept Wimbledon in the match, caused him to change again to three attackers with Hughes in close support from centre midfield. "We got caught out a little bit when Hughes scored," Graham said, "but I don't want to take anything away from the lad. To beat Nigel Martyn from that range (all of 30 yards) the shot had to be a bit special."

Before inviting Graham for a drink in the small, stuffy staff quarters known as the "bunker", Kinnear looked at him quizzically. "The word is you could be going to Tottenham," he said. Graham back in north London trying to stuff his previous employers? "I've got enough on my plate," he smiled.

Goalkeeper: Bowyer (11) 0-1; Hughes (72) 1-1. Defenders: (10-2) Sullivan, Cummings, Perry, Blackwell, Kewell, Ardley (Gyle, 66), Roberts, Earle, Hughes, Ekoku (Leaburn, 46), Egan. Substitutes not used: Hould (gk), Kinnear. For Leeds United (4-4-2): Martyn, Holden, Molemar, Radebe, Harte, Hopkin, Hould, Bowyer, Kewell, Hasselbaink, Wylshard. Substitutes not used: Weir, Sharp, Ribeiro, Beery (gk), Hule. Bookings: Wimbledon: Perry, Roberts. Hull: Lees. Referee: S. Dunn (Bristol). Man of the match: Radebe. Attendance: 16,437.

Villa accentuate the negative to go top

BY PHIL ANDREWS

Sheffield Wednesday 0
Aston Villa 1

IF THE Australian goalkeeper Mark Bosnich is reluctant to extend his contract at Villa Park, it is not because he has ever played below the quality of his fellow defenders.

His view after a victory, which took Villa to the top of the Premiership, was that this is the best defence he has ever played behind, so at least he has reached agreement with

his manager over something. John Gregory also put the extension of the purple patch with which his side ended last season down to his robust rearguard. "On the offensive side this was our least impressive display of the season, but on the defensive side we were quite outstanding. Wednesday pressed us hard all through the second half, but there was always someone putting a foot in or sticking his head in the way, and Bosnich had a clean pair of hands."

Indeed, despite an almost faultless defensive display in

which the centre-backs Gareth Southgate and Ugo Ehiogu remained calm at the eye of a gathering storm, Villa owe their victory to a couple of superb saves by Bosnich from Wednesday's striker Andy Booth in the last few minutes and another from Paolo di Canio.

It left Hillsborough still waiting to see a goal from the home side this season, and Wednesday's manager Danny Wilson frustrated by another home match lost through his side's inability to convert their chances. "Our commitment and attitude are not in question, but ruthlessness in front of goal is the difference between successful and unsuccessful teams," he said.

"If we continue to fail to score at home, finding another striker will become a priority." The unfortunate Booth had the ball in the net after only four minutes, but was marginally off-side, and he directed a header narrowly wide before Villa scored the only goal of the afternoon on 37 minutes.

Stan Collymore, back for the first time this season, picked out

his striking partner, Julian Joachim, whose half-volley from the edge of the penalty area flew beyond Kevin Pressman's left hand.

It was the only moment of laxness from a Wednesday defence which looked almost as reliable as Villa's. The real difference between the sides was in midfield, where Wednesday's summer signing Wim Jonk was overshadowed by the burgeoning home-grown talent of Villa's Lee Hendrie.

But, for Gregory, the even larger shadow of the departed

Dwight Yorke still lingers. "The second half was made for him, when we needed someone to do it for us on the break," he said. "We are always going to miss a player of his ability."

Goalkeeper: (37) 0-1. Sheffield Wednesday (4-4-2): Pressman; Coban (Barrett, 63), Walker, Emerson, Hinchcliffe; Aderton, Jonk, Carlone, Ruff; Booth, Di Canio. Substitutes not used: Whittingham, Hyde, Briscoe, Clarke (gk). Aston Villa (3-5-2): Bosnich; Ehiogu, Southgate, Barry, Charles, Wright, Draper (Grayson, 77), Thompson, Hendrie, Joachim. Collymore. Substitutes not used: Ferrer, Scimeca, Vassell, Oakes (gk). Referee: K. Budge (Coventry). Bookings: Wednesday: Carlone. Man of the match: Bosnich. Attendance: 25,989.

Sure-footed Ferdinand is England doubt

BY JON CULLEY

Coventry City 0
West Ham United 0

IT WAS almost an excellent day for the Ferdinands. First Les scores the goal that grants Christian Gross a breathing space at Tottenham; then cousin Rio, watched by the England assistant manager, John Gorman, provides a timely exhibition of high-class defending ahead of next Saturday's European Championship qualifier in Sweden.

Perfect - except that Rio's reward for keeping Dion Dublin and Darren Huckerby in check at Highbury Road was a groin injury that threatens his availability for Stockholm.

West Ham's manager, Harry Redknapp, had to confess that his prospects were not bright. "He was really struggling for the last 10 to 15 minutes. We'll have to see how he is over 24 hours but it does not look good. It's a shame for him but there is no point in him going away if he is not right."

Not that he need be too per-

turbed about missing an opportunity to further his international career. As Redknapp was quick to acknowledge, there will be plenty more.

"People talk about [Marcel] Desailly but a couple of years down the line this lad will be the best defender in Europe," Redknapp enthused. "He's got so much quality, so much ability. Even today, with his problem, he was winning balls in the air off Dublin, bringing the ball out of defence at his feet. He can do anything. He's got so much talent, he's like a Rolls-Royce."

This was West Ham's third clean sheet from three matches, which pleased Redknapp no end. No longer are they regarded as a soft touch away from home, as was once the case. He had Neil Ruddock alongside Ferdinand with the Chilean, Javier Margas, his £2m summer purchase from Universidad Catolica. They looked solid. Huckerby, for once, was rarely a problem, so frustrated he ended up diving in search of a penalty and picked up a yellow card for his troubles.

If Ian Wright and John Hartson were no more effective as they renewed their old Arsenal partnership, it was because Coventry were excellent in defence also. Gary Breen is an increasingly reliable centre-back and the arrival of Jean-Guy Wallemme from the French champions, Lens, gives him a partner with a touch of class.

The best chance fell to Wright, whose first-half header brought a superb save out of Magnus Hedman, the goalkeeper England must beat in Stockholm on Saturday, but Coventry had opportunities,

most of which fell to Dublin, who for once had mislaid his finishing boots.

Otherwise, Coventry spent too much time whacking long balls in search of Huckerby. The return of Gary McAllister next month is eagerly awaited.

Coventry City (4-4-2): Hedman, Stone, Wallemme; Edwards, 79, Breen, Barrow, Taylor; Bounie, Solomko (Hall, 65), Whelan; Dublin, Huckerby. Substitutes not used: Oyston, (gk), Williams, M Hall. West Ham United (3-4-1-2): Hales, Ruddock, Ferdinand, Margas; Jones, Lomas (Moucou, 63); Laryard, Lazaridis; Beresford; Harrison, Wright. Substitutes not used: Forrest (gk), Potts, Niles, Aloo. Referee: N. Barry (Coventry). Bookings: Coventry: Bounie, Huckerby; West Ham: Wright, Ruddock, Harrison, Moncrief. Attendance: 20,818. Man of the match: Ferdinand.

THIS SATURDAY THERE WERE 12 SCORE DRAWS:

WIDLESBRO	V DERBY	TRAMERE	V BISTOL C.
WIMBLEDON	V LEEDS	BLACKPOOL	V CILLINGHAM
EDLON	V SHEFF. UTD	NOTTS COUNTY	V MAN. CITY
HULLF'IELD	V PORTSMOUTH	DUNDEE	V CELTIC
STOCKPORT	V CRYSTAL P.	DUNFERMLINE	V ABERDEEN
SKINDON	V PORT VALE	C'K HORTON	V CLYDEBANK

PAYOUTS FOR 8, 7 & 6 SCORE DRAWS. OVER 25,000 WINNERS THIS WEEK.

CATEGORY	NO. OF WINNERS	AMOUNT TO EACH WINNER
8 SCORE DRAWS	232	£8,621
7 SCORE DRAWS	2,820	£32
6 SCORE DRAWS	22,173	£8

VALUE OF TICKETS ENTERED THIS WEEK: £1,596,690.
30% OF SALES PLUS A GUARANTEED JACKPOT CONTRIBUTED TO PRIZES.
THIS WEEK'S CONTRIBUTION TO GOOD CAUSES: £367,000.

EVERY WEEK IT'S A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME.

TO CLAIM YOUR PRIZE, FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS ON THE BACK OF YOUR TICKET. YOU MUST BE 16 OR OVER TO PLAY OR CLAIM A PRIZE. IN THE EVENT OF ANY DISCREPANCY IN THE ABOVE, THE DATA CONTAINED IN THE CENTRAL COMPUTER SYSTEM SHALL PREVAIL.

MONDAY REVIEW

COMMENT • FEATURES • ARTS • LISTINGS • TELEVISION



That sinking feeling

Two years ago a storm broke through this shingle ridge and a village was cut off for six weeks. In eastern England's battle with the sea these defences need constant reinforcement. So why have our MPs now decided to surrender?

BY CHRIS ARNOT

Ivan Large takes a drag on his fag and peers from under the peak of his denim cap at the grey North Sea which is disgorging white, foaming breakers on to the beach below us. "This is all we've got between us and the North Pole," he says with a wry grin, digging his heel into the shingle ridge on which we are standing.

The ridge is about four miles long and 15ft high. It is the only major deviation from the horizontal in the 1,000 yards of marsh land that separates the sea from the village of Salthouse in north-west Norfolk. Every winter since the terrible floods of 1953, bulldozers have arrived to shore up the shingle. Forty-five years on, the locals shake their heads and wonder how long it can last. The sea, they say, sucks

back more and more of the beach before renewing its assault on this eroding coastal defence.

Twice it has broken through in recent years - in 1993 and in 1996, when the A149 through Salthouse was cut off for more than six weeks. "If the sea were allowed to get in regularly, it could go six miles inland, come round the back of us and cut us off like an island," says Large, who is chairman of the parish council, and has lived along this vulnerable coastline for more than 60 years.

Like many another fisherman in these parts, he simply refuses to believe that higher tides are caused by global warming. "It's just that we're in the lap of the gods with the weather," he says. "Every now and then we get big tides coupled with fierce north-westerly winds."

Nor does he accept the view of the MPs on the House of Commons agriculture committee that building ever higher defences to keep out the sea is ultimately a waste of time and money.

"If the Dutch didn't look after their sea defences, there wouldn't be no Holland," he says.

On the face of it, the Environment Agency's proposal to spend more than £3m on a secondary defence at Salthouse - a bank built of clay from the marshes and standing more than 12ft high - would seem to go against the committee's recommendations. But the 1994 European Union Habitats Directive commits the British government to protect

important wildlife sites. North Norfolk is well blessed with them, and the bird sanctuary at Cley-next-the-Sea (and next to Salthouse) is the jewel in the crown.

The Countryside Minister, Elliot Morley, has already indicated that the needs of internationally important habitats will override the Government's spending formula. "If they look after the birds, they'll have to look after people as well," says Large with another wry grin. "If we get the bank, it'll be Cley bird sanctuary that gets us the money. There's little doubt about that."

There's little doubt, either, that Salthouse is seen as one of the test cases for the implications of the Habitat Directive in a coastal environment. Brancaster, 20 miles along the coast, is another. More

of that later. Suffice it to say that the Environment Agency's proposals for Brancaster are very different: "managed retreat" from the sea, as opposed to "managed realignment". As a result, almost the entire local community is united against them. In Salthouse, the community is more split, even between families. As much of the indigenous population seems to be related, perhaps that is not too surprising.

We climb into Large's battered estate car and set off to see his brother-in-law George Cooke, who is in favour of the clay bank, and George's niece (and Ivan's cousin) Suzanne, who has raised a petition against it. "Mostly signed by holiday-makers and

Continued on page 8

INSIDE	Letters	2	Obituaries	6-7	Arts/On Air	10-11	Radio	19
	Leaders	3	Features	8	Network	12-16	Games	19
	Comment	4-5	Private Lives	9	Listings	17-18	Today's TV	20

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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Russian extremes

Sir: The IMF warns Russia not to go back to communism, otherwise there will be a return to hyperinflation and economic chaos. Am I missing something?

Few people would advocate a return to the oppressive command and control economy of the former Soviet Union. On the other hand, would someone please tell me why the Russian people should be asked to embrace a system which defies greed and the individual and, in so doing, encourages the lawlessness, inequality and insecurity now widespread in that country?

Too many people, pundits and politicians, keep telling us that the only alternative to the unfettered free market is old-fashioned socialism. Fortunately, the world is not black and white. There are many attractive permutations between these extremes, and none of them need be predicated on the myth that reliance on the invisible hand of the market is the best way of conducting human affairs.

It might be helpful to consider giving social policy higher priority than economic policy. Rather than working for money alone, we would be working for a better world. Imagine a government in which the pre-eminence of the Treasury and the Budget was replaced by their social policy equivalents.

Globalisation died this week somewhere in Russia, but I suspect that all of us will have to endure its death throes for some time until we decide to behave as if we really were the most intelligent species on the planet.

CHRISTOPHER THOMSON
London SW11

Sir: The last six years of "Western-style reforms" in Russia have been a failure, and in some ways worse than useless. The shock therapy monetarist policies of the IMF and, ironically, the previous Chernomyrdin regime, have pushed 70 per cent of the population onto or below the poverty line. Twenty-year qualified doctors and university lecturers earn \$100 a month in a country where, even before devaluation, imported food was dearer than in the UK. GDP in Russia has dropped by 50 per cent since 1991.

Is it enough to blame the Russian government for not implementing IMF conditions, such as improved tax collection, public spending cuts and legal reform? Clearly most of the blame must lie with an inherently rotten elite who have profited handsomely in personal terms from the privatisations of recent years while doing little to stimulate genuine reform. But the IMF and Western governments cannot escape culpability.

Their insistence on almost overnight privatisations of a lumbering command economy as a condition for loans has created the monster of the oligarchs, and the austerity measures of the shock therapy have crippled ordinary people. Small wonder that only 3 million Russians pay their taxes when even the middle classes (if we can use such a word) can barely afford to buy fruit or normal quality meat. Billions of dollars of loans have continued to pour into a black hole of corruption, mismanagement and Swiss bank accounts.

Even if Chernomyrdin gets his coalition, come winter and hyperinflation, even the stoical and resilient Russian people may snap. The spectre of a hard man such as Lebed or even a military coup is a very real one.

EDWARD COOKE
Chichester, West Sussex

Sanctions on Iraq

Sir: The fact that Saddam Hussein is using the sanctions against Iraq cynically to put pressure on the West (letter, 29 August) does not allow us to wash our hands of the deaths of children that are the result.

Even if we failed to predict that he would twist sanctions to harm his own people, we can now see what he is doing, so we should stop giving him the means. If I push a child into the cage of a man-eating tiger I cannot then claim: "It was



In the first of our series of pictures about tourism in London, a Japanese family hurry down The Mall to see the Changing of the Guard

John Voss

the tiger that killed him - nothing to do with me." Still less if I push not one but half a million.
BILL LINTON
London N13

Driven to Rome

Sir: Something puzzles me about Anglican conversions to Rome over the ordination of female priests ("Ordained wife drives Anglican vicar to Rome", 28 August).

I thought that other major differences between the two religions also exist. Do these suddenly become unimportant? M F BYRNE
Canterbury

Sir: Following the Rev Fred Bonham's argument against the ordination of women - that Jesus chose only men to be his disciples - perhaps only Jewish men should be ordained in the Christian Church.
KAREN ABBOTT
Somerset, USA

Blunkett reprimand

Sir: I'd just like to express my frustration with the sequence of soundbite sentences, clichés and bullet points that passed for an essay by David Blunkett on why educational standards should be forever improved ("We cannot afford to educate only a small elite", 27 August).

While his thrust is generally acceptable, he did little to explain exactly why qualifications for all matter when there are only so many jobs to go round, of which only so many require educational achievement. We could all have several GCSEs, but this would not obviate the need for someone to sweep the streets.

What demonstrated more the vacuity of this piece was that the most motivating observation of all, that of motivating second or third generation unemployed young people to actually want to be educated, was not addressed at all. The situation was described at the end of one paragraph, grabbing me with its importance, only to be ignored in the next.

This collection of words seemed

to simply be the speaker's notes for some feel-good presentation of how important the government thinks education is.
PAUL FREEMAN
Wotton-under-Edge
Gloucestershire

Schools defended

Sir: Inured as I am (like most teachers) to constant criticism, I was incensed by the content and tone of Bidisha's article, "The beasts of the blackboard jungle" (Review, 27 August). On the basis of her own private education this young woman makes a series of ill-founded, offensive and inaccurate statements which serve to condemn almost every school in this country as uncaring and brutal.

She tells us that "the vast majority of schools... are run like high security prisons", that "all that ultimately matters to headteachers are the pass-fail figures", that "there is no attempt to incorporate... student respect into school life", that "even

bullying... is brushed aside", and that, in short, "teachers hate kids".

As she would know had she passed time in any average state school, counselling, anti-bullying policy and practice, systems to uphold respect for students and pastoral care are integral aspects of school management. Most teachers are committed to these principles and, even if they weren't, the unrelenting scrutiny to which we are exposed ensures their implementation. Headteachers, and indeed all teachers, have to prioritise exam results but to infer from this that they don't care about pupils as individuals is wilful and perverse.

Most teachers in most schools on most days accept a gamut of treatment which, in any other circumstances, would be entirely unacceptable. This ranges from deliberate abuse to unconscious bad manners to casual indifference. Most do so with good grace and good humour, not for the financial rewards or enviable status conferred by the profession but because they enjoy the warmth, the response and the

humour which young people show in measures equal to their defects.

Bidisha's article may reflect her own unhappy education and the failings of the private sector. To parade her ignorance of the state system (imperfect as it is) and to present this as if it were reasonable analysis is inexcusable.
GILLIAN BARGERY
St Leonards on Sea, East Sussex

'Softening' Shell

Sir: I was intrigued to read that Shell hired a Buddhist monk to lead 550 senior managers in meditation ("Buddhist monk hired to re-energise Shell", 29 August).

Although Shell chairman Mark Moody-Stuart has taken a few small steps in the right direction, such as instituting annual audits of the group's economic, environmental and social performance, it is not enough. We can afford to burn no more than one quarter of the known reserves of fossil fuels without risking dangerous climate change. And yet senior Shell executives

continue to maintain that "the importance of oil and gas is likely to increase rather than diminish as we enter the 21st century".

Shell, together with governments and the other fossil fuel dinosaurs, should be doing much more to transfer investment from fossil fuels to renewable energy sources such as wind, wave and solar.

Shell's flirtation with Buddhism may lead to a softer company image. However, what we need from this oil company giant is a fundamental transformation to an ecological outlook and practice.
DAVID CROMWELL
Southampton

The writer was a Shell International geophysicist from 1989 to 1993

Hurricane warning

Sir: May I pour oil on the troubled mind of Suzanne Moore ("Conflict and confusion as America suffers from Hurricane Monica", 28 August)?

The practice of giving female names to tropical storms dates back at least to the Second World War. The phonetic alphabet was used to describe tropical cyclones in the North Atlantic Ocean in the early Fifties, and the US Weather Service chose to return to the use of female names in 1963. This continued to be the custom until the World Meteorological Organisation decided in 1979 that cyclones and hurricanes all over the world should bear a male or female name in turn.

For the rest of this year, the names for Atlantic hurricanes are: Danielle, Earl, Frances, Georges, Hermine, Ivan, Jeanne, Karl, Lisa, Mitch, Nicole, Otto, Paula, Richard, Shary, Tomas, Virginia, Walter.

Hurricane Bill was a 1997 event, and Hurricane Tony will not take place till 2000. In Australia in the early 1980s, the names of political leaders were commonly given to cyclones; perhaps the time has come to revive this practice?

TIM CHARLTON
Dulberton, Somerset

In Diana's memory

Sir: The day after the Princess of Wales died school started in Russia. For thousands of seven-year-old children, it was their first day and, by tradition, they visit the war memorial in their town or village and lay flowers. In my town, Korolyov, the memorial was decked out with flowers by a line of little children.

It was a beautiful, warm, Russian summer morning, and for a moment it seemed that it was Russia that, for once, was living in reality and Britain that had gone completely mad. There seemed so much dignity and gravity in the way that children remembered the sacrifice of 26 million of their countrymen in the war, and it seemed so hysterical to bring Britain to the edge of its senses over the death of one woman, who, after all, had done nothing to affect my life. War memorials in Russia are always looked after, especially on special days like Victory Day (9 May) and 1 September.

When I got the train and started reading, a man opposite realised I was foreign and started talking. "So, what a tragedy about her death, eh?" he said. I don't think he was impressed by my use of the Russian word *skazka*, meaning fairytale, to describe what I thought about the whole business. It reminded me of nothing as much as Stalin's death. I told him, with all the ridiculous hysteria that this had entailed.

It even got to Russia, with lots of young people signing the book of condolence at the embassy for a woman they had never seen and knew little about beyond the soap opera foisted on us every week.

I hope that in 10 years the kids will still lay flowers on war memorials in Russia and the death of the Princess of Wales will be left for her family and friends to remember in peace instead of being turned into cheap gimmick.
HOWARD GETHIN
Bristol

Sir: I am sick of Princess Diana.

I am a paperboy for my local paper shop and of late my paper bag has become substantially heavier as a result of all the newspaper supplements of "exclusive photos" that I have to deliver. On Sundays the load is worse! As well as all of the normal magazines there are tribute editions specials that you have to wrestle with for about five minutes before you get them through the letterbox.

Diana may have been the People's Princess but she also did pretty well for *The People* on Sunday, *The Sun*, *The Mirror* and *The Guardian*, to name but a few.
SAM RAYHAM
Cradley Heath, West Midlands

Farmers' support

Sir: The article by Christopher Brookbank Fowler "Act now to save our hedges" (26 August) could have been written by a townsie anywhere in Britain.

In a year when grain prices have been the lowest since 1976, one in four pig farmers are facing bankruptcy each month and BSE has devastated the British beef and dairy industry, what next? Let's complain about modern farming methods that destroy ancient hedgerows.

These hedgerows were only created in the first place by farming methods. My husband and I farm in the North-east of England. Over the past decade we have established four large ponds, planted 10 acres of woodland in small blocks and replanted our hedgerows.

We are not unusual in our area in doing this and can point out many farms who are committed to wildlife conservation. We do this not for profit but because we like to see deer in the woods, an abundance display of birds, and pheasant and partridge, strutting through the undergrowth.

However, keeping our current hedgerows cannot remain a financial burden on the farmers alone. It is about time the public supported them.
GAIL VERNON
Dartington, Co Durham

IN BRIEF

accommodate something as basic as the date change? After all, we have had 2,000 years' warning! One wonders whether it is all a massive con, designed to line the pockets of the computer industry.

However, as they have been so long forewarned, such serious omission surely amounts to negligence. Presumably, therefore, anyone who is adversely affected will be entitled to sue the manufacturers.
KEITH O'NEILL
London SW19

Sir: Clive Gammam ("Do the Welsh deserve Snowdon?", 26 August), writes "... And the striking Welsh miners and railwaymen, just before the Great War, shot dead by soldiers under the command of

the Home Secretary, Winston Churchill..."

Surely this is not so. Winston Churchill sent the Metropolitan Police to the Rhonda, where they bashed the strikers who would not yield with their rolled up mackintoshes, which were nasty weapons, but not lethal.
DS HOSKINS
Edinburgh

Sir: Those opposed to entering the EMU make much play of the "permanence" of the decision. Yet we all know of countries that have decided to leave common currency areas and create their own monetary unit: Ireland and Australia have done so and the sky did not appear to fall in.

Joining EMU may be a good or bad idea, but it plainly isn't irrevocable.
ADRIAN PERRY
London SE1

Why Bridget Jones didn't need to write a diary at all

ONE OF the most fruitful sources of material for any kind of comedian or humorist is his or her own inadequacies, and when you have exhausted those you can always turn the pocket torch of your wit on the stupid things done by your nearest and dearest. Maybe you even end up writing pieces about "her indoors", which is the lowest form of humour known to woman, or maybe you spread it around the whole family, as Thurber sometimes did and Hunter Davies did with his Father's Day column in *Punch* and Dave Barry did with his syndicated column in America...

Oddly enough, both Davies's and Barry's columns were made into TV programmes, called respectively *Father's Day* and *Dave's World*. Oddly enough, neither hit the

jackpot. Oddly enough, I can tell you why. It was because both columns depended almost entirely on tone of voice, on Hunter Davies's and Dave Barry's idiosyncratic view of the world, and an internal tone of voice is one thing you can't very well reproduce on television where you have to show people doing the things without the description.

Bridget Jones's Diary runs all the same risks. Its success depends almost entirely on the clever tone of voice with which Helen Fielding describes fairly ordinary events - the sound of someone who is a woman but still a girl, perpetually teetering on the verge of growing up, someone who has huge hopes that always crash in flames and are immediately rebuilt, etc - and I fear that the plans to turn it

into a film, TV series, etc, etc may be made by people who think that the things that happen in *Bridget Jones's Diary* are funny in themselves.

But not a lot of things are funny in themselves. It is only the perception of them that is funny. As with Flashman, and Adrian Mole, and *The Diary of a Nobody* and *Three Men in a Boat* and Conan Doyle's Brigadier Gerard stories and hundreds of other comic best-sellers, the events are not funny until they have been fed through the narrator's mind; until, in fact, we hear how he or she sees them, which is why you don't hear of any TV or film versions of such things, or at least any that work.

So if you are setting out, as Helen Fielding did, probably un-



MILES KINGSTON
Not a lot of things are funny in themselves. It is only the perception of them that is funny

wittingly, to write a best-seller column that encapsulates the mood and life and times of a certain age

group, and get it turned into a film or TV programme, I would advise you strongly not to write it as a diary. Diaries are the hardest thing in the world to transform for screen purposes. I would advise you to bypass the diary format altogether and write this best-selling column as a ready-made film script.

You will be the first ever to do it. Let us say, for example, that you are going to make a fortune by writing the episodic diary of a thirty-something male journalist who is trying to make his fortune by emulating Bridget Jones. Your very first column might start like this:

Scene: a bedroom. Curtains fluttering in wind. Pan round to a motionless form in the bed. It is snoring slightly, to reveal that it is a man. Suddenly the phone rings.

Close up the phone. Cut to the man, who slowly wakes up, glances at the clock, fumbles for the phone.

Man: (into phone) Whoever you are, why are you phoning me at Sam? Pause. Three o'clock in the afternoon? Jumping Jehosaphat! I don't believe it! Yes, you'll have it within the hour...

We see him put the phone down. Pan round to the bathroom door, where a girl is standing.

Girl: Who was that?

Man: Features Editor. They want a piece within the hour.

Girl: What piece?

Man: The one you and I are in right now. It's the first of a new series about a thirty-something male journalist doing a column about a male journalist doing a column.

Girl: Are you talking about you?

Man: Yes.

Girl: You look more fortysomething.

Man: Oh, thanks.

Girl: And by the way, who am I?

Man: You're my partner.

Girl: Good God. Partner in what?

Man: Well, conversations mostly. You see, if I'm a male journalist struggling with a column, I've got to have someone to talk to about it, especially in the screen version.

Girl: I see... Do I have to go to bed with you?

Man: No, I'm gay.

Girl: You're GAY?

Man: Or maybe I'm not. I haven't decided that yet...

Must stop there. I've just had a phone call. Offering to buy the film rights. Already! See you in Hollywood!

JP 11/2/98

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Coming clean is not the same as being in the clear

THE LABOUR Party is again to be congratulated on publishing the list of donors giving more than £5,000, but its virtue is a little like that of the criminal who pleads guilty rather than pretending to be innocent. The whole point of publishing the names of donors is so that everyone can be satisfied that there is no connection between money and political reward. There is something faintly comic in publishing only to be damned: 28 of the 97 donors on yesterday's list have been given peerages, advisory posts or even, as in the case of Lord Sainsbury, a ministerial job. At least we admit that we are a bunch of venal influence-peddlers, seems to be the Labour line, whereas the Tories tried to cover up their similar crimes.

Indeed, the Labour position is definitely preferable to Conservative secrecy. But publication is not enough. The Prime Minister tried to argue in his televised apology for his conduct over Bernie Ecclestone's £1m that transparency was all that mattered. Leave aside the small fact that, if he had had his way, we would have found out only yesterday that Mr Ecclestone was a donor, and then only that he had given more than £5,000 to the Labour Party.

But the point about openness is that everyone can see and judge for themselves whether an appointment or policy change has been bought; mere disclosure does not make the selling of influence right. "In fact," in Mr Ecclestone's case, "it was wrong," as President Clinton put it in another televised apology – and Mr Blair admitted as much at the time by handing the £1m back.

The various sinecures handed out to other donors are more difficult to assess. Who is to say that Lord Sainsbury is not the best person to be a junior minister at the Department of Trade and Industry – other than Labour backbenchers with electoral mandates to grind, and carpers who point out that in his final few years in charge of the shop he was outflanked by Tesco? Of Mr Ecclestone, the Prime Minister said that it would be wrong to discriminate against him simply because he had given the party lots of money. What is the poor Labour Party to do, Mr Blair implied, if a rich person who wants to donate to the cause of building a new, young country turns out – quite independently – to be supremely well qualified for the job of advising the Government on millennium bugs or domes?

Well, the first thing it could do is to recognise the danger of conflicts of interest, and do its utmost to avoid the



appearance thereof. That requires an element of sacrifice. Certainly, it would have been more in keeping with Mr Blair's claim to be "purer than pure" if he had simply declared: people can give money to the party or they can work for the Government, but they cannot do both. Instead he was reduced to pleading that fighting election campaigns is dead expensive, and that the Tories have more money. To which the answer is that the Conservatives will be under the same restrictions.

Any free society has to balance the right to free expression with curbing the prerogatives of wealth. The more rigid ideas of imposing cash limits on either the amount that parties can spend, or the amount that individuals

can donate, are not likely to prove both workable and consistent with the European Convention on Human Rights. But we are confident that the increased transparency promised by Lord Neill's committee, when it reports in October, will mark a further big step forward. It is likely to propose the immediate declaration of amounts greater than £1,000.

The committee could seat itself up as a permanent watchdog to advise on individual awkward cases, but in general the ethical initiative should come from the politicians themselves. The better we can see what they are up to, the more they need to do more, to make sure that the committee is purer than pure.

Legislation is no way to tackle stress

EVERYONE IS in favour of minimum standards of protection for people at work; the argument is always over the definition of the minimum. That is why "health and safety" has always been such a battlefield in the politics of the labour market. The last government objected to the European Commission trying to limit the working week under this heading.

Now the British Health and Safety Executive is trying to extend its remit, by equating employers' responsibility for the physical well-being of their workers with a duty to avoid subjecting them to "unsafe" levels of stress. This is going too far. There are many things wrong with the modern work culture – long hours, stress, and incompatibility with family life being three of them. Bad employers are beginning to lose compensation cases fought with stressed-out employees in the courts. Good employers are gradually changing their attitudes for the better. And it is valuable that some of the HSE's research points out that many employees do not like working in teams, or in open-plan offices, or from home. The search for better ways of working needs to look beyond the conventional wisdoms.

But attitudes and working methods cannot and should not be changed by regulation. What the flexible, family-friendly labour market of the future does not need is yet another pile of well intentioned guidelines, from yet another taxpayer-funded quango, which are designed to go straight into the bin of some over-stretched and harassed "human resources" executive.

Up, up and far away

SO NOW we know the secret weapon that can change again the whole face of global power. Stalin said that it was Russia's development of the bomb. President Reagan declared that it was the development of Star Wars technology that had finally driven the Soviet Union to admit to defeat. But the Canadian air force has shown that there is something that can defeat all the best of technology and its finest pilots (Top Guns in the US competitions indeed) – the humble weather balloon.

Instead of worrying about Boris Yeltsin's nifty finger on the trigger, or Saddam Hussein's efforts to build a long-range biological missile, what we have to worry about is hordes of impoverished Russians drifting into Alaska from the air, and the Gypsies of central Europe landing on the Downs in baskets. And what more appropriate weapon than that symbol of life at the end of the 20th century: hot air?

Who needs who as Mr Blair and the Queen get together

TONY AND Cherie Blair, arriving back from spending the bank holiday in Balmoral, will not have the depressing prospect of dirty shirts and crumpled evening dresses to worry about. In these straitened times for the nation's aristocracy, the Queen's Scottish retreat remains one of the few state homes where even the guests' underwear is laundered and tissue-packed by staff ready for the journey home.

For Queen Victoria, Balmoral was "this dear paradise", a rave which moved Lytton Strachey, the Ben Elton of his day, to debunk the place for its tartan cosiness and excess of stage heads. It struck him as "depressingly German", a kitsch-romantic rendition of Scottish country life, and thus it has remained ever since – the ideal backdrop to the BBC's Sixties documentary which gave the British public its first glimpse of the Family.

But Balmoral is now more of an illusion than ever. It suggests ease and permanence at a time when the Royal Family is anxious and in flux. Forbidding grey-stone walls set among the lushly tended acres of hunting land repel prying eyes. It is in Scotland, but hardly of it. Dinner is always at 8.15 prompt, in full evening dress.

How much the relationship between the Queen and her Prime Minister (even that possessive pronoun is starting to

look archaic) has changed in the past year is betrayed by the fact that Mr Blair felt able to insist on changing the usual date for Downing Street's call on Balmoral to the anniversary weekend of the death of Diana, Princess of Wales. The Queen obviously felt unable to deny him his request, although subsequent leaks from the palace to the effect that he was asked to stay away from yesterday's post-church walkabout indicate that Her Majesty is well capable of fighting spin with spin when she feels that the head of government might be straying onto her patch.

But the balance of influence over the Royal Family has shifted quite clearly away from the palace advisers towards the extensive and interconnected cast of New Labour image makers. From the moment Mr Blair crowned Diana as the "People's Princess", it was clear that his government saw the future of the Crown as his business and that he intended to have a strong guiding hand in it. The Royal Family's script this last year has been written by New Labour; the style of rapprochement with a suspicious public modelled on the Labour Party's journey back from the wilderness to a position of near unassailability at Westminster.

Inheriting New Labour's public relations strategies means that the Royal Family runs the danger of aping its weaknesses. A lurking threat to



ANNE MCELVOY

Her majesty is well able to fight spin with spin when threatened

Mr Blair's authority is his tendency to be, in the damning Geordie phrase for attention-seekers, "anything for a big apple" – at the centre of events however trivial or transient. The Queen's frank admission on the day of England's decisive World Cup match that she could not watch it because she had a dinner engagement that night was followed, bemusingly, by daft stories of her on the edge of her seat, announcing that she was "not amused" by the result of the penalty shoot-out.

Beyond this cross-pollination of spin techniques and fears on the part of jealous defenders of the royal prerogative that Mr Blair is muscling in on royalty's business, lurks the really important question, namely why Mr Blair should be

so concerned with the future survival of the monarchy that he is prepared to bail out the family from its self-made misery.

The cynical answer is that he has fallen thrall to the strange, abiding glamour of royalty and sacrificed his radical reforming instincts to the innately conservative task of preserving the monarchy. But it is unlikely that Mr Blair's cool head has been turned by his contacts with royalty.

Ask not what Mr Blair can do for the monarchy, but what the monarchy can do for Mr Blair. Before he arrived in Balmoral, the Prime Minister was attending to his least favourite, but increasingly urgent business of shoring up support for the Union in Scotland in the face of a hungry Scottish National Party. He is keenly aware that having presided over Scottish devolution, he could well end up as the first name in the history books under United Kingdom, breaking up of. It is not an epitaph that he wishes to court.

It is precisely at times of change and reshuffling of powers that a single, uniting, non-political symbol is needed: one able to rise above spats over fiscal transfers and inevitable rows about the powers of the Scottish assembly versus the power of Westminster. The Royal Family is being steadily recast in this role and will be glad to accept it if it guarantees its survival into the millennium.

Indeed, the Buckingham Palace website already embraces this fate with its mission statement: "The monarchy is a focus for national unity symbolising the permanence of the nation."

The Crown can only be sustained if it is seen to respond to the changes brought about by devolution and to represent the continuation of a single United Kingdom identity, whose variety is to be expressed by greater self-government of its parts. Next week's publication of the pamphlet by the think-tank Demos on the future of the Royal Family will conclude that merely continuing the public relations revamp of the last year will not make its future more secure and that its constitutional functions should be reassessed. That is probably right.

Yet another, more pressing change is called for – an end to the principle that the monarch rules until death. The most effective modernisation the Queen could make would be to accept that the end of the century should see the crown pass to her eldest son while he is still young enough to be a bold and imaginative sovereign.

In a modernised monarchy, there should be no shame in retirement. That is not a suggestion likely to have been voiced by Mr Blair to his royal host as he dined at Balmoral. But it must have crossed both their minds.

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"I have always been proud to be British but these degenerates are dragging us through the mud."
Michael Birkett, quilting his job as UK Vice-Consul on the island of Ibiza

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"Power is not revealed by striking hard or often, but by striking true."
Honore de Balzac, French author

Put him on the pill

If there's a man in your life, you want him to stay in top physical and mental shape.

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THERE CAN be little doubt that the mob hysteria shipped up, in the main, by tabloid newspapers and their partners in crime in TV and radio, left a distinctly sour taste in the mouth. This was nowhere more the case than in the hounding of the Queen. What is heartening now is that, instead of demanding that the Queen be made to dance to the tune of the mob, the country appears

to be taking its lead from her and her family. Scotland on Sunday

FOR 12 MONTHS we have learned the lessons of grief. The princess who would not go quietly has humbled an arrogant, remote dynasty. Now the time for mourning is at an end. But those in high places should never forget – the time for learning goes on. News of the World

MONITOR

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
Anniversary of the death of Diana, Princess of Wales

IN A more mystical sense, she restored to royal life the quasi-religious ideal of the exalted coming down among the meek. Without knowing it, Diana revived and modified the medieval tradition of the "royal touch", bringing hope if not healing to the suffering and the dying. The monarchy has

emerged strengthened and more popular. Last week, the Queen signalled, with characteristic modesty, that the Royal Family still had lessons to learn from Diana's life and achievement. The Prince of Wales has evidently learnt many of them already. The Sunday Telegraph

MR BLAIR is the least deferential of the Queen's prime ministers so far in

her reign, but she has cause to be grateful to him, if a little wary. Opinion polls show the monarchy is riding high again. Gordon Brown's evocation of Diana's memory in Songs of Praise on BBC1 is another matter. The Chancellor runs the risk of appearing to exploit a sad event. He should have followed Mr Blair's example, and left well alone. The Sunday Times

PANDORA

AT LONG last Bill Clinton has appointed his new ambassador to the Irish Republic. As predicted by Pandora (3 June), the new Dublin envoy is to be Mike Sullivan, the obscure former Governor of Wyoming, to whom the President owed a political favour or two. Indications are that Sullivan, who served for two full terms and was chairman of the Western Governor's Association, may be a shrewd political operator than Clinton's other envoy to these islands, US Ambassador Philip Lader. The latter recently outraged the Scots with his undiplomatic suggestions about US reaction to an independent Scotland.

PANDORA SALUTES Gus Macdonald who, in a matter of weeks, has made a very auspicious impression as Minister for Business and Industry at the Scottish Office. The former chairman of Scottish Media has many friends north of the border, of course. They are now crowding that Macdonald has achieved more in one month than his predecessor, Brian Wilson, achieved in over a year. Wilson, you will recall, has gone to work under Peter Mandelson at the DTI where, as Pandora noted (3 August), conditions are highly favourable for party fundraising. Meanwhile, Macdonald's only mistake to date came when he scoffed at the SNP's proposal to use Ireland as a model for Scottish development. "Dublin is a great place to go for a stag night – but not for an economic policy," he said. The remark offended many on both sides of the Irish Sea. One economist said, "He is talking rubbish, and it doesn't look good to talk rubbish to people who are trying to attract to Scotland."

SPECIAL ADVISERS at the Department of Health no doubt felt they were more than earning their salary when they had to sell Gordon Brown's two-stage pay increases to unhappy health service workers. Now that Government special advisers have learned about their own salary arrangements, the DOH advisers have been "thanked" with a pay boost that comes in two stages, as well. Their reaction

to this "what's good for the goose is good for the gander" scenario is, apparently, one of ironic amusement.

ALAN BORG, director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, wants to change the institution's name to reflect "every facet of the museum's attractions". Keen to win the prize bottle of champagne that Borg is offering for the winning suggestion, Pandora has been brainstorming. One possibility: a name seen on a roadside sign in rural America recently: "Gobs o' Antiques". Or, if Borg is looking for trendy street cred, how about just the name "Stuff".

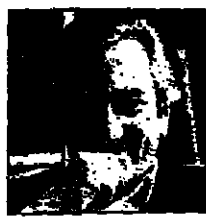
ALWAYS AHEAD of the news, Pandora wants to be the first on this summer bank holiday to offer readers a Christmas shopping tip. A London company named Pinecove International is offering, via the Internet, an "International Press ID Card" for the bargain price of \$239 (£150). With this in hand, claims the company, anyone can gain discounts, free tickets, invitations to premieres, access to movie stars and "protection from callous government thugs at home or abroad". Best of all, according to the sales pitch, is that you don't have to do any reporting or writing. "All you have to do is state on your application form that you are pursuing journalistic interests." Completely sold, Pandora immediately tried to telephone Pinecove International to place a rush order. Sadly, the firm's number was unobtainable.

THE LATEST, post-cigar Zippergate joke has just reached our shores. Apparently, Washington insiders are now referring to Clinton as the second president in US history to have had a Cuban missile crisis. Meanwhile, one joke circulating in the British Embassy at the moment goes, "Tony Blair has done more favours for Bill Clinton than Monica Lewinsky, so when is he going to appear before the grand jury?"

MERYL STREEP (pictured), the actress with a 1,000 accents, all of them annoying, has recently replaced Madonna in a film called *50 Women*. Now Streep seems to be chiding the blonde bombshell about recent photographs she's posed for with her daughter Lourdes. "If you have your picture taken with your baby," Streep told the US magazine *Good Housekeeping*, "You have put your child under the umbrella of your fame." Pandora suggests that Streep take care or tough Madonna may decide to rain on her parade.



No cure for the summertime news



CHRISTOPHER MATTHEWS

The moment we arrive all the big issues of the day become a distant memory

IN THE 20 summers that we have spent up here on the Suffolk coast, I have never once slipped out of the bathing-wrap and hobbled into the murky chill without wondering whether this is the day when, against all the odds, I shall become the victim of the first ever great white shark in the North Sea.

The fact that there has never been a recorded sighting of anything larger than a family-size cod has done nothing to allay this strange, irrational fear. Now another, even more sinister, threat has materialised, in the shape of a giant tidal wave that lashes the coastline whenever the giant *Sena* super ferry leaves Harwich and sets course for the Hook of Holland.

The worst-affected town to date is Felixstowe. Only the other day, five-foot-high waves came roaring up the beach, knocking holiday-makers off their feet, pinning them up against the sea wall, washing away pushchairs, handbags, radios, car keys, bikini tops and goodness knows what else, leaving them shocked, soaked and feeling glad to be still alive.

For some, the incident brought

back memories of the war – such as Mrs Pauline Byford, who was on the beach at Felixstowe with her grandchildren when the wave struck. "I was brought up in the Blitz and it reminded me of that," she said. "One minute I was sitting there watching the sea, and the next I was under water, absolutely drenched from head to toe." A sector coastguard compared it with Dunkirk. Though this astonishing vessel is

only slightly smaller than the *Canary Wharf* tower and makes several crossings a day in each direction, I have yet to see it for myself, or suffer from its backwash.

However, there are many here in Thorpe Ness and Aldeburgh who claim to have felt its effects. The *Sena* people say they are looking into the incident, but then that's what the mayor said in June.

The awful thing is that, although we own a house here, and spend a fair amount of time in it during the year, until we arrived here at the end of July we were quite unaware of this latest threat to the well-being of the locality. Small wonder the locals and full-timers look askance at us part-time countryfolk.

For most of the year, we are completely preoccupied with typical townie problems – the traffic congestion, the paucity of parking spaces, the pros and cons of various mayoral candidates, the latest offerings at the Almeida. Yet, within moments of taking up residence in Thorpe Ness, all the big issues of the day become a distant memory and we are up in arms over local dramas that we never hitherto knew

existed. Not least the great Bentwaters Debate.

It is five years since the Americans left, and the last of the sinister A10 fighter bombers came booming in over the marshes at the end of yet another training mission. For a long time, the place was deserted. The windows of the residential blocks looked blankly out over the runway, the miles of taxi tracks and the ugly clumps of HAS (Hardened Aircraft Shelters). There was talk of the flats being filled with the poor and needy; then, of some kind of industrial estate. The latest plan is that it should become an international airport (an airport, in other words) with, eventually 80,000 scheduled, charter, freight and private flights a year – that's to say, one every three minutes.

And guess where the flight path will be. Slap over our house. Admittedly, at that stage they'll still be a few thousand feet up, and maybe property values will not have plummeted quite as dramatically as many fear; but, by the time they get to the Snape Maltings, five miles from the runway, they'll be on their final approach and rattling the

cardrums of birds, concert-goers and anyone else unlucky enough to be in the area at the time. When the Americans were here, they came to an agreement with the Aldeburgh Festival people that they wouldn't fly over during concerts or recordings. To date no such undertaking has been received, and consequently this area is at war with Bentwaters.

Most of the letters received by the Suffolk Coastal District Council are against, but a recent telephone poll resulted in a shock 60-40 vote in favour. Some are convinced it will never happen; others that any public enquiry will be a whitewash job and it will all go ahead willy-nilly like Sizewell B. The debate rages on.

Then there's the long-running hoo-ha about the location of the dog exclusion zone on the beach outside our gate; and the future of the Playing Fields in Aldeburgh; and the lack of rain along the coastal strip. Never mind, though. Any day now, the holidays will be over, there'll be black plastic bags outside every gate, and we'll all be back to real life in London, and not have to think about low-flying 767s or giant waves again until – well – next summer.

Love's been free for ages.
Now it's a public free-for-all

TREVOR PHILLIPS

Sex has been detached from the emotion. It is no more significant than an aerobic step class

A WORD of warning to parents of rebellious teenagers. Do not laugh when they threaten to go to Ibiza, or simply tut-tut when you read that the British vice-consul on the island has resigned in disgust at the behaviour of British youth. Aware parents will know that resorts such as Ibiza sell themselves as dance capitals of the world, where young people go to dance the night away; a few even throw decorum to the winds, take their clothes off and jump into the nearest pool for a dare. Who knows, there may be some illicit substances passing from hand to hand, some pills being popped. But these are hardly life-threatening, as children of the Sixties and Seventies know well. A sneer may curl the parental lip, prefacing your reply: so what are you going to do – dance yourself to death? Drink yourself sick? Been there, done that, and survived.

You would, however, be missing the point: the teenage and twenty-something holiday-makers have discovered the Sodom and Gomorrah of our times, with a dash of the decline of the Roman Empire thrown in for spice. At the centre of it all is not drugs, or lager, or violence; rather, it is a vulgar desire for exhibitionist sex, and a bizarre competition to out-shag and out-drink everyone else. Picture this: a group of young people sitting around in the sun, laughing and drinking, throwing each other into the pool, daring each other to ever more outrageous acts. One boy dares a girl to take off all her clothes (all) – we are talking about a bikini that conceals less than a postage stamp, and sit on the face of another young man. Without a moment's hesitation she whips off her bikini and obliges, in front of all and sundry – including a nearby television camera, which has been observing the group. It is shocking; but passes in a gale of laughter. Else-

where, a group of young men are chatting up two bored women. It takes a few moments to register that one man has his hand under the skirt of the woman, whom he hardly knows; yet she can barely summon up the interest in the invasion of her own body to tell him to stop.

Had I not seen this on camera, I would hardly have believed it. However, the producers of the *Uncovered* series say that none of this is unusual, and that there is virtually no playing to the camera. On the face of it, having filmed many hundreds of people doing all sorts of things in all sorts of places, I would say that this is genuine – it does not look like a set-up to me. What is more, the programme makers say that holiday-makers' behaviour is growing so wild that they are beginning to wonder whether they will be able to show it without censorship.

There is something going on here that I find hard to understand. It is, apparently, a peculiarly British pattern; in Jamaica, the locals refer to the principal resort where this kind of thing goes on as "the monkey

house", and though some older Americans play their part, young Brits take the lead.

Second, my queasiness is not about promiscuity, but about public display. I do not think that I am especially prudish, having gone through my twenties in the pre-Aids, post-pill student movement; any leetle could trot out Alexandra Kollontai's defence of free love as a defence of sleeping with anyone in sight. But three things distinguish them from now. In general we did not do it in the streets, or in front of people who were not involved. Second, we tended to have at least a nodding acquaintance with the people with whom we went to bed. And, whatever the reality, we paid lip-service to the idea that sex had some emotional content. None of these conditions seem to apply any longer; sex has been detached from the emotion. It is no more significant than an aerobic step class.

Yesterday at the Edinburgh Television Festival, delegates were still debating the call by the independent producer Peter Bazalgette for a drastically reducing the regulation of such scenes on television. The sort of scenes shown in the *Uncovered* series are precisely the kind of thing that those who want more regulation worry about – it is evidence of an increasingly voracious appetite for sensational and humiliating behaviour by so-called "ordinary people". They are wrong. There could not be a clearer case of shooting the messenger. In fact, we should be grateful to the producers for revealing a new truth about what is going on, however unpleasant; any kind of censorship would simply have kept it hidden.

The regulators of the Independent Television Commission have a sensitive touch here. Their agreement to the showing of another pro-



'The Full Monty' – but they stopped short of full nudity

gramme about what young people get up to on Friday nights has added another dimension to the story. The kind of behaviour we see abroad doesn't stay on foreign shores. A girl's night out, with a male stripper, is now, after *The Full Monty*, commonplace. What the film did not show, however, was what happens after the last frame in the film, the uncovering of the strippers' tackle.

Let's leave aside the fact that the penis is one of God's uglier creations, designed specifically to be hidden. I would not condemn these mass displays of sexual behaviour purely on aesthetic or moral grounds. However, privacy has a social purpose. It prevents our bodies from becoming public property available for invasion by others. I don't think that feminists fought for women's sexual freedom in order to be subjected to humiliation in public.

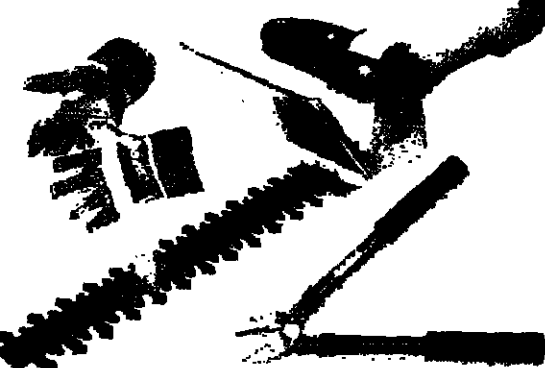
Most alarming of all is the way in which sexual display is compromising individual privacy. Already this year we have seen a birth on the Internet, and we were promised one young couple's joint loss of vir-

ginity via the Net, though this never reached our screens. The exposure of Britain's second most expensive footballer – a young bachelor, I should stress – for secretly filming a sex session with two male friends and four women, suggests that it's not just football which is coming home. But in a culture where most people seem unconcerned about who sees them doing what, is it surprising that such things will happen? Or that we seem to be experiencing a minor epidemic of gang rape in some big cities? The value of privacy seems to be dropping faster than the rubble. Had I known it would end up with crude sexual antics on TV – or "beavers on the box" as one colleague eloquently put it – I might have thought twice about campaigns for sexual freedom in the Seventies. There is a limit to what we should reveal of ourselves in public. A line should be drawn in the sands of Ibiza, Jamaica and Greece, and the authorities there should clamp down hard. And we at home should think again about what public sex is doing to debase us and our society.

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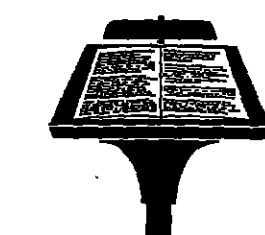
Nobody wants to buy British TV

LET'S START by examining one of the great complacencies of our age: the way we still claim that our TV is the best in the world. What does it mean? Where's the evidence? Have you noticed how, when it comes to the World Cup, we always have the best goal-keeper in the world as well? But we haven't won the World Cup for 32 years. What I want to know is, if we have the best TV in the world why doesn't more of the world want to buy it? The dominant language of world media is English. We are recognised as a pre-eminently creative country. We claim that we sell more TV than any country other than the US. And yet we have a large imbalance of payments in TV shows. We buy in far more than we sell.

We are one of only two countries in the world with a positive balance of trade in intellectual property (the other, of course, is the US). So, comparatively, our television industry performs far, far worse than others in the creative sector. While our new channels suck in imports, we're not making comparable sales to the many new channels open-

ing up abroad. Why not? Because while they'll buy our factual material (making orang utans, etc) we've never left base one when it comes to mass entertainment – drama and sitcoms. "Ah," say the spin doctors of the *ancien régime*, "but we do have the best TV in the world in the sense that it most satisfies the domestic audience". Nice try. However, it butters no parsnips for me. In multi-channel homes, Britain's traditional terrestrial channels are not faring too well. Typically cable and satellite now take a third of all viewers in multi-channel homes; getting on for half when it comes to children. And the new channels, of course, run many foreign imports.

So the best TV in the world doesn't do quite so well with its own audience when faced with a bit of competition, does it? Competition that's operating on much lower overall budgets, by the way. When you add multi-entertainment houses with games consoles, the Internet and so on, the picture is even more bleak. The Henley Centre tells us that of those using the Internet, half say that what they would have been doing



PODIUM

PETER

BAZALGETTE
A short extract from
the James MacLaggart
Memorial Lecture,
given in Edinburgh

otherwise was watching telly.

When you have a scarce number of channels, you need to regulate content as well as competition issues. When you have plenty of channels regulation of content quality – particularly the sort of snooty regulation we've had in Britain – is simply not possible. Viewers choose what they want to see; it's not chosen for them.

We need the Government to clear away all this under-

growth because from now on the audiences will decide what's quality and what isn't. We will police ourselves.

Change is inevitable, as the audience takes the whip hand. Change earlier rather than later will benefit viewers. It will also benefit people as subscribing members of a rapidly growing, creative economy. Let me repeat some modest proposals to further the process:

1. abolish the Broadcasting Standards Commission and curtail the ITC's responsibility for content.
2. Remove the public service remit of most of the commercial terrestrial channels.
3. Phase out ITV companies' licence bid payments and divest the ITV licensees of their production arms (with the exception of news).

4. Create a real market in distribution by giving creators control over their product.

5. Define the BBC's public service role. Establish a long-term policy to preserve and strengthen it.

6. Privatise BBC world-wide. None of these proposals is intended to second-guess exactly how or whether convergence will take place. They're

designed to get the market ready for whatever happens. But what chance is there of this happening? A fat chance, do I hear you say? Well, all of this will happen in the next 20 years simply because of the force of change in our industry; in fact, probably in the next 10.

But will it happen sooner, so that we become masters and not victims of the market? Not unless New Labour develop policies to match their fine words. Not if the *ancien régime* has anything to do with it (did you notice how many of its bosses experienced Damascene conversions to New Labour?). Not if media correspondents continue slavishly to suck up to their masters rather than question the status quo (the TV correspondents are the worst – merely wheeled out to puff their employers' new digital channels).

Not, in other words, if we always keep a hold of nurse for fear of finding something worse. But we have a great opportunity to get it right. Instead of talking about television versus the people, we could return to Edinburgh next year to talk about television and the people.

JP 1/2/99

I say there, are you absolved?

OUTER SPACE and religion make odd bedfellows. Though they're technically incompatible - one is explored through arcane systems of physics, the other through foggy clouds of metaphysics - they sometimes get on remarkably well.

Both require from their students and disciples an imaginative leap beyond the mundane and the known. Occasionally some boffin will shyly concede that the "big bang" theory of the universe's origins is cognate with a moment of "creation" by an unknown force. A surprising number of cosmologists believe in a divine overseer of the universe: witness the fuss when Stephen Hawking - a man far too brainy to be anything but an atheist - ended his *Brief History of Time* by saying that if we comprehended all of quantum mechanics, "we might... understand the mind of God".

The supposed site of heaven has always been up in the sky, where we also imaginatively locate other galactic civilisations with Green Ray Guns and Black Clouds of destructive learning. Army padres get jocularly called "sky pilots". Publishing Houses, called things like *Screw Loose Books*, bring out speculative works called *Was God An Astronaut?* And so on. But while scientists have occasionally flirted with intimations of divinity, the process has always been one-way. Organised religions have always had better things to do than wonder about how Venusians and Alpha Centaurians would respond to their sacramental rituals and benign homilies.

Until now, that is. One of the Pope's inner sanctum of thinkers, Fr Corrado Balducci, of the Congregation for the Evangelisation of Peoples, has gone on the record. The existence of UFOs and extraterrestrials can't be denied any longer, he says. They obviously exist, you gotta believe all those stories of alien abduction, they're just more evolved versions of human beings, the truth is out there, etc. So far, so modern. But when asked what the Church would do about an alien race (and, of course, a new influx of potential converts), Fr Balducci reverted spectacularly to his traditional missionary type. Since they're part of the universe, he said, they come under the jurisdiction of Christ in his role as King of the universe. So there. Back in London, a Catholic spin doctor spelt it out for hapless, trans-galactic, ectoplasmic nomads everywhere: "If aliens were shown to exist," he said, "We would have to ask whether the Christian atonement was applicable to them."

Don't you love it? You're a genetically enhanced Zorg from the planet Chumba12. You've crossed gigaquillions of light years from a dying civilisation to fetch up, sweaty and exhausted (and extremely old, in our solar system. Your descending phelies are killing you. And when the undercarriage locates Tarmac and asphalt, and the pod doors creak artifiically open, what



JOHN WALSH
'If aliens exist,' he said, 'we would ask whether Christian atonement was applicable to them'

are you faced with in the de-briefing room? A bloke from the Vatican saying, "Hello. Do you believe in God? He is your master. Er, no. I can't in fact take you to him," while another shakes his head with civil servant stubbornness and says: "Salvation? Redemption? Sorry mate, no can do. It's just not applicable for sinners living outside the borough." This cannot be the way to build tentacles of understanding across the firmament.

"IT IS not the job of the state, and it is certainly not the job of the school, to tell parents when to put their children to bed," declared David Hart of the National Association of Head Teachers, responding to David Blunkett's idea that parents and teachers should draw up "contracts" (which you could be fined for breaching) about their children's behaviour, time-keeping, homework and bedtime. Teachers are apparently concerned that their five-to-eight-year-old charges are staying up too late and becoming listless truants next day.

While I sympathise with Mr Hart's concern about this neo-Stalinist nannying, I wonder whether it goes far enough. Is it not high time that such concepts as Bathtime, Storytime and Drinks of Water were subject to regulation as well? I for one would value some governmental guidance as to the number of humorous swimming toys (especially Hungry Hippo) allowable per gallon of water. Adopting silly voices while reading *Spot's Birthday* or *Little Rabbit Foo-Foo* aloud is something crying out for regulatory guidelines, while the rights of children to demand and receive wholly unnecessary glasses of liquid after lights-out needs a Statutory Minimum Allowance.

LOVELY BANK Holiday weekend, thanks very much. Everywhere you went, it was retro, retro, retro. The Princess died all over again (you couldn't help noticing) and all the amateur psychologists came barging into your living room to explain why you'd felt upset a year ago.

The choice of an evening out in the West End is now between *Showboat* and *OklaHoma!*, and *Whistle*



If alien life forms are also convinced they were made in God's image, we could be in for a few awkward moments

Down the Wind, based on the 1961 Hayley Mills movie. The most popular children's toy under £100 this year is apparently the yo-yo, that complicated piece of Nineties' hi-tech equipment. Margaret Thatcher is once more campaigning energetically on the stump (though admitted only in Iowa, in support of Steve Forbes of *Forbes* magazine). On the car radio, I became resigned to hearing old Beach Boys and Jackson Five hits being warbled all over again by a new generation of castrati and tiny black girls, but when some plagiaristic bunch called Sweetbox started playing Bach's "Air on a G-String" to the strains of "Everything's gonna be

all right", a line patented by Bob Marley (shameless musical pinching is called "sampling", I'm told), I started to wonder - if I may sample F Scott Fitzgerald - why we are being borne back quite so ceaselessly into the past.

But as I raved and smote my brow about the recycling of culture, I suddenly encountered the most Proustian of memory-triggers. It was an item of clothing. They had a pair on the shelves of Gap Kids. The windows of Miss Selfridge were full of them. It was a pair of flared blue jeans with a dozen flowers embroidered on the legs. Instantly, I was hurled back to (can I date it precisely?) the summer of 1971. It was

the post-Woodstock, late-hippie, pre-glitter period. *Erlie on Main Street* by the Stones was steaming out of every open window as you walked around London. It was a pre-university bliss-in-that-dawn time.

I was working in a hospital as a porter, enjoying a chaste but intense union with a blonde radiographer called Linda. She took a pair of my jeans (28-inch waist in those days, when I could still see my knees if I looked down) and spent weeks sewing flowers round the hem, sewing to keep faith with our relationship, like Penelope in *The Odyssey*. I wore them proudly in the street, got jeered at by Battersea toughs, and tut-tutted at by old

men on the bus (it's the price you pay for being a crazed Bohemian, I'm afraid). Then, two weeks later, they were everywhere, and jeans manufacturers were churning out "loon pants" with embroidered butterflies flapping from ankle to knee. For one moment, I believed, I'd started a fashion (though it was, of course, just Linda reading the right magazines).

There I stood, rooted to the spot outside Miss Selfridge, drowned in memories of being a groovy bastard. "You know, children," I told the sneering offspring. "There was a time when..."

"Dad," they replied in three-part chorus. "You are so sad..."

RIGHT OF REPLY

RICHARD AYRE



The Deputy Chief Executive of BBC News defends the Corporation against charges of recent technical problems

WE ARE two thirds of the way through the move of the best part of 1,000 journalists, and scores of programmes, into the BBC New Centre in West London. It's been described by outside advisors as the most complex technical move of a civilian operation in Britain, more difficult by far than shifting London's air traffic control. In doing it, we will have had to keep three continuous news networks on the air and provide an uninterrupted service of bulletins to six others.

Since the first programme moved in about two months ago, we have had a handful of occasions when listeners would have been briefly aware that something wasn't working as it should. One edition of the Six O'Clock News on Radio 4 was interrupted because an outside contractor inadvertently disconnected a line. I very much regret each of these problems, but for every on-air glitch there have been more than 100 hours of uninterrupted broadcasting.

Last week's celebrated moment, when Tony Benn was replaced with a Mongolian throat singer on the *Today* programme, was one of those slips that has happened since broadcasting began, and without which life would be duller. But it has nothing to do with our new home.

The technology we are now using is leading edge. BBC News 24 is now using automation, and almost the whole of BBC News has a computerised production system which broadcasters around the world are queuing up to buy. We can only do that if we set the world's standard; not just for the quality of our programmes, but for the speed and efficiency with which we make them.

A lover of books and men

JOHN SPARROW (1905-1992) was the bibliophile, barrister and essayist who, as Warden of All Souls College, Oxford, for 26 years until 1977, became anathema to university reformers, young dons and what he himself called "revolting students". He was a man of precocious gifts which he spent by self-absorption. Born into a family of Midlands iron-founders, he was striking even in infancy. "He seems to look right through you," his nurse told his mother when he was six weeks old. "You must make a judge of this child."

As a Winchester schoolboy, Sparrow became an avid book-collector. At the age of 17 he edited a reprint of John Donne's *Devotions* which was praised by Edmund Gosse for its "ripeness and elegance". By the time of his Oxford graduation, he had edited Abraham Cowley's works for the Nonesuch



MONDAY BOOK

THE WARDEN: A PORTRAIT OF JOHN SPARROW
BY JOHN LOWE, HARPERCOLLINS, £19.99

Press. "Sparrow was, first and last, a great, even a very great, collector of books," Nicolas Barker wrote in a brilliant tribute.

His collection reflected his adoration of English poetry and his veneration of classical scholarship. He amassed 2,000 books of Renaissance Latin verse as well as Latin lapidary inscriptions from all periods. John Lowe's accounts of Sparrow savouring his beloved collection provide *The Warden's* most pleasurable passages.

At the age of 23, Sparrow was elected to a fellowship at All Souls, but two years later, in 1931, he moved to London to practise as a barrister in the Chancery division. His chambers earned such large fees that his clerk owned a Rolls-Royce and a house in the south of France. Although Sparrow liked the discipline of mastering briefs, he had too thin a voice to be a great advocate and his application for silk was rejected.

As an undergraduate, Sparrow told Kenneth (*Civilisation*) Clark that he preferred to have "few but important friendships" because he found "practically everyone... hateful, and very few people perfectly nice". As Lowe demonstrates, his friends and Oxford tutors were more influential with him than his family. Many of his friends were bisexual - Maurice Bowra, Roy Harrod, Bob Boothby, Harold Nicolson, John Betjeman. Having accepted his own homosexuality in boyhood, he had a happy, amorous life after reaching London in the Thirties.

The deception and discretion required by a criminalised sexuality were fun for him. When he joined the Army on the outbreak of war in 1939, he initially refused a commission because he relished the barrack-room life of a private. "I almost loved my platoon (I mean, some of the men in it), and always liked most those who craved help." Nor surprisingly for someone with such sympathy for soldierliness, Sparrow wrote with superb precision and clarity about A.E. Housman.

Lowe traces in tedious detail the convoluted machinations whereby



John Sparrow, painted by Derek Hill

Sparrow in 1952 was elected Warden of All Souls, the undergraduate-free Oxford college. Shortly after his success, the philosopher Stuart Hampshire warned him that All Souls was "half dining-club and half borough council", and that without a commitment to scholarship "Oxford is trivial and insipid, a great Gothic nursery where everybody seems to fidget".

Though Sparrow wrote some polemical essays during his wardenship, he gave his energies to preserving the college as a sort of Beefsteak Club among the dreaming spires. He preferred clever, worldly conversationalists to specialist scholars.

Disregarding Hampshire's advice, he acted the part of a cultivated man of letters, performing his ceremonial duties with dignity, and the social side with brio. But he was a calamitously weak administrator. He prevaricated over decisions, became entangled in intricate consultative rituals, and wearied colleagues with exasperatingly conspiratorial letters full of Jamesian qualifications and periphrases.

When young, Sparrow had been a sharp analyst and dialectician, but at All Souls he became lazy and diffuse. Always he remained vain, self-assured, reactionary and whimsical. He was a splendid tease who based some of his objections to the radical youth of the Sixties on aesthetic grounds: the trouble with long-haired undergraduate men, he complained, was that one could not admire their necks. But, in Lowe's words, his "deep-rooted self-concern prevented him from using his considerable talents for the benefit of others". Like many dons, he had an appalling provincial insularity. Though he was widely travelled, nowhere left a mark on him except Venice.

In retirement Sparrow became so obnoxiously drunken that he was banned from dining at All Souls. He recovered his sobriety, and his last years of amnesiac contentment are tenderly evoked by John Lowe, whose shrewd, affectionate, old-fashioned and ill-organised biography perfectly befits its subject.

RICHARD DAVENPORT-BINES

MONDAY POEM

A LULLABY
BY RANDALL JARRELL

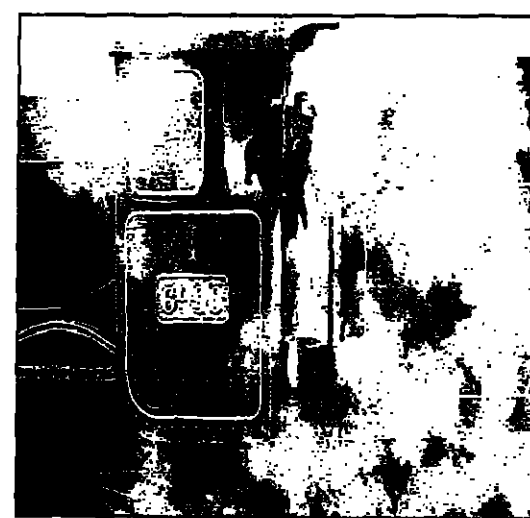
For wars his life and half a world away
The soldier sells his family and days.
He learns to fight for freedom and the State;
He sleeps with seven men within six feet.

He picks up matches and he cleans out plates;
Is lied to like a child, cursed like a beast.
They crop his head, his dog tags ring like sheep
As his stiff limbs shift wearily to sleep.

Recalled in dreams or letters, else forgot,
His life is smothered like a grave, with dirt,
And his dull torment mottles like a fly's
The lying amber of the histories.

Our poems this week come from *Poetry of the Second World War: an international anthology*, edited by Desmond Graham (Pimlico, £10).

THE INDEPENDENT PHOTOGRAPH



Steam Train by Tom Pilon

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The Rev Donald English

DONALD ENGLISH was a Methodist minister of exceptional gifts. Several good careers were open to him as a young man, but he knew in his heart that his life's work was to follow in the true succession of John Wesley's preachers.

His name became known well beyond the bounds of Methodism. Through his broadcasts and particularly his *Thought for the Day* on Radio 4, he spoke to a huge number of people. Many of them were helped by his Christian comment on a news item. There was always a passage from the Bible which placed that news item into an appropriate context.

When he was Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, in 1986-87, he was seen on television on important state occasions. He took part in the wedding service for the Duke and Duchess of York in Westminster Abbey. He shared in the service for the Festival of Remembrance in the Royal Albert Hall. He led bible studies for members of the Houses of Parliament. He lunched with the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

I imagine that Donald English would sometimes wake up and pinch himself to make sure it wasn't all a dream. His parents, Robert and Ena English, gave him a Methodist home. He attended the local High Westwood chapel in Consett. He joined the Boys Brigade only because they had a football team.

In his early years at school, he gave little indication of his true ability. Jack Gair was the one who at Junior School taught Donald to believe in himself and enabled him to enter the Consett Grammar School. From then on, his academic progress was sure. He proceeded to the University College of Leicester (then part of London University) to read History. After taking his London BA degree, he studied for a Teaching Diploma. Then came National Service in which he became an Education Officer in the Royal Air Force. It seemed that his future was as a history teacher - or perhaps it was as a professional footballer, for he played for the English Universities team, and both Leicester and Sunderland were interested in signing him. But God had other plans.

A very important period of his life was now to begin. He returned to Leicester to serve as a travelling secretary of the Inter-Varsity Fellowship and was involved in training and evangelism in 11 universities in the North and Midlands. This was when he received his grounding in Bible study, prayer and Christian witness. More important, it was at this time that he felt God was calling him to be a candidate for the Methodist ministry. After acceptance, he was sent for training to Wesley House, Cambridge, and graduated, choos-

ing the Greek New Testament as one of his options. He was inspired by teachers such as W.F. Flemington, Philip Watson, Michael Skinner and Professor Owen Chadwick.

After Wesley House, he served as Assistant Tutor at Wesley College, Leeds. An academic career in New Testament studies was now open to him, but this was not the way he believed God was pointing him.

In 1962, he was ordained into the Methodist ministry, married Bertha Ludlow and went overseas to Nigeria under the Methodist Missionary Society. He first met Bertha at a Brains Trust organised by the Christian Union in Leicester. Bertha herself had seemed destined for a distinguished career in education, but resigned as Lady Warden at Methodist College, Belfast, to go with Donald to Nigeria where he was to teach New Testament and Methodist Studies at the Ecumenical Training College, Umuahia. Among his students was the Rev Sunday Mbang who later became the Patriarch of the Nigerian Methodist Church, and also several other archbishops and bishops. So English became familiar with the World Church.

Next came six years as minister of the Broadway Methodist Church in the North Shields and Whitley Bay circuit. His preaching, teaching and pastoral gifts attracted a large congregation. English related easily to everyone, from children to pensioners. All felt he understood their needs and were led to a deeper faith.

He was then appointed to teach New Testament Studies at Hartley Victoria Methodist College in Manchester. For the first time, evangelical students felt they had a tutor who really understood them. When Hartley Victoria closed, Donald English was transferred to Wesley



biblical, theological, historical, and strategic insights and a commitment to evangelism, service and the struggle for justice. He was as comfortable advocating the Mission alongside the Poor Programme as he was leading the Bible studies at the Keswick Convention.

He was committed to working with other churches, including the black churches. He related naturally to people of other faiths. He was appointed chairman of the executive committee of the Nationwide initiative in Evangelism, and later chaired the British Council of Churches Evangelism Committee

Hale, Secretary of the Council, said that English gave it outstanding leadership. His Bible studies and keynote addresses were so powerful that Methodists from every part of the world wanted him to visit them.

Back in England, he led important evangelistic campaigns in York and Plymouth. He spoke about faith to large numbers of students at universities in Britain and Ireland. His stature was such that, in 1990, the Methodist Conference appointed him its President for a second term - the only person to serve twice since Methodist Union in 1932. Honours came his way: doctorates from uni-

1997. Donald struggled on, but his heart gave more problems. His last major public appearance was at York Minster in early July where he preached at an ordination service. Soon afterwards he was told he needed heart bypass surgery.

The wonderful quality of Donald English's life was that, although he walked in high places, he never lost the common touch. He was a deeply caring pastor to colleagues and their families, and to former students and friends. Thousands of people across the world will give thanks to God for him.

JEFFREY HARRIS

Donald English, minister of the church, born Consett, Co Durham 20 July 1930; Travelling Secretary, Inter-Varsity Fellowship 1955-58; Assistant Tutor, Wesley College, Headingley 1960-62; ordained 1962; New Testament Tutor, Trinity College, Umuahia, Eastern Nigeria 1962-66; Circuit Minister, Cullercoats, Northumberland 1966-72; Tutor in Historical Theology, Hartley Victoria College, Manchester (Lord Rank Chair) 1972-75; Tutor in Practical Theology and Methodism, Wesley College, Bristol (Lord Rank Chair) 1975-82; President of the Methodist Conference 1978-79, 1990-91; General Secretary, Division of Home Mission, Methodist Church 1982-95; Moderator, Free Church Federal Council 1986-87; Chairman, World Methodist Council 1991-96; CBE 1996; married 1962 Bertha Ludlow (died 1997); two sons; died Oxford 28 August 1998.

It seemed his future was as a history teacher - or perhaps a professional footballer: both Leicester and Sunderland were interested in signing him. But God had other plans

College, Bristol, to continue his work. He was there when at the age of 47, he was called by the Methodist Conference to be its President.

Scholar, preacher, author, evangelist, church statesman and later broadcaster, English was a man of many parts. But his real concern was for the mission of the Church. He was the natural leader for the Methodist Home Mission Division in 1982 and he immediately set about making his distinctive contribution to its life.

"Sharing in God's Mission" is a classic statement of this position, with

and the Churches Together Co-ordinating Group in Evangelism. The World Methodist Council had now recognised that Donald English was a man of exceptional ability. He served on both its evangelism and executive committees. In 1991, he was appointed for a five-year term as chairperson of the World Methodist Council. At the Singapore Conference in that year, English was visibly moved to tears as he expressed penitence for the racist and imperialist attitudes of white, Western people like himself. Joe

universities in America and Britain. In 1998, he was appointed CBE for his services to world Methodism.

He retired from the active work of the Methodist ministry in 1995, but the demands on his time did not cease. It was while leading a campaign at Royal Holloway College that he had the first indication of a heart problem. He was fitted with a pacemaker. But now his wife was diagnosed with terminal cancer. Donald and Bertha went to the Methodist Covenant Service to put their future into God's hands. Bertha died in July

Gabriel Delaunay

IT WAS one of the boasts of the Third Republic in France that it was possible for a man of humble origins to rise in society. The route was there, those with ability had only to take it. Gabriel Delaunay was an example of how it could be done. Some 12 years ago he published a novel, *Le Petit Chouan*, in which he described the life that he succeeded in leaving behind him.

He was born in 1907, in the small village of Sainte-Christine in the Vendée. His parents were very poor, working on land that was owned by a rich man. As soon as he was old enough, he worked alongside them and he always remembered how hard and difficult life was. He particularly remembered each 29 September, the cruellest day of the year, when the rent had to be paid to the landowner. This was the anonymous life that he was meant to lead, but he was ambitious, and he had the good fortune to have a devoted village schoolteacher.

He won a scholarship to the primary school in Fontenay-le-Comte, and then to the secondary school in Fontenay-le-Centre. He won admission to a teacher's training college. And then he prepared for university degrees on his own, qualifying in history and geography, and eventually succeeding in the competitive examination of the agrégation. Delaunay was surely entitled to boast: he did this without attending a single university lecture.

In 1939 he was teaching at the lycée at Bordeaux and as a lieutenant in the reserve he was mobilised immediately. He took part in the battle of the Ardennes and then in the fighting retreat towards Berg-erac. During this last episode he was decorated with the Légion d'Honneur by General Weygand.

He returned, after demobilisation, to the Lycée Montaigne in Bordeaux. But both he and his wife, Alice, who was the only woman inspector of education in the region, listened to de Gaulle speaking from London, and determined to resist. In October 1940 Delaunay set up a group, calling itself "Libération". But their numbers remained very small.

The history of the resistance in Bordeaux is complex. The commissaire de police, Pierre-Napoléon Poinot, worked very closely with the Gestapo (he was shot at the Liberation) and he employed a number of double agents, one of whom, Genevieve Sauvener, gave away a whole resistance cell organised by two doctors. Another resistance network was established by Claude Arnaud, who went to London in the summer of 1940, but refused to serve under de Gaulle. With the help of Sir Stewart Menzies of MI6 he set up a large Catholic, and some said Pétainist, organisation, called Jade-Amical. The Communist Pierre Rebière, in his violent activities against the Germans, found support from the Spanish refugees present in Bordeaux.

Delaunay believed that it was because of an indiscretion by someone in the lycée that he was arrested and interrogated by Poinot and the Gestapo. He was released because these authorities did not believe him to be a Communist, which is perhaps an indication of the way

in which the Resistance was understood. But in April a number of arrests bought danger back to Delaunay and he took refuge in the open spaces of the Landes.

His resistance group was affiliated to Libération-Nord and eventually joined the MUR (Mouvements unis de la Résistance). Delaunay took the code-name Merlin, and was particularly active after the Allied landings in Normandy in June 1944. The main task then was to delay the Germans in every way, sabotaging the railways, blocking the roads, removing signposts. Delaunay became the leader of the MUR and describes the incredible confusion that reigned as Bordeaux was liberated. The retreating Germans inflicted heavy casualties, the different resistance groups fought each other and individuals, even amongst the more disciplined Communists, had accounts to settle.

All these details emerged at the trial of Maurice Papon earlier this year, when the former secretary-general of the Gironde department during the occupation was tried for crimes against humanity. Papon endeavoured to prove that he had supported the resistance, and claimed to possess proof that he had been associated with the Jade-Amical group, although other groups regarded the organisation as not representative of the Resistance. An attempt was made to elect a Senator Cailé as President of the Departmental Committee of the Liberation, although he had voted in favour of Pétain in 1940 and was never "très résistant" as Delaunay put it. It was Delaunay who was made president instead.

When General de Gaulle's representative Gaston Cusin arrived in Bordeaux in May 1944, relations between him and Delaunay became difficult on the subject of Papon. Delaunay wanted him to be dismissed as someone who had collaborated with Vichy. Cusin, faced with the confusion amongst the resistance and possibly influenced by claims that Papon had helped the Resistance, decided to support him and had him promoted to be Prefect of the Landes.

Delaunay protested in 1944. And in February 1998 he wanted to testify against Papon, but ill-health prevented him from attending the courtroom in Bordeaux. He issued a statement recalling his protestations, showing that he had lost none of his bitterness.

He himself was appointed Prefect to the Lot-et-Cher in January 1945, to the Puy-de-Dôme in 1946, and to the Basses-Pyrénées in 1948. He then moved into a different sphere of administration, becoming head of Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française in 1957. But he stayed there only a short time after the return of de Gaulle to power in 1958. He then accepted the post of Prefect of the Gironde, in Bordeaux. Possibly he saw this as his revenge on Papon.

DOUGLAS JOHNSON

Gabriel Delaunay, teacher, resistance leader and administrator: born Sainte-Christine, France 30 April 1907; married (two children); died Bordeaux, France 5 August 1998.

Phil Leeds

"I AM the guy about whom people say: 'Here comes what's-his-face,'" said the comedy actor Phil Leeds just three years ago, after he had spent more than 60 years in show business as a stand-up comic and as an actor in films, theatre and television.

His face, if not his name, was particularly familiar to television viewers. He is currently to be seen on Channel 4 in the popular series *Ally McBeal* (as Judge Boyle), and last May in the United States he appeared in episodes of four different series on the same night: *Ally McBeal*, *Murphy Brown*, *Everybody Loves Raymond* and the final episode of *Ellen*. "Casting agents always call me when they want a funny old man," he said. "I'm not pretty, but I'm warm and feisty."

Born and educated in the Bronx, in New York City, Leeds had no theatrical background - his father was a post office clerk - but was stage-struck from an early age. He developed an act as a stand-up comic, breaking it in at summer camps, while supporting himself as a peanut vendor at the Yankee Stadium and Polo Ground.

He made his Broadway debut in a revue *Of V We Sing* (1941), produced by the Youth Theatre, described by the critic Brooks Atkinson as "a band of frisky ideologists who are stage-struck". A socially conscious topical revue, it was followed by *Let Freedom Ring* (1942) produced by the same group of performers, who included the former

child star Mitzi Green and the future film star Betty Garrett (who did a duet with Leeds entitled "Johnny is a Hoarder").

Atkinson described Leeds as "a cadaverous, loose-jointed noody", while the critic Howard Barnes wrote that "Leeds is fine when he isn't remembering Bert Lahr". The small comic with a rumpled face would frequently be compared to

the great Lahr, and even understudied the more famous actor later in his career.

From 1943 to 1946 Leeds served with the Army Special Services Unit, entertaining troops in the Pacific. Back in New York, he was on radio in *The Jane Pickens Show* (1947) and in early television shows with the comics Milton Berle, Jack-

ie Gleason and Jimmy Durante. Leeds did his solo stand-up act at such clubs as the Blue Angel and Village Vanguard, and later won parts in Broadway shows. In Cole Porter's *Can Can* (1953), as the artist Theophile, he took part in the numbers "If You Loved Me Truly" and "Never Be an Artist" and understudied Hans Conrard in the featured role, a sculptor called Boris. He was

the First Soldier in Peter Ustinov's *Romanoff and Juliet* (1957), was standby for both Bert Lahr and Shelley Berman in the revue *The Girls Against the Boys* (1959) and had the featured role of Victor in Ronald Alexander's hit play *Nobody Loves an Albatross* (1963).

In 1973 he starred with José Ferrer in an acclaimed production of Neil Simon's *The Sunshine Boys* in San Francisco. The same year he played in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* in Los Angeles and decided to settle in that city, where he obtained steady work in films and television.

He was in such television shows as *All in the Family*, *Golden Girls*, *Roseanne* and the *Larry Sanders Show*, and notable films included Roman Polanski's *Rosemary's Baby* (1968), as Doctor Shand, a role Leeds himself described as "the mute, mean wizard", and *Ghost* (1990), in which he was the literally cadaverous emergency-room ghost.

TOM VALLANCE

Phil Leeds, actor: born New York 1916; married Toby Brandt (died 1987); died Los Angeles 16 August 1998.



Leeds, left, with Robert Preston, centre, and Leon Janney in Ronald Alexander's play *Nobody Loves an Albatross*, 1963

Photo:fest

Benny Waters

IN HIS obituary of Benny Waters (14 August), Steve Vose offers the surprising opinion that Waters was not a great alto player, writes Barry Fantoni.

Undeniably he was not as influ-

ential as his pupil Johnny Hodges, or as innovative as Ornette Coleman, but clearly greatness is measured in many different ways. I can see that there is a problem of assessing Waters and it applies to any artist who

works on through their nineties. In jazz, veterans are a rare breed and Waters emerges as almost unique. So how do we judge him? I would say that his playing in the last decade of his life more resembles a

late painting by Titian, who was so hard of seeing towards the end that he dispensed with brushes and worked with the tips of his fingers. The result was a series of sparse and understated works that left more

than a little to the spectator's imagination. In the case of Benny Waters, no matter what time he played, he always treated it with respect, always trying to present it to the listener as an individual work. His

phrasing, like that of the young Miles Davis, was sparse yet full of meaning, again leaving the listener to fill in the gaps.

It is true that, in his last period, Waters could be heard to wobble a

bit on long notes, but his was forever the essence of warmth and latterly gilded with the wishfulness of an old man looking back to happy days. In this, even his blues had a smile - a sign of true greatness.



Barriteau, left, with clarinet, and the West Indian Swing Band: (clockwise) Tommy Wilson, Dave Wilkins, Ken 'Snake Hips' Johnson and Leslie Jiver Hutchinson

Carl Barriteau

DURING THE years of the Swing Era, most European clarinet players tried to model their playing on that of Benny Goodman. Carl Barriteau, who had come to Britain from Trinidad in 1937, based his style instead on that of Goodman's perceived rival Artie Shaw. With hindsight it is obvious that Shaw's playing was more sophisticated and harmonically more adventurous than Goodman's.

It's a fair reflection of Barriteau's outstanding ability that he was able to cope convincingly with his idol's style. Barriteau led the band of stars that recorded the famous *First English Public Jam Session* in London in November 1941. Sure enough, the Shaw influence is very obvious, but close listening reveals that where Shaw was precise and immaculate in some of his uniquely complex runs on the instrument, Barriteau cleverly skirted over the points where such ambitious work was required.

None the less it was he and the newly emerged trumpet star Kenny Baker who dominated the concert and, like the trombonist George Chisholm, each easily dominated the English scene on his instrument.

Barriteau spent his early years in Maracaibo, Venezuela, before being taught to play the tenor horn at the Belmont Orphanage in Trinidad. He played in the Trinidad Constabulary Band for

some years and during this time switched to clarinet, showing his outstanding skills on the instrument when he worked with Bert McLean's Jazz Hounds and with another of the island's leading jazz groups, the Williams Brothers' Blue Rhythm Band.

In 1937 Barriteau moved to Britain and joined the West Indian Swing Band led by Ken 'Snake Hips' Johnson,

series of wartime bands including those led by Lew Stone, Ambrose, Chappie D'Amato, Eric Winston and Joe Loss. From 1942 he played regularly at the weekly Sunday jam sessions held in London at the Feldman Club at 100 Oxford Street. Barriteau formed his own West Indian Dance Orchestra which worked and broadcast from London. He made a double-sided recording of Artie

the concerts outlast any other British jazz records of the time.

In 1949 he began a two-year residency at the Eldorado Ballroom in Leith, Scotland. This may not have been financially rewarding: a visitor to Barriteau's flat in the town remembers that he was loathe to leave it as he benefited from a free gas supply. He had modified the gas meter so that he could put a shilling in the slot and then, when it had been credited, could persuade the meter to regurgitate the coin.

Returning south in 1951 he joined Cyril Stapleton's band for a year. He worked as a soloist and with his own band, which he re-formed as needed, and again toured Europe, North Africa and South East Asia, entertaining American troops there between 1958 and 1966. During this time he worked as a double act with the singer Mae Cooper and also led his band for a tour with the Platters vocal group.

He emigrated to Australia in 1970, became an Australian citizen and settled in Sydney, using this as a base for widespread touring throughout Australasia and the Orient.

STEVE VOCE

Carl Barriteau, clarinet and saxophone player and bandleader: born Trinidad 7 February 1914; died Sydney, Australia 24 August 1998.

The band was playing at the Café de Paris in London when the building was bombed in March 1941. 'Snake Hips' Johnson was killed and Barriteau was badly injured

a jazz trumpeter with whom he toured variety halls and played night club bookings. They made several recordings including a successful version of 'Tuxedo Junction' (1940). Late 1939 the band began a residency at the Café de Paris in London. The band was playing there when the building was bombed during an air raid in March 1941. Johnson was killed and Barriteau was badly injured.

He made a good recovery and went on to work as a featured soloist with a

Shaw's *Concerto for Clarinet* that displayed his great agility on the instrument. His playing here came closer to Shaw's than anyone else's had.

Barriteau spent the rest of the war years touring with the band and recording for the Decca label. As the war ended took the band on a tour to play for British forces in Europe. He took the band into the Embassy Club in London. He was the star of the *Melody Maker*'s 1947 'Jazz Rally' and the 78rpm records of

GAZETTE

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

DEATHS

SAMUELSON, Michael, CBE, peacefully in his sleep on 26 August 1998. Funeral service at the West London Crematorium, Kensal Green, at 2.15pm on Thursday 3 September. No flowers please, but donations could be given to the Michael Samuelson Memorial Fund c/o Coutts & Co, Strand Private Banking Branch, 40 Strand, London. WC2N 6QS. A Memorial Service will be held in the autumn.

ANNOUNCEMENTS are charged at £5.50 a line (VAT extra).

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

The Princess Royal attends the International Festival of the Sea at Portsmouth Harbour, Hampshire.

CHANGING OF THE GUARD

The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 11am; F Company Scots Guards mounts the Queen's Guard, Buckingham Palace, 11.30am, band provided by the Irish Guards.

BIRTHDAYS

Major Michael Argyle QC, former circuit judge, 83; Mr Martin Bell MP, 60; Admiral Sir Brian Brown, Chairman, King George's Fund for Sailors, 64; Professor Robert Hanbury Brown, astronomer, 82; Sir James Cleminson, former chairman, British Overseas Trade Board, 77; Mr James Coburn, actor, 70; Miss Anne Coffey MP, 52; Lt-Gen Sir Napier Crookenden, 83; Mr Alan de Piro QC, former circuit judge, 79; Miss Liz Forgan, former managing director, Network Radio BBC, 54; Mr Richard Gere, actor, 49; Air Marshal Sir Edward Gordon Jones, 84; Mr Buddy Hackett, actor and comedian, 74; Mr Charles Kay, actor, 68; Professor Christine King, Vice-Chancellor, Staffordshire University, 54; Mr Clive Lloyd, cricketer, 54; Professor Sir Bernard Lovell, former Director, Jodrell Bank Station, 85; Mr Van Morrison, rock vocalist, 53; Mr Edwin Moses, athlete, 43; Mr Bryan Organ, painter, 63; Mr Itzhak Perlman, violinist, 53; Sir Barry Sheen, former High Court judge, 80.

ANNIVERSARIES

Births: Caligula, Roman emperor, 12; Jahangir, Mogul emperor, 1569; Charles Turner, engraver, 1774; Pierre-

Jules Theophile Gautier, novelist and poet, 1811; Hermann Ludwig Ferdinand von Helmholtz, physicist, 1821; Charles James Lever, novelist, 1806; Elizabeth Mary Russell (Beauchamp), Countess Russell ('Elizabeth'), novelist, 1866; Maria Montessori, educationist, 1870; Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, 1880; Edwin DuBoise Heyward, novelist and playwright, 1885; Friedrich Adolf Paneth, chemist, 1887; William 'Bombardier' Bily, heavy-weight boxer, 1888; Fredric March (Ernest Frederick McIntyre Bickel), actor, 1897; Roland Culver, actor, 1900; William Saroyan, writer, 1908; Richard Basehart, actor, 1914; Alan Jay Lerner, writer and lyricist, 1918; Roy Castle, comedian, musician and dancer, 1932.

Deaths: King Henry V, 1422; John Bunyan, writer, 1688; François-André Danican Philidor, composer and chess-player, 1785; Sir Arthur Phillip, first Governor of New South Wales, 1814; Ferdinand Lassalle (Lassall), socialist, killed in a duel 1864; Charles-Pierre Baudelaire, poet, 1867; Sir Harry Hamilton Johnston, explorer and administrator, 1927; Sir Thomas Henry Hall Caine, novelist, 1931; Harley Granville Barker, actor, playwright and critic, 1946; Georges Braque, Cubist painter, 1963; Rocky Mar-

ciano (Rocco Marchegiano), heavyweight boxer, killed in an air crash 1969; John Ford (Sean O'Feeney), film director, 1973; Norman Eric Kirk, New Zealand prime minister, 1974; Urho Kaleva Kekkonen, president of Finland, 1986; Henry Moore, sculptor, 1986; Diana, Princess of Wales, killed in a car crash 1997.

On this day: Henry VI, acceded as King at the age of nine months, 1422; at the Battle of Flores, Sir Richard Grenville engaged the whole Spanish Fleet in the *Revenge*, was captured and later died, 1591; Mary Anne 'Polly' Nichols, a prostitute, was found dead in Whitechapel, London, the first victim of Jack the Ripper, 1888; the musical show *Chu Chin Chow* was first performed, London 1916; the first London production of the musical show *Tip-Top* was presented, 1926; Kurt Weill's opera *Die Dreigroschenoper* was first performed, Berlin 1928; women and children were evacuated from London, 1939; Malaysia became independent, 1957; Trinidad and Tobago became independent, 1962; a South Korean airliner was shot down by the Soviet Union, killing 268 people aboard, 1983; over 1,000 people died in a tropical storm in the Philippines, 1984; Diana, Princess of Wales, and her friend Dodi Fayed, were killed in a car crash in Paris, 1997.

Today is the Feast Day of St Aidan of Lindisfarne, St Paulinus of Trier, St Raymond Nonnatus and The Servite Martyrs of Prague.

CHURCH APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments have been announced by the Church of England:
The Rev Peter Abell, Chaplain to the Forces to be Rector: Kilhampton with Marston (Oxon).
The Rev Kevin Aitch, Vicar, Darwen St Peter with Hoddleston St Paul (Blackburn); to be also Rural Dean of Blackburn in with Darwen.
The Rev Dr Edward Bryant, Vicar, Beall St Augustine (Gloucester); to be also Rural Dean of Battle and Bexhill (Sussex).
The Rev Mark Cobb, Chaplain, Phillips Care and Health Care, Derbyshire Royal Infirmary (Derby); to be Chaplain, Maternity, Central Sheffield University Hospital (NHS Trust) (Sheffield).
The Rev Martin Griffiths, Team Rector, Swinton and Pimblebury (Cheshire); to be Rector, Preston St John and St George the Martyr and Christ the King Chapel (Blackburn).
The Rev Andrew Haslam, Vicar, Grimshaw St Michael (Blackburn); to be Vicar, St Helen St Mark (Liverpool).
The Rev David Heal, Assistant Chaplain, The Algarve St Vincent, Portugal (Europe); to be Chaplain, Madeira Holy Trinity (same diocese).
The Rev Raymond Horro, Curate, Newcastle upon Tyne St Francis High School (same diocese).
The Rev David Williams, Curate, Lancaster St Mary (Blackburn); to be also Chaplain, RMP Lancaster Castle (same diocese).

LECTURES

Victoria and Albert Museum: Dinah Winch, 'Mermaids and Sea Creatures in European Art 1500-1700', 2pm.

HISTORICAL NOTES

JEFFREY GREEN

The black middle class has a history

THIS SUMMER's celebrations of the arrival of the *Empire Windrush* in 1948 honoured the Jamaican settlers it carried to Britain, but how many people know that there has been a black presence in Britain for centuries?

They appear, sometimes indistinct, in major aspects of Britain's history - Samuel Johnson's friend Francis Barber, sailors on the *Victory* with Nelson, Charles Darwin's teacher of taxidermy in 1820s Edinburgh, the Crimean War nurse Mary Seacole, the composer Samuel Coleridge-Taylor are some examples.

The men, women and children of African birth or descent who lived in Britain at the beginning of this century - at the high noon of empire, when whites ruled the world - included people in every social group, but the black middle class has been largely overlooked. Despite Coleridge-Taylor's father's being a London-trained doctor born in Sierra Leone, few have investigated the trail of evidence that is left by a property-owning, privately educated, servant-employing, professionally qualified person.

Thus these black doctors, lawyers, businessmen, dentists, authors, local councillors and civil servants have disappeared from history. What can explain this?

There has been a grand deception: the emphasis is that black people in Britain are migrants - an emphasis that the *Windrush* celebrations have not diminished. A second, more insidious, deception is that black people are manual workers, people with few skills that fit a modern economy, who could find employment in labour-intensive industries such as public transport, factories, sewing, cleaning, catering. As the British economy changes these newcomers have to adapt or return. They are temporary and do not belong.

Any evidence of positive contributions to British society would challenge that view: as would evidence of an earlier and stable presence.

Well-intentioned historians have added to the blacks-as-migrants stereotype when detailing the leaders of many anti-imperial movements in Africa and the Caribbean, for the independence movements were often led by individuals who had studied in Britain. Their years in Britain are presented as a prelude to the years of struggle. Who



Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912)

recalls Hastings Banda of Malawi as a middle-class Londoner? He was a doctor in London for over a decade. Others traced include James Jackson Brown, a Jamaican, who settled in London to study medicine and work at the London Hospital. He organised a cricket team, was host to younger students, and developed a thriving practice in Hackney where he was recalled with great respect decades after he died.

The ambitions of Britain's black middle class encompassed all those of the larger society. They were active in voluntary work and attended meetings of societies both professional and relating to their hobbies. They won elections and served on councils, attended church and taught at Sunday schools, sent their children to private schools and applauded their success on the sports field. Their children had music lessons and acquired other refinements.

Does it matter that the doctor son of the Jamaican-born Dr Goffe was a friend of the writers A.A. Milne and E.V. Lucas, that Henry Downing wrote plays or that Dr Alcinder was deeply interested in tuberculosis? Yes, yes - yes, indeed. Such is the deeply racist nature of Britain today that those involvements would be seen as positive aspects of black people in 1998.

It is necessary to remind ourselves that there was - and is - a black middle class. We should consider why such an ambitious and successful section of British society has been forgotten.

Jeffrey Green is the author of *'Black Edwardians: black people in Britain 1901-1914'* (Frank Cass, £18.50).

'Legitimate self-defence' means death to burglars

THE INDEPENDENT ARCHIVE

31 AUGUST 1988

Patrick Marnham reports on the successes, and failures, of recent amateur security measures in France

THERE USED to be a sign outside a factory premises in Cardiff which read 'Death lurks within these walls for the unwary'. It was intended to discourage children from playing with high-voltage electricity cables. Erected in France, it might have carried a very different meaning.

The man who does a mischief to his neighbour's dog, even if it does bark all night, can be sent to prison. But the man who kills in defence of his laying hens can sometimes get away with it. Far from being whittled down with the passage of time his defence has been revived in recent years, and there is a 'Legitimate Self-Defence Association' which advises its members how to set their traps legally.

It all began with the case of Lionel Legras, a garage owner who bought a little cottage near Troyes only to see it burgled again and again. After the 12th burglary, Mr Legras decided to spring a surprise on his next visitors. He took an old transistor radio and with some explosive powder and an electric battery transformed it into a bomb and left it on the kitchen table. Then he nailed up a sign outside his isolated cottage: 'Keep Out. Danger of Death'. Then he went back to his garage. That night two men ignored his notice, broke down the front door of the cottage and went in. One of them picked up the radio and was killed by the explosion.

Charged with manslaughter, Mr Legras was tried by three magistrates who found him guilty, gave him an eight-month suspended sentence and fined him 600 francs (50). His lawyer was not satisfied with this and demanded that his client be re-

tried by a jury. Mr Legras denied that he had ever intended to kill with his lethal little radio. 'I just wanted to mark them so that the gendarmes would recognise them,' he said. The jury found him 'not guilty'.

This year the scope of the defence was extended further by a 79-year-old retired smallholder, Pierre Arnaud, who had rigged up a gun trap outside his hen house. He then erected a sign reading 'Keep Out - Danger - Man Trap'. He did this after his vegetable garden and dovecot, in which he raised pigeons, pheasants and chickens, had been wrecked five times. Each time Mr Arnaud rebuilt it. After he installed the illegal trap matters improved. Now and again he would hear the gun go off in the night, and in the morning there would be nothing there, and his fowls would be safe. But one night the gun went off and in the morning Mr Arnaud found a man lying dead outside the dovecot. He had led to death from stomach wounds.

In court Mr Arnaud was presented, honestly enough, as a simple man who had worked hard all his life. Even his trap was simple. It was operated by

a string. Anyone who tripped over the string would set off the shotgun, which was sighted to hit a grown man below the knee. The friends of the dead man who were with him that night said they had been hunting hedgehogs. They told the court they could cook a hedgehog 36 different ways. But the jury concluded that they had been mounting yet another raid on Mr Arnaud's dovecot. Mr Arnaud also won sympathy because he had received death threats and been forced to sell up and move to the 10th floor of a tower block in Bordeaux. He described this, of course, as 'a chicken coop'. He was acquitted.

But it is still possible to go too far. A postman in Versailles habitually parked his car in an underground car park. Earlier this year thieves took his cassettes and radio. Later they returned and tried to take the car. This was too much for the postman. He bought a shotgun and took to sleeping with it on the back seat. In the middle of the night another car parked beside his. A man and a woman got out. The woman tried his car door handle. The postman leapt up and made the couple put their hands on their heads. Shortly afterwards the gun went off, possibly by mistake, killing the man. The postman went home, and reported for work next morning in the normal way. The police found a full-length sabre and a tear-gas bomb in the couple's car, but the postman was still not allowed to plead self-defence.

From 'Out of France' on the Foreign News pages of 'The Independent', Wednesday 31 August 1988

WORDS

WILLIAM HARTSTON
regular, adj.

occasionally, regularly, or every day?

But regular is not the same as frequent. Sundays, Father Christmas and new millennia all

arrive regularly, but using a washing machine once every thousand years hardly qualifies as moderate use. This falls into the same trap as those railway stations that offer a regular service to London. Once every alternate Thursday would be regular. A frequent but irregular service would be far better.

The chicken lorry
had the best careerIN THE STICKS
STEVIE MORGAN

I KEEP seeing the names of people I was at university with popping up in prominent positions. People who didn't have a brain cell at 19 have blossomed into geniuses by 40, with words before their names like Professor and Dame. All I have to offer where it says "title" on forms is "Miss", and even that's a terrible mistake.

I envy their status, but the thought of what they do to get it makes me feel faint. They have workloads that would make an elephant stagger, and internal organs adapted to battle in a constant wash of adrenalin. My own achievements consist of removing sources of stress from my working life. The only commuting I do is the 30 feet from the Aga to my desk. As a consequence, of course, there is one question that I do face with boring regularity: "Where is the next mortgage payment coming from?" In an effort to find an answer that my bank manager may find more acceptable than "The fairies will bring it", some stress has to be put back into my schedule.

So last Monday was a Big Day. An opportunity to sell my wares to a market so vast that the mortgage may never be an issue again. My preparations were meticulous. I bought a new pair of tights and hid the second-hand clothes shop in Scuncheon.

Luckily there's a local gal who buys Armani and is the same size as me. Sadly for her she has some sort of pen fetish so her kit ends up in "Second Time Around" with little marks on the skirt where she sat on a ballpoint. Good news for my Big Day. 500 quids' worth of power-dressing for the price of a month's supply of chook feed.

On Monday at 6am I was

ready. At first it all went well. I washed my hair and put my underwear on without a hitch. Even the blue pen on the suit didn't seem to show. Doug was quietly supportive. He didn't even say what he usually does when I'm dressed up and on my way out: "Don't pull, will you?"

But what I hadn't allowed for was Offa, the driver of the big truck that every Monday delivers feed to the 7,000 broiler chickens up the road. Hot for his rashers and eggs in the next village, he drove straight into the front of our car, as Doug drove me to the station to get the 8.51 for Paddington. Offa's truck was barely creased but the front of the car looked like a left over from a giant's origami course.

So it was that in spite of all my best efforts for my Big Day I fell out of a taxi at the venue only just in time to scramble on to the stage. I stood behind the rostrum my hands shaking like the star turn at an AA meeting. All the clever little witticisms had gone from my head. All I could think of was Offa's truck whacking the car like the big fat hand of retribution, serving me right for my shameful years of avoiding a real career.

I can't really remember what it was I did manage to say. All I am sure about is that as I tottered back to the slough of anonymity at the back of the hall my audience were showing signs of the worst of all possible responses. I would disappear from their memories faster than the numbers on their cloakroom tickets.

So when the bank manager rings, he'll find the phone unplugged. It's OK to do that, because when the fairies ring in with a job offer they can do it on an unconnected line.

Was it grief or was it glee?

At Diana's death, many discovered the secret thrill of breaking bad news. By Gilbert Adair

I FIRST heard of the Princess of Wales's death in a way that was likely to have been repeated up and down the country. On the Sunday morning in question, while I was running a bath, an acquaintance rang me up. His voice sounded bizarrely guttural.

"Well," he said, without any of the expected early-morning pleasantries and preliminaries. "And what do you think of the news?"

"News? What news?" "You mean you haven't heard?" he exclaimed with feigned incredulity. (Feigned because, given my "What news?", he couldn't have been in any doubt that I hadn't heard.)

It all came out in a firework display of exclamation marks: "Diana's dead! Dodi's dead! They were being chased by paparazzi! Their limo crashed in a tunnel in Paris! The paparazzi have been arrested! Switch on TV! It's on every channel!"

Like everyone else, I was caught off guard. What was so shocking wasn't only the fact of Diana's death, but how completely out of the blue it had come. Even that early on, though, I was aware of a jarring note. My acquaintance was genuinely distraught – as I was later to discover, he spent the rest of that same Sunday in front of his television set. Nevertheless, during his initial phone call, I could detect in his voice what I can only call a terrible elation – the elation of someone who knows himself to be the bearer, not just of bad news, but of thrillingly bad news. He was horrified, but he was also audibly exhilarated. And, no matter that he himself would indignantly deny such an allegation, I'm certain he would have been obscurely frustrated, even downright disappointed, had I replied to his opening question by saying, "Yes, it's dreadful, isn't it?"

Everyone knows what I mean – the excitement we feel when communicating, to someone who hasn't yet been apprised of it, devastatingly bad news about mutual friends, colleagues and, of course, household-name celebrities. It's a species of excitement that has nothing to do with Schadenfreude, the gleefully perverse satisfaction that we (or some of us) take in the reversals suffered by our friends. It can perfectly well co-exist with authentic grief. But if anything can be safely filed away under the rosy rubric of "human nature", it's surely that half-suppressed tingle that we experience when imparting red-hot information about an acquaintance's sacking, divorce, accident, arrest, suicide or terminal cancer.

To my knowledge, there isn't, but



The death of the Princess of Wales: Shaking a sluggish world out of the torpor of eternal sameness

Brian Harris

there should be, a word for it. Especially now, when it has definitively gravitated on to the world stage. For take the case, precisely, of Diana.

Whatever else there was to say about it, the international reaction to the circumstances of her death was a vindication of Marshall McLuhan's theory of the modern world as a global village, one in which, by virtue of the ubiquitous electronic media, anything that happens somewhere will happen everywhere else as well at the same time. And just as a real village would be abuzz for days with the sudden, violent death of its most glamorous and stylish inhabitant, so the entire country was engulfed by the frenzy surrounding Diana's. Just as would be true, too, of a small village, the advent of her death had the result that, for a few brief, but equally endless-seeming days, we found ourselves living together for once, as a real human collective, with an early intensified sense that each and every one of us was part of the national scheme of things.

It wasn't as though anyone wished

for that death to happen. Even I, actively hostile as I am to the current brainless culture of celebrity, found myself saddened that someone so young, so beautiful, someone moreover who appeared truly not to want to fritter her life away, had met with such a horrible end. But there was no getting away from it. Diana's death – tragic, pointless, ironic or iconic, call it what you will – was also a phenomenon. It was tremendously interesting.

And it was just one of the more recent in a series of sensational news-worthiness disasters that have had the effect of shaking a sluggish world out of a torpor of eternal sameness. For many of us, Gianni Versace was no more than a name, a relatively remote and irrelevant one at that, until he was slain in a Miami street. Fascination with Michael Jackson had been reduced to the decreasing circle of his teenybopper admirers until rumours of paedophilia hit the fan. The coverage of Woody Allen's custody trial was devoured by people who cared little for his films. As for O.J. Simpson, there

was, world-wide, an explosion of outrage at his acquittal, but there was also (who would deny it?) a wonderfully galvanising undercurrent of relish in that outrage of ours, a relish of which we would all have been deprived had he been sent to prison.

On a different scale, an old friend of mine, a lifelong Conservative voter, confessed to me that, the morning after the last general election, she realised she was actually, secretly glad that Labour had won, simply because its victory made the future look suddenly intriguing. Having dined on for years about Major, Howard, Bottomley and Co, her daily newspaper was readable again, the *Six o'Clock News* was watchable, *Newsnight* was unmissable. It was not that she had any confidence whatever in the new government – she simply hoped that, for a while at least (the honeymoon was all too brief), it would revitalise her ebbing interest in the country's political life.

There are exceptions, to be sure, just as there are exceptions on a strictly personal level. None of us is

likely to feel any elation, for example, terrible or otherwise, if forced to reveal to friends the death of a spouse, or a lover, or an intimate friend. Similarly, it's impossible to believe that anyone felt it on breaking the news of Dumbane or Jamie Bulger.

Yet, every so often, there occurs an event that makes boring, humdrum life seem almost as exciting and as gripping as a movie, and it would be foolish to deny that, at some maybe only half-conscious level of our psyche, and even as our hearts go out to the unfortunates caught up in it, we revel in its every detail just as we would at the movies. I can even think of a model for all such events – the night the Titanic sank. Or, should I say, the night the Titanic didn't sink. For, as I wrote in my recent book, *Surfing the Zeitgeist*: "The death of the Titanic is precisely what has kept it alive, what has kept it from sinking out of sight." Perhaps Diana's death, so terrible, yet also so terribly thrilling, is what will ultimately keep her alive too.

That sinking feeling

Continued from page 1

twitchers," says Ivan contemptuously, as we drive back through the marsh. The clay bank is scheduled to cut across it, roughly 400 yards inland from the shingle ridge. As we pass the spot where work should start next summer, a flock of the aforesaid "twitchers" are standing by the side of the road, with their binoculars and cameras poking through the reeds at whatever bird life lurks within.

"There'll be hundreds of them this afternoon," Large goes on. "There's some kind of rare tit in there."

Surely, I suggest, the birdwatchers are good for the local economy. "Not really," he says. "They're mainly day trippers. Some people come here and buy holiday homes. That's why the prices are going way out of the reach of the working man. Just after the '93 floods, you could have bought half of Salthouse for £1,000."

His brother-in-law George, now 78 and retired from fishing, had to leave his seat-front home in a hurry in 1983. "We moved the furniture upstairs but that got flooded as well," he recalls, as a hen and several chickens scurry into the hallway and begin pecking at a dog bowl. "We've been lucky since then. The downstairs carpet got soaked a couple of years ago, but that didn't bother me much."

All the same, George Cooke has had good reason to respect the power of the sea. "This is such a small island," he says, "and you can't let the sea take too much of it. If you get a really rough 'un, I don't know what'll stop the bugger. But this bank should take the sting out of it."

His niece, Suzanne, who runs Cookie's Crab Shop just down the road, will have none of it. "How would you like to have a 12-ft high wall not far from your front window?" she asks, brandishing a sheaf of signatures at me. She doesn't believe the global warming theory, either, but adds: "If it does get worse, I can't see a wall stopping a really severe flood."

As if to emphasise her confidence, she and her partner, Peter, are moving from their home a little way up the hill into the premises behind the shop which her father bought at a knock-down price in 1956. But they have installed an easy-to-swab floor of quarry tiles and have fitted electric sockets 2ft above it.

A wise precaution in the circumstances. The North Sea has been a fierce and unpredictable foe to the east coast. More than 300 people died in the floods of '93, one of them in Salthouse. Out beyond the shingle ridge and under the waves is one of the buildings that didn't survive. Many more perished before it. Indeed, Salthouse was a thriving port 200 years ago. Just as what is now the tiny Suffolk hamlet of Dunwich

was a once a great medieval town. Back in Norfolk, Cromer once stood two miles inland from the busy seaside village of Shipden which now lies at the bottom of the sea.

Stride out from Cromer over the cliffs towards Overstrand today, and you will find signs warning you to "proceed at your own risk." Just down the coast at Happisburgh, meanwhile, local councillors are warning that the Norfolk Broads will be in danger if nothing is done to shore up the cliffs.

There are no cliffs in Brancaster. Just dunes. Like Salthouse, the beach is almost perfectly flat. Unlike Salthouse, there are no shingle to push up into a defensive ridge. Just soft sand, which looks as though it's lying there waiting to be pounded twice-daily by the incoming rollers.

In fact, it doesn't just lie there. It moves about with every wind and tide. This is what's known to environmentalists as a "dynamic" beach.

Not that it looks too dynamic on a bright, if chilly, late-August afternoon. Holiday-makers on the beach are doing nothing more energetic than hammering in windbreak-supports or making sandcastles. A small dog is cocking its leg up a sign which says: "If you go on to the sand-flats, take care. They are quickly covered by the incoming tide."

This is easy to believe. The edge of the sea is frothing angrily in the middle-distance. But the stiff northerly breeze coming directly inland suggests that when it makes a move, it will be with some force. "By five o'clock you'd be up to your waist if you stayed where we are," says Cyril Sutherland, a fisherman for over 35 years, as we stand at the foot of the sand dunes below the Royal West Norfolk Golf Club.

Three years ago, the sea came close to breaking through the dune and flooding the first fairway. Already, the road leading from the village to the golf course can be flooded for anything up to three hours at high tide. Time and tide wait for no member here. Book a round at the wrong time and you could be stranded in the 19th hole for longer than expected.

Faced with a tidal assault on the course itself, the club brought in outside experts who suggested piling up flint to protect the vulnerable sand. Sutherland and other locals knew better. Eventually 20 of them were commissioned by the club to experiment with geo-textile mesh, a metre high along the base of the dune. They topped it with brushwood to catch the windblown sand. "See how it's building up now into a nice, gentle slope," says Sutherland.

"It's better to take the power out of the sea rather than let it smash into a 90-degree wall. Otherwise the top will eventually cave in. This brushwood method is how our fore-

fathers did it, two or three hundred years ago, when they reclaimed grazing land from the sea. It's a matter of working with nature. A little bit of maintenance could hold this lot together. But the Environment Agency take more notice of outside boffins than of people on the ground."

The Agency is planning a 60-metre (just over 200-ft) breach in the sea defences on the west side of the clubhouse to take the pressure off the dunes. Managed retreat, in other words. Most villagers would much prefer managed realignment, in the form of a secondary buffer bank.

"You can't predict the sea," says Alan Townsend, secretary of the Brancaster Village Gold Club whose members have ancient rights to play on the Royal West Norfolk's course (but not to use the clubhouse). "These boffins come in and think of this and think of that, but the older people here have seen it all before. The defences at Titchwell were breached by 30 yards in '53. Now the gap's three-quarters of a mile."

But Steve Hayman, a senior engineer at the Environment Agency, insists: "A managed retreat is better than waiting for nature to take its course. We've been struggling in an unequal battle to sustain that short length of dunes. If we get a serious storm, the sea will break through. As for building a secondary defence, it would involve quite an investment. Looking at the area that is protected, it's difficult to see where the benefits are coming from to justify the cost."

The Agency has priced the secondary bank at £339,000, a figure which Janice Howell, chair of the parish council, considers a substantial over-estimate. "We're not convinced by the sums," she says. Nor by the figure put on replacing the freshwater marsh which will be flooded when the sea is let through the breach. "Under the Habitats Directive, they're bound by law to replace that marsh with 80 acres of comparable land, and they think they can do it for £160,000. Well, dream on, chaps. Agricultural land round here is going for between £2,000 and £4,000 an acre."

There is also a compensation bill to be worked out in an area where land ownership is a matter of Byzantine complexity. Steve Hayman concedes: "When the EU directive on habitats was drafted, it's questionable whether enough consideration was given to dynamic coastlines that have been changing for thousands of years."

The experiences of these two towns, separated by 20 miles, also suggests that the Commons agriculture committee may also have been a little optimistic in trying to frame a blanket policy on sea defences for the entire British coastline.

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مكتبة الامم

The man I married has become a woman



Claire (left) and Barbara, at their home in Shrewsbury. Both have now settled happily into a different relationship

Mike Scott

A FAMILY AFFAIR

THIS WEEK, A COUPLE TALK ABOUT HOW THE HUSBAND CONFESSED TO HIS WIFE THAT HE WAS TRANSEXUAL

CLAIRE ASHTON, 47, used to be Tony Ashton. He joined the West Mercian Police Force after the Army and became a pistol-shooting champion. He met his wife Barbara while working as a mountain climbing instructor in North Wales. After Claire (then Tony) told her employers that she was a transsexual, she was retired from active service and has since lost her job in the communications department; her case is going to tribunal. She lives in Shropshire with Barbara, 63, a retired primary school teacher.

Claire From an early age I never felt that I fitted in - I knew something was wrong. But I fell in love with Barbara when I was 27 years old and we got married two years later. I was dressing up then and hiding women's clothes in the attic. I only started talking about it three years ago. I became expert at hiding my feelings. You feel that you're the only person in the world who could feel like this - it takes years to realise that you're not.

I think it's important to realise the difference between a transvestite and a transsexual: a transvestite is someone who dresses up in women's clothes but, if asked, would still consider himself a man. Transsexuals feel they are women, and the clothing isn't so important. I don't need dresses to make me feel anything - I don't wear "women's clothes". I wear my own clothes -

that's who I am from first thing in the morning to last thing at night. It's your life, not a role.

Before I told Barbara, I reached the state where I was considering suicide because I was bottling everything up so much. The only solution was to tell someone; one day I was in the kitchen with her and I said, "would you like to sit down, I've got something to tell you." I didn't speak for what seemed like ages then I remember saying, "I know I told you I went to a gun show in Birmingham this afternoon, but I didn't. I went to buy a new blouse." It was the only way I could think of broaching the subject. Barbara's response was, "Oh, is that all." She thought I'd been having an affair. But it was only some months later that I told her I was a transsexual.

Barbara was very supportive from the beginning. At first I'd find it so hard to talk about, I'd be in floods of tears. Soon afterwards I began to feel guilty because I felt I was misleading Barbara; in effect, she married a man and then lost a man. I think she has felt very much as if it's been a bereavement. Now we're both women living together as friends; I'm quite happy with that.

It was a test when I first dressed up in front of Barbara. I don't think she was too keen, and I didn't know

what sort of response to expect. But she didn't faint. I'd had lots of practice at that time. I became an expert at making up in a car mirror in motorway lay-bys. What probably made things easier was once I went full-time - appearing as I am all day. In terms of my relationship with Barbara, it's not like starting again, more like putting everything into a shaker and seeing it come out a different way. One of the hardest things for me is to realise what a change it's been for other people. When I look through my eyes it's the same scene it's always been, whereas other people see me as a different person. But when you love someone, you love the person, not the exterior image.

I had the operation in April and I've been on hormones for over two years. Now it horrifies me to think that people thought I was the same as men. I find them rather strange creatures. Now that ache and the feeling of longing I've had for most of my life has gone away and I'm at peace with myself.

Barbara I can remember the moment Claire told me she'd been cross-dressing. It took her about 20 minutes to confess and I thought she was trying

to own up to an affair. It did make me question what had happened in the past 16 years. For a long time I asked myself where I'd gone wrong, why I hadn't noticed anything. Later I found out that transsexuals are often in denial and try to be more male than normal.

Virtually the day she told me physical relations ceased. I saw it as one of those things I had to accept if I was to stay with her. I never thought of leaving her when she told me - there was a sense of commitment and loyalty. I also wanted to see what was going to happen. It was damned uncomfortable, but interesting. Also I'd have felt a bit like a rat leaving a sinking ship - she did need my support.

It wasn't until we'd been together to see a psychologist that it suddenly hit me that this was for real. I felt a tremendous mix of emotions. I felt I was facing a bereavement. I was going to lose my male partner. I was worried about losing my status, living in a community that would know about it. At my age, most people have experienced death, divorce or serious illness. Nothing had prepared me for this.

I went through about two months of real hell. I'd think, "This isn't happening", then realise, "Yes, it is." I was very tearful a lot of the time. I

never blamed Claire for the condition - I always accepted it was a medical condition. But at some points I did blame her for the effects her condition was having on me. I had to make far bigger adjustments; her adjustments were made when she was trying to live as a male.

When Claire first dressed up in front of me I was surprised how feminine she looked. I'd have thought I'd feel amused or offended. I was just surprised at what an attractive-looking woman she was. When she grew her nails and got her ears pierced, I started to accept the fact that I was sharing a house with another woman.

At the end of the day, Claire is very different to the man I married. I doubt if I will ever completely come to terms with that. I have had to get used to small, unexpected changes. For instance she always used to read what I'd call men writing for men. Now she reads romantic fiction. But I think it may take years for her to be conditioned as female. Getting her to do the housework isn't any easier, although she is a good cook.

Our relationship is still developing; it's only been two or three years. It's not really a case of starting anew; the solid core remains the same but we're exploring different avenues.

I think it will probably be easier to go into old age with another woman rather than a man. I'm comfortable with the situation now, and see no reason to rock the boat.

INTERVIEWS BY EMMA COOK

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NO 4: CONSERVING ENERGY

IT MAY seem a little premature to start considering winter fuel bills in August but nearly 70 per cent of householders in the United Kingdom have never attempted to conserve energy. The Energy Savings Trust estimates about £6.5bn is wasted annually on energy: the equivalent of £278 per household.

Insulation Uninsulated lofts lose about 25 per cent of household heat through the roof. Install 6in of insulating material and save at least £60 a year.

Draughty windows allow up to 10 per cent of heat to escape. Double glazing reduces loss by up to 50 per cent but it is cheaper to tape polythene across the inside of the window frames.

Up to 15 per cent of heat is lost through outside doors, skylights and letterboxes. Draught excluders can save up to £20 on your annual fuel bill.

Up to 15 per cent of heat can be lost through the ground floor of a building. Insulating under the floorboards with old newspapers can save up to £25 a year.

Up to 35 per cent of lost heat is through walls. If your home was built after the Thirties you probably have cavity walls which you can fill. It needs to be done professionally and costs around £400 but it can save you up to £150 on your annual bill.



The television and stereo use as much electricity on standby as when working so turn them off if you are not using them. Use washing machines at lower temperatures. Fit energy-saving light bulbs.

Safety tips Ventilation is just as important as insulation, and is essential if you have solid fuel fires, gas fires or an open-flue boiler.

Condensation is more likely to occur after draught proofing. With any DIY read instructions carefully and make sure you have the correct installation equipment. Be careful.

For major jobs choose a professional installer registered with an appropriate body.

Advice and grants The Home Energy Efficiency scheme funded by the Department of the Environment gives grants of up to £315. To qualify you must be on benefit or over 60. Call 0800 072 0150.

The Energy Efficiency Advice Centre Hotline on 0345 277 200 (<http://www.eest.org.uk>) provides a DIY Home Energy Check pack and until 30 September they can give information on the Marks and Spencer shopping voucher worth £100 towards cavity wall insulation. Help The Aged's "Keep Warm, Keep Well" booklet has information on energy efficiency grants; 0171 253 0253.

Customers of any gas company are entitled to free advice on using gas efficiently. Call Ofgas on 0171 828 0898.

London Electricity on 0181 535 0000 offers telephone assessment of homes and advice.

The Council for Energy Efficiency Development on 01428 654011 (e-mail theceed@compuserve.com) provides an information pack on energy efficiency measures and an energy rating of your home.

Gas Consumers Council offers free advice on 0171 931 0977.

Centre for Alternative Technology on 01654 702400 offers advice on eco-friendly alternatives measures.

National Energy Services Ltd offers a home energy rating from £40-100. Call 01908 572787.

"Women Unlimited - The Directory for Life" is published by Penguin at £9.99

Parents return to sleeping with the progeny

THOMAS CHAMBERLAIN, nearly three, has his own beautifully decorated bedroom, and his own little wooden bed. Yet often, if he is upset, unwell or simply woken up too early, he will finish off the night sleeping in his parents' double bed. His parents, Natasha and Richard, are relaxed about Thomas's

nocturnal bed-hopping, as long as they have enough privacy and at least start the night without the company of their little darling.

"I think especially if children are ill or obviously upset, then there is no point trying to

confine them to their own beds," says Natasha, 32, a schoolteacher. "We try to avoid him coming in at one or two in the morning, unless we are in a strange place, or he is ill. But if he wakes up after about five in the morning, then we know

now that the only way we will get another hour's sleep is by having him in bed with us." The Chamberlains' relaxed attitude to sharing the hitherto sacrosanct marital bed with the children has recently become fashionable again. For the

last 100 years or so, allowing a child into the parental bed was thought to be the quickest way of spoiling the child.

Bed-sharing or co-sleeping is one reason why the size of a British double bed is increasing. While sales of "standard" doubles, at 6ft 6in, have fallen, sales of "King-size" 5ft and even 6ft beds have increased in the last five years, according to figures from the Sleep Council.

Warren Evans, who has been making beds for 20 years at his workshop in north London, says: "Twenty years ago I would sell about 10 6ft beds a year. Now it's two a week, always to couples with children."

"Sleeping apart is in fact a relatively new and limited development in human evolution, dating from about the turn of the 19th century," says Dr David Haslam, author of the book *Sleepless Children*. "On a global scale, more mothers sleep with their children worldwide than they do with their partners. It is only in a tiny corner of the Western hemisphere that separate bedrooms are the rule."

"Today, in the West, more and more parents are returning to the idea of having their babies in bed with them; other countries have avoided this trauma by following this age-old tradition throughout."

James and Jo Murphy, parents of six-year-old Jack,

adopted the "traditional" approach when Jack was only a few weeks old. While James, who needed to get to work in the morning, slept in splendid isolation, Jo and baby Jack shared the same bed until, aged three-and-a-half, Jack went into his own bedroom at his own insistence. Jack still comes into his mother's bed from time to time. "Jack was a

know is that sleep and lack of it is a much bigger source of complaint than it used to be." Hence the nationwide network of GP Surgery-based sleep clinics, which has sprung up in the last few years, advising thousands of bleary-eyed parents how to get their child to sleep well through the night.

Although parents are not advised to take a very young

loved. Who can be safer than a child cuddling the warm, enveloping arms of her mother?"

She says that the trend towards separate beds in the last century was, as most social changes usually are, the result of the middle classes aping the upper classes, and the working classes, when space permitted, aping the middle classes.

The two main fears parents have today about bed-sharing are a lack of opportunity for intimate, child-free moments and a fear that the child will never want to sleep in his own bed again.

"Both these fears are unfounded," says Dr Haslam. "These days, most children are put to bed in their own rooms and only come into their parents' bed when they wake up." The most common time is after two or three in the morning, when lovemaking has been concluded. And by the time the child is three or four, it is very often the child who makes the move away from the parental bed."

He stresses that parents who want to keep to separate rooms should not feel pressured into bed-sharing. "I only advocate bed-sharing when both parents are happy with it," he says.

Natasha Chamberlain adds that ideally, young Thomas would sleep through the night peacefully in his own bed. "The trouble with toddlers is that they do wriggle so," she says.

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1519, 1521, 1523, 1525, 1527, 1529, 1531, 1533, 1535, 1537, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1545, 1547, 1549, 1551, 1553, 1555, 1557, 1559, 1561, 1563, 1565, 1567, 1569, 1571, 1573, 1575, 1577, 1579, 1581, 1583, 1585, 1587, 1589, 1591, 1593, 1595, 1597, 1599, 1601, 1603, 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611, 1613, 1615, 1617, 1619, 1621, 1623, 1625, 1627, 1629, 1631, 1633, 1635, 1637, 1639, 1641, 1643, 1645, 1647, 1649, 1651, 1653, 1655, 1657, 1659, 1661, 1663, 1665, 1667, 1669, 1671, 1673, 1675, 1677, 1679, 1681, 1683, 1685, 1687, 1689, 1691, 1693, 1695, 1697, 1699, 1701, 1703, 1705, 1707, 1709, 1711, 1713, 1715, 1717, 1719, 1721, 1723, 1725, 1727, 1729, 1731, 1733, 1735, 1737, 1739, 1741, 1743, 1745, 1747, 1749, 1751, 1753, 1755, 1757, 1759, 1761, 1763, 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779, 1781, 1783, 1785, 1787, 1789, 1791, 1793, 1795, 1797, 1799, 1801, 1803, 1805, 1807, 1809, 1811, 1813, 1815, 1817, 1819, 1821, 1823, 1825, 1827, 1829, 1831, 1833, 1835, 1837, 1839, 1841, 1843, 1845, 1847, 1849, 1851, 1853, 1855, 1857, 1859, 1861, 1863, 1865, 1867, 1869, 1871, 1873, 1875, 1877, 1879, 1881, 1883, 1885, 1887, 1889, 1891, 1893, 1895, 1897, 1899, 1901, 1903, 1905, 1907, 1909, 1911, 1913, 1915, 1917, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1927, 1929, 1931, 1933, 1935, 1937, 1939, 1941, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1951, 1953, 1955, 1957, 1959, 1961, 1963, 1965, 1967, 1969, 1971, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1985, 1987, 1989, 1991, 1993, 1995, 1997, 1999, 2001, 2003, 2005, 2007, 2009, 2011, 2013, 2015, 2017, 2019, 2021, 2023, 2025, 2027, 2029, 2031, 2033, 2035, 2037, 2039, 2041, 2043, 2045, 2047, 2049, 2051, 2053, 2055, 2057, 2059, 2061, 2063, 2065, 2067, 2069, 2071, 2073, 2075, 2077, 2079, 2081, 2083, 2085, 2087, 2089, 2091, 2093, 2095, 2097, 2099, 2101, 2103, 2105, 2107, 2109, 2111, 2113, 2115, 2117, 2119, 2121, 2123, 2125, 2127, 2129, 2131, 2133, 2135, 2137, 2139, 2141, 2143, 2145, 2147, 2149, 2151, 2153, 2155, 2157, 2159, 2161, 2163, 2165, 2167, 2169, 21

Menace, molestation and murder

Best-selling novelist Joyce Carol Oates writes about people behaving savagely, whether in the boxing ring or in the world of Dog Girl, anti-heroine of her latest novel *Man Crazy*. Why do it? Because, she says, these are her people. By Marianne Brace

A young girl brought up by a single parent drifts towards promiscuity and drugs and ends up in a cult where she is sexually abused, tortured and made to drink the blood of a murdered man. It may sound like a horror flick, but Joyce Carol Oates's novel *Man Crazy* is serious. It takes a long, hard look at what happens when we go beyond society's perimeters.

Gothic short stories, campus novels, detective stories, lyrical novels, multigenerational family sagas – Joyce Carol Oates has tackled them all. Since first being published in 1963, the award-winning author has written 27 novels and countless short stories, many of which have never been published here. Now Virago is bringing out *Man Crazy* and adding *Solstice* and *Expensive People* to its classic paperback list.

If Oates has experimented with genre, there's been a consistent element to her work – violence. Menace, molestation and murder are staples in her stories. A man smashes in the head of a boy he is supposed to be rescuing (*Upon the Sweeping Flood*), a child pushes a bully to her death (*In the Warehouse*); twins are sexually assaulted and killed by a retarded adult (*Heath*). Even in less extreme work such as *Solstice*, a sexual encounter borders on rape.

"There's a savage element to life in the larger context," says Oates, who is over here for the Edinburgh Festival. "People often say I write about violence, but fundamentally I have written about the aftermath of violence, often in the lives of women and children who are the victims. How do they deal with it? How do they survive?"

Oates is painfully thin, with frizzy dark hair and sad, gentle eyes behind her glasses. You can't help wondering how such unquiet thoughts spill from such a quiet woman. She once said that her life had been shaped by violent acts. A recently published American biography, *Visible Writer*, by Greg Johnson, makes her family history seem very like one of Oates's own novels. Her paternal great-grandfather attacked his wife with a hammer and then shot himself; her maternal grandfather was murdered in a brawl. And as a small girl, the author was herself bullied and molested by other children. She has said, "I seemed to accept the ill-will of others as a natural fact of life."

And yet Oates looks back on her childhood with nostalgia and affection. Now a professor at Princeton University, she was the first of her family to go to college. She was brought up on her grandparents' small farm in upstate New York. Her father worked in a factory, scrabbling to make ends meet.

"I often write about that world," says Oates. "Writers spend a lot of time memorialising the world. We love our backgrounds and the cities we've lived in, our childhood homes – those worlds which are vanishing and fading."



Joyce Carol Oates: 'I was dealing with a girl leaving her family unit, and what she encounters when she goes beyond what we call civilisation'

Neville Elder

In *Foxfire*, for instance, her novel about a girl gang who "go joy-riding, smoke dope, punish the men who have preyed on them sexually", Oates wanted to write something set in the Fifties about "girls who form pre-feminist alliances. Young girls have intense friendships with a sense of loyalty, protectiveness, and identification. *Foxfire* is a kind of valentine to those early adolescent friendships."

But these aren't sentimental stories. "This is a world of quite lower-class girls," she says, "whose families have been broken up, so they don't have brothers or fathers to protect them." There's a particularly unpleasant episode featuring a female dwarf being systematically raped. One right-wing lobby group in Canada demanded that the novel

be banned from school reading lists. Others have also found some of Oates's material difficult to stomach.

"People ask me how I could write about such appalling things in *Man Crazy*," Oates says thoughtfully. "There's a moral repugnance with which I can sympathise. But in *Man Crazy* I was dealing with a girl leaving her family unit, and what she encounters when she goes beyond what we call civilisation. She has a kind of attraction to the dark unknown which seems romantic when you're at a distance but, when you're in it, is very ugly, very porous and awful."

The girl, Ingrid, nicknamed "Doll-girl" and then "Dog-girl", falls in with a gang of Hell's Angels. "I wanted to show how mistaken she was in her romantic illusion," Oates explains. "I had to show what happened."

Hell's Angels are very dangerous, very real. I couldn't have a soft narrative about these people. I had to be true to the subject matter."

Oates occasionally takes her subject matter from real life incidents. Her moving novella *Black Water* was inspired by Chappaquiddick, when in 1969 Senator Ted Kennedy escaped unscathed from a submerged car, leaving his young female companion to drown. "He was absent – nobody knows where – for about 12 hours, and then emerged with his lawyer. He obviously had called him rather than an ambulance."

The book was designed to be read in two hours, the time it takes for the car to fill with water, as the girl struggles against her fate.

Zombie, on the other hand, has a serial killer as its narrator, an ap-

parently respectable young man who performs lobotomies on his living victims.

"In the Seventies I was living in Detroit and there was a serial killer taking children and teenagers. He was never caught." Wasn't it scary residing in the head of her character? "Yes, because it isn't the arcane nature of the serial killer that's scary but the fact that he doesn't consider what he does unusual." Frightening too was the reaction to *Zombie*. "It's one of the novels of mine that has a cult following. People talk about it on the Internet. It's their favourite novel. I dread to think who these people are," says Oates allowing herself a quiet laugh.

Perhaps it's Oates's fascination with how we survive life's battering which makes her such a keen de-

fender of boxing. Her passionate essay *On Boxing* describes the sport as "a highly condensed drama without words".

Oates was first taken to amateur matches by her father when she was about 10 years old. "We were not a family that was very cultured," she says, "and so I was taken to a fight rather than, say, an opera. If I'd been taken to listen to Wagner that might have changed my life in a very different way."

For Oates, boxing represents the playing out of the struggle to survive in its most extreme form.

"Most boxers never get hurt. If you've trained you know how to defend yourself. If you are hit and go down it's your option not to get up, you can quit at any time. The fighter wants to fight. He's happy to fight. If he has

a title fight, this is his ticket to fame." But the potential for tragedy is there too. Fighters may go after that goal, but come out in a coma. They may wreck their careers and return to the streets where they came from.

"Boxing," writes Oates, "has become America's tragic theatre".

Although no longer a practising Catholic, Oates believes in redemption; she believes it is possible to re-establish shattered lives. Bloodied and bruised characters, like Ingrid in *Man Crazy*, do make it against the odds. "People sometimes ask 'How can you write about such harsh, extreme people? But these are the people of my world,'" says Oates. "I love these people."

Man Crazy is published by Virago, price £15.99

The finest way to go Dutch

TWO FURTHER programmes in the Edinburgh Festival's celebration of the Dutch choreographer Hans van Manen have concentrated on his affinity for intensely detailed and strongly characterised duets and solos.

They range from *Couples*, an extremely modern reconstruction of the conventional ballet duet form for six young dancers of the NDT's Company, to *The Old Man and Me*, where the veterans Sabine Kupferberg and Gerard Lemaître use a range of facial expressions or a witty finger gesture to underline their exuberantly unexpected interpretation of Stravinsky's *Circus Polka*, plus a pop song and an excellent Mozart Adagio.

DANCE
HANS VAN MANEN
PLAYHOUSE AND FESTIVAL
THEATRES



Receiving its world premiere from Netherlands Dance Theatre at the Playhouse was *Zero Hour*, in which Astor Piazzolla's tangos drive four dancers including, conspicuously, NDT's Gioconda Barbuto, to quiet self-controlled frenzy. But most gripping of all was the Dutch National Ballet's

programme at the Festival Theatre of four established miniature master works, all of them piano scores.

Beethoven's music is the basis upon which three couples move *Adagio Hammerklavier* from silent expectancy, through contrasted moods of agitation, to a final serenity tinged with melancholy.

What a range there is from this to *Twilight*, where Nathalie Caris and Wim Broeckx pace wearily and fret and grapple before Jean-Paul Vroom's sinister brooding industrial landscape, and then moving on to the aggressive, anarchic passions of John Cage's *The Perilous Night*.

Sarcasme takes its title, not only from Prokofiev's score,

but also from the mood in which its two dancers (Sofiane Sylve and Jhan Magnus Johansen) challenge each other erotically, through force of movement and personality.

And in *Live*, with its unprecedented and unmatched mixture of stage action, immediate giant-sized video projection and recorded film, Liszt provides an ironically lyrical background against which Sabine Chaland is challenged by Henk van Dijk's camera for controlled detail of hand and foot, or a series of violent confrontations with her partner, Gael Lambiotte.

A unique, compelling and unforgettable performance of style and invention.

JOHN PERCIVAL

A dilemma taken too lightly

ITS RUN at the Traverse sold out within days. In a final neat twist, it has just been optioned by Film Four, having originally been commissioned then rejected as a drama series for BBC Scotland.

Liz Lochhead's *Perfect Days* has been the Ben Nevis of new writing at this year's festival and it is not hard to see why. The dialogue balances poetic nuances of phrasing against well-thumbed wit and lewd humour, while its Glasgow setting provides a local flavour for a personal crisis that is increasingly common in Western societies – a single woman's urgent desire to have a baby as she approaches the menopause. Throw in some hummable pop between scenes and the result is such stuff as box-office man-

THEATRE
PERFECT DAYS
TRAVERSE, EDINBURGH

agers' dreams are made on.

In striving to be the perfect *Zeitgeist* comedy, though, *Perfect Days* falls short of the expectations it sets up. You hardly notice this, so swaddled as everything is in gentle joviality. Barbs, the disaffected 38-year-old celebrity television hairdresser makes some highly debatable decisions. She has a secret affair with the handsome long-lost son of a friend, Alice, while she tries to impregnate herself with the sperm donated by her gay best friend, Brendan.

Yet the damage done to these three, when the revela-

tions break, is never really explored: the comic pace slows but does not fall off. Barbs is either forgiven her callousness on the spot, or not long after. "I'll be mother," says Alice, pouring a consolatory pot of tea for everyone and laughing at the aptness of the expression, even though it trivialises the scene.

Perhaps it is too much to ask of this play that it allows its audience to form a moral judgement about a subject usually associated with *Daily Mail* – style hysteria. It is interesting that the one person who displays a bigoted response, Barbs's mother Sadie, is conveniently out of the picture by the time her daughter's chickens come home to roost. The situation Barbs is in may be commonplace, but

drama that explores the frictions between the single would-be-all-costs mother and those around her is still in its infancy.

It is as if *Perfect Days* is too infatuated with its heroine to let her dilemmas be scrutinised too carefully: Lochhead apparently wrote Barbs with Siobhan Redmond in mind and the actress infuses the part with a winning vitality and warmth. But it does not connect with the character's cold, clinical behaviour. If only in its punter-friendly frothiness, *Perfect Days* had not, so to speak, thrown the baby out with the bathwater.

Traverse, Edinburgh 0131-223 1494. To 5 Sept queue for returns one hour before performance

DOMINIC CAVENTISH

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL TRANSFERS

YOUR GUIDE TO SHOWS TOURING AFTER EDINBURGH

Car Maintenance, Explosives and Love. Australian performer Donna Jackson swerves between three tales of love (for cars, explosives and another woman) in an energetic, intellectually under-revealed monologue. 8-10 Sept, The Ustinov Studio Theatre, Bath (01225 448815)

Cool Heat Urban Beat. Despite the slapdash title, this is a startlingly slick street dance show from Rennie Harris's Pure Movement hip-hop group, supported by Herbin Van Cayseele's trio of jazz tappers. 8-26 Sept, Peacock Theatre, London (0171-314 8800)

Crave. Sarah Kane's sedentary quartet for anonymous voices is an intense, head-spinning 45-minute

verbal assault. 8 Sept-3 Oct, Royal Court, London WC2 (0171-565 5000)

Ennio Marchetto: More spot-on original impersonations and transformations from the king of original impersonations and transformations. 3-21 Nov, Lyric Hammersmith, London W6 (0181-7412 311)

Horses for Courses: Peepolykus, a lovely surrealist trio, are taking this year's hit-and-miss show – a disaster-strewn "Russian Gala Evening of Siberian Entertainment" – on the road. Their first and best work *Let the Donkey Go!* is also being transferred out. *Let the Donkey Go!* (15, 16 Sept) *Horses for Courses* (17, 18 Sept), part of the British Festi-

val of Physical and Visual Theatre, BAC, London SW11 (0171-223 2223)

Hymn to Love. Elizabeth Mansfield excels as Piaf in Steve Trafford's moving but unsentimental account of the relation between the sparrow's life and her songs, directed by Annie Castledine. 30 Sept-24 Oct, Drill Hall, London WC1 (0171-637 8270)

Krapp's Last Tape. Edward Pefferbridge's turns in a five-star performance as Beckett's solitary old gent, cocking an ear and a snook at his recorded reminiscences. Richmond Theatre, Surrey 9-12 Sept (0181-940 0088) and touring Britain; final date: 5 Jan-6 Feb, Arts Theatre, London WC2 (0171-836 3334)

Legs on the Wall. Australian dance-theatre: "The movement is pretty soggy, but the sexual politics are well past their sell-by date," said our reviewer. 15-26 Sept, Riverside Studios, London W6 (0181-237 1111)

Love Upon the Throne. The National Theatre of Brent's deliberately garbled account of the relationship between Prince Charles and Diana is both laugh-out-loud funny and unexpectedly moving. 9-26 Sept, Bush Theatre, London W12 (0181-743 3368)

Mr Puntilla and His Man Matti. A winningly imaginative staging of Brecht's class-war comedy from the Right Size – the best theatre do-

ble-act in Britain. Everyman, Liverpool (8-12 Sept); Playhouse, Oxford (29 Sept-3 Oct); Warwick Arts Centre, Coventry (8-10 Oct); Almeida, London (13-31 Oct)

Skin Tight. A mish-mash of violent movement, over-tender lyricism and mawkish nudity from New Zealand as a husband and wife face up to each other and relive old times before saying farewell. 14 Sept-11 Oct New End, London, NW3 (0171-794 0022)

Ursula Martinez presents a Family Outing. One of the most intriguing shows of the Fringe, in which performer Martinez and her parents engage in some home-

made chat-show therapy. 27-31 Oct/ 27-31 Nov Drill Hall, London WC1 (0171-637 8270)

Still to be confirmed but sure to travel:

All Strange Away: Unmissable European premiere of a 1964 prose work by Samuel Beckett, from Asylum theatre company.

Once. An enchanting wordless anti-fairy tale from Russian clown troupe Derevo.

The Wrestling. Alex Lowe's poignant tribute to what was once the nation's favourite test-time sport, based on the book by Simon Garfield.

The Last Obit. Angela Pleasence's creepily comic monologue of MIL-

licent, the *Morning Telegraph's* obituarist.

Stand. An unerring comedy of pitch and pub manners written by David Bown, and performed by the National Student Theatre Company, will be staged at Hull Truck Theatre, date to be confirmed.

FERRIER DATES: The four Ferrier nominees, Peter Kay, Al Murray, Sean Cullen and Ed Byrne will be appearing together with this year's winner, Tommy Tiernan, plus this year's best newcomer, The Mighty Boosh on consecutive Sundays. Exact billings to be decided. 27 Sept, 5 Oct, 11 Oct. Her Majesty's Theatre, London SW1 (0171-494 5400)



World record holder

Since Capital took over XFM, things have been going from bland to worse. Not for DJ John Kennedy, though. By Steven Jelbert

Somewhere in New Zealand a chap called Peter King makes records. That is, he hand-cuts music on to clear plastic discs one at a time, in editions as small as 20, sometimes in strange sizes such as eight inches in diameter. He listens to each one twice to check quality. And eventually on the other side of the world, a man called John Kennedy plays them on the radio.

For the last year Kennedy's show on XFM, *The Midnight Rambler* (his pattern is perhaps not the slickest), has been simply the best, most eclectic show on British radio, playing 50 tracks a night from stars such as the Manic Street Preachers and Prodigy to bands with names like Yossarian and Clockwork Voodoo Freaks, alongside classics from Bob Dylan, Fela Kuti and Grandmaster Flash. He has been known to observe with a straight face: "The bassoon is the instrument of now". All sound is here, from the pages of *The Wire* to *Smash Hits*.

Unfortunately, last week saw the official announcement by the new owners of Capital Radio, "London's Only Alternative", of their new line-up of DJs and programming plans. Innovation is out, and stalwarts such as Keith Cameron, Ricky Gervaise and the world's oldest teenager Gary Crowley, untempted by the offer of the graveyard shift, 1am-6am, have walked.

Worse, the bosses aim to introduce a 24-hour-a-day playlist system, stifling still further the opportunities for new music to find a place on the airwaves.

Capital's appointments include a breakfast DJ from Invicta Radio, who has apparently never been to a gig and

considers the defunct Black Grape to be extending the boundaries, and the ex-Capital jock, forty-something Jeff Young, in the lunch-time slot. Most bizarre of all, the venerable "Sir" Bob Geldof has moved on to the crucial drive-time show for 104 days (count 'em), in a blatant attempt to build up the RAJAR ratings figures. The current measurement system, which effectively excludes transient (but vital) listeners such as students and visitors, relies on a national panel of some 20,000, and counts 15 minutes on a frequency each month towards the statistics. Geldof seems poised to gain attention for the wrong reasons, after a gaffe regarding the health of an ill, but definitely alive, Ian Dury (Chris Morris couldn't have done it better), and his plea for advice on new music at his introductory press conference.

Capital seems to have little understanding of the culture it is dealing with. Whatever its faults (and there were many), XFM was inherently music-led, and therefore inspired fierce loyalty. Already a rock daubed with a plain white "X" has flown through the window of Capital's famously well equipped Leicester Square HQ, and a wreath was reportedly sent to a senior executive there.

Ian Watson, of *Melody Maker*, the only music paper to make an attempt to oppose the sale, is disgusted but unsurprised by the volte-face. "It's completely dishonest," he says. "They only got the go-ahead [from the Radio Authority] as long as the music policy remained unchanged." Where once the test-time show played MCs records, Geldof opts for Van Morrison and Bruce Springsteen. "Old men's music," Watson complains. "I don't

think they care if they lose every single listener from before. Honestly, it's worse than Capital FM. Or Capital Gold."

It leaves DJs such as Kennedy in a difficult position, finding themselves shunted around the schedules - currently overnight at the weekends - and subjected to a stringent music policy, something Radio One discarded years ago for its specialist shows.

This seems a waste of the talents of this unassuming, 33-year-old history of art graduate, already marked as the next John Peel. Kennedy loves music - all music. "I get sent lots of records, but even that doesn't satisfy me. I have to go out and buy more I don't know anything about," he confesses. He'd like to broadcast the side project of his Name is Alive's Warren Dever, but it's produced only in an edition on wax cylinder.

Such is his enthusiasm that he even seems to get excited over untitled tracks from unmarked CDs, breathlessly intoning "That was track nine" like a breakfast DJ with a Spice Girls exclusive. He even admits to having played a record which arrived with a blank sleeve and label - he deduced the artist through the matrix number scratched into the run-out groove.

Despite such esoteric knowledge, he disclaims any expertise. "Although I do know a lot about music, I don't see myself as a big expert or anything," says the former BBC record librarian.

So how many records do you have, then? "I don't count them." How many rooms, then? "Five rooms out of eight in the flat. Which is ridiculous. There's no room for them. I've got walls of CDs that look like wallpaper." Do you alphabetise them? "I try to,"

he shrugs, as if unequal to the task. How does your partner feel about all this? He laughs guiltily. "She's very supportive, if somewhat baffled."

His obsessiveness is well known. One record-plugger claims to have tormented Kennedy simply by describing records the DJ had yet to obtain. He doesn't deny the charge. "If you're doing this job that's how you should approach it," he says. He has no time for those who close their ears to various forms. "I've heard journalists on the XFM review show say, 'It's a rap record. I can't comment on that.' That's a cop-out. We've had rap music for 20 years; it's part of popular music, part of our culture. You don't have to like it, but you should try to understand where it's coming from."

He well understands that today's unlistenable racket is tomorrow's mainstream. "That harsh broadcast sound like Digital Hardcore is bound to cross over at some point, just because it's dead catchy, even though it seems like a din at first. You can jump around to it. And it's going to get bigger."

He also tips Fridge, post-rock teenage students, and their spin-off Four Tet, already raved about in many quarters. He explains warily, "The only thing that's not commercial about the Four Tet record is that it's 35 minutes long, so it doesn't fit into mathematical radio programming. It's got tunes... it's got millions of tunes."

Whether Kennedy's new bosses will be as far-sighted is unlikely, but this show really is the sort of gem - acclaimed, respected, intelligent - that Capital is notorious for cancelling. They should understand that someone's got to keep the door to the future open.



DJ John Kennedy - already marketed as the next John Peel

Adrian Dennis

Am I the only viewer who is desperate for new faces?

THERE IS a certain irony to the fact that Vanessa Feltz is fronting a BBC programme called *Value for Money*. VFM was not what Anglia Television decided her £2.75m fee demand was last week, but the Beeb has stepped in with an offer that nearly matches. We will be bombarded by that fulsome bullying 500 times in the next two years, and that's just the morning confessional slot - there's all the evening stuff as well.

Five hundred? Many people don't get to see their wives that often. But Vanessa, though her jackpot pay-out sets yet another precedent for the UK TV industry, is hardly unusual in her swamping presence on our screens. Every time you turn on the telly, there's Snülle, Tarrant, Clarkson, Theakston, Jounson, Reeves, Mortimer, Dayton, Anderson, Wogan, Ball... And if they're not grinning and giggling at a studio audience, then they're

pestering us to buy something. Can you name more than half-a-dozen other presenters working at the moment? Thought not: they've got the market sewn up. In the words of another celebrity fond of his advertising fees, NO! Commissioning Editor! NO! Are there really only a dozen people in the country who can stand in front of a camera? Are you really so busy that you can't hold auditions? Is Lammarr the only charmless oaf around? Are

there no Cambridge science graduates other than Vorderman? Is being nice really only something that can be done by Roslin? Is total vacancy a talent only Turner possesses? Patronising aggression the sole province of Robinson? The domination of presentation on TV by a handful of individuals is bad for all of us. My contacts in youth research tell me that one topic comes up repeatedly in media groups: how

much the young are turned off by what they regard as laziness on the part of commissioning editors, ringing for Dayton and sending out for sushi. Style leader and early-adopter youth, it seems, are turning off their tellyes, and what the early-adopters are doing, late adopters are going to catch on to sooner or later. Good news for bars and publishers, bad news for telly, even if they will have brought it on themselves.

There's a lot of guff talked about professionalism in the business, but the ease with which the average member of the public seems to approach TV cameras these days suggests that there's a huge pool of potential professionals out there. Celebrity fees, mostly for the dumbest end of the market - game shows, chat shows, talent shows, the lottery, Accacia Avenue travel slots - eat our licence fees. That £2.5m

Vanessa's getting is your £2.5m, remember. 25 people could cover an awful lot more air time at £100,000, or 50 at £50,000, and the price of mansions in Hampstead wouldn't be so grossly inflated. A presenter, after all, merely introduces or brings something or someone before the public. Or, to put it another way, all a presenter has to do is be present.

SERENA MACKESY

Eastern light and magic



Mariko Kaga (Gertrude), Hiroyuki Sanada (Hamlet) and Tetsuro Sagawa (Claudius)

Kohji Fukunaga

AT THE start of Ninagawa's *Hamlet*, you could be forgiven for thinking that you were in for some Japanese *Kiss Me Kate*-style backstage musical of Shakespeare. With the house lights up, the performers are seen in two tiers of dressing-rooms, each with its light-bulbed mirror, flowers and good luck cards. Time checks are called. There is a bustle of preparation.

Ninagawa has always been fond of framing devices, from the pair of ragged crones who, laboriously parting and closing the front panels in his stuporous *Macbeth*, seemed like the eternal witnesses of some endlessly recurring tragic ritual, to his idea of presenting *The Tempest* as a play within a play, overseen by a director who had overtones of another exiled magician, the 15th-century Noh actor-playwright Zeami.

In his *Hamlet*, there's a constant emphasis on the treacherous gap between social performance and private reality. For Shakespeare's hero, the world of Elsinore comes to resemble a creepily unpublicised theatre where everyone, apart from Horatio, may be acting a part, and where a man like Claudius can "smile, and smile and be a villain".

Ninagawa's production communicates an eerie sense of this. For example, during scene changes, rather than remain in blackout, he brings the lights back on, so that the rows of curtains seem to be caught in the act of a shifty cover-up, as they whiskingly switch from, say, depicting Mt Fuji, to conveying the interior of the court. And these curtains allow for a wonderful affect towards the end of the first half when Hamlet climbs

THEATRE

NINAGAWA'S HAMLET
BARBICAN THEATRE
LONDON

the tall staircase and the drapes suddenly become spookily translucent. Behind them, we see not just the newly arrived players preparing for their performance of *The Mousetrap*, but those unofficial actors, Gertrude (Mariko Kaga) and Claudius (Tetsuro Sagawa), in the pensive offstage isolation of their separate dressing-rooms, separate cell-like consciousnesses.

A dashing, charismatic figure, much given to whirling his black cloak around him, Hiroyuki Sanada is an ardent, appealing Hamlet whose "antic disposition" has an impassioned dynamism. The set, however, does few favours to the hero's great contront-

ation with Gertrude, since here she has to come out of her top-tier dressing-room and descend to the impersonal main stage.

There's no bed, and a much diminished sense of Oedipal violated space, and the ghost is so far away that there's none of the pathos that comes from Gertrude's unwitting proximity to her former husband. But in several little touches, such as the way, after violently grappling with his mother, he tenderly straightens the fallen strap of her nightdress, Sanada powerfully transmits the painful dividedness of Hamlet's feelings.

Some of the stage pictures are lovely, but an English audience may puzzle over their point. For example, Takako Matsu's vulnerable Ophelia is first seen, on what looks to be some special feast day, arranging dolls on a scarlet-carpeted shrine

like a miniature staircase. This ceremonial object then reappears in a giant replica as the stage-set for *The Murder of Gonzago* with the players distributed like motionless puppets across the steps, until scattered by Claudius's stormy exit. The pictorial connection is clear, the thematic connection culturally opaque or even non-existent.

More of a painter than a prober into meaning (these are productions you simply gasp at rather than mull over), Ninagawa has been bringing work to the UK for 13 years now, and it's becoming clear that he's not the Peter Brook kind of great director, who is constantly reinventing himself from scratch.

Ninagawa plays beguiling variations on the same set of tricks. But what magical tricks they are.

PAUL TAYLOR

THE RATINGS

BBC 1

Soaps continue to exercise their stranglehold on ratings. Only the movie *Addams Family Values* in the Top Ten and, lower down, *Fairly Towers* and *Men Behaving Badly* offer respite.

Programme	Total (millions)
1 <i>EastEnders</i> (Thu/Sun)	15.89
2 <i>EastEnders</i> (Tue/Sun)	13.39
3 <i>EastEnders</i> (Mon/Sun)	12.71
4 <i>Changing Rooms</i>	10.07
5 <i>Vets in Practice</i>	8.14
6 <i>Neighbours</i> (Mon)	8.11
7 <i>Neighbours</i> (Thu)	8.10
9 <i>Neighbours</i> (Wed)	8.10
8 <i>Neighbours</i> (Fri)	8.07
10 <i>Addams Family Values</i>	8.03

ITV

Meanwhile, over on ITV, the *Corrie*/*Emmerdale* lock-out remains in place, barely threatened by a host of other soaps, game shows, big matches and *Duck Patrol* (at no. 16 with a bullet).

Programme	Total (millions)
1 <i>Coronation St</i> (Mon)	13.91
2 <i>Coronation St</i> (Fri)	13.39
3 <i>Coronation St</i> (Sun)	12.86
4 <i>Coronation St</i> (Wed)	12.29
5 <i>Emmerdale</i> (Thu)	10.96
6 <i>Emmerdale</i> (Wed)	10.30
7 <i>Emmerdale</i> (Tue/Wed)	9.91
8 <i>Eye of the Storm</i>	8.73
9 <i>Touch of Frost</i>	8.46
10 <i>Home and Away</i> (Wed)	7.75

SKY 1

They surely like the Aegean sun on Sky 1. More than twice as many tune into *Greece Uncovered* as do for any other programme. So thank you *Simpsons* for... well, for being there.

Programme	Total (millions)
1 <i>Greece Uncovered</i>	1.27
2 <i>Stargate SG1</i>	0.63
3 <i>Star Trek Voyager</i>	0.62
4 <i>The Simpsons</i> (Sun 1800)	0.55
5 <i>The Simpsons</i> (Sun 1830)	0.53
6 <i>The X-Files</i>	0.47
7 <i>Friends</i>	0.46
8 <i>The Simpsons</i> (Fri)	0.41
8 <i>The Simpsons</i> (Tue)	0.41
10 <i>The Simpsons</i> (Wed)	0.40

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NETWORK

Every move you make, I'll be watching

Fancy your whole life being scrutinised by hidden cameras and broadcast? It's not 1984, just the latest web craze. By Vanessa Thorpe

Like to live rent free for six months? Yes, please. In return for 24-hour video surveillance? Perhaps not. Yet this is the nature of the Faustian pact that our young women have just made with Bravo, the raunchy cable TV channel.

Winning an audition process that pitted them against hundreds of rival candidates, the aspiring performers Beth, Arwen, Mylene and Ellie-Ann have all signed up to have their domestic lives continuously monitored by Web surfers. In exchange, the four strangers have been allowed to stay together, rent-free, in a large house in an undisclosed North London street. The project, called *The Dolls' House*, went online last Friday and is regarded by Bravo as the next logical step after the immense popularity of *GirlCam*, which it claimed was Europe's first live Net "peep show" that earned the Bravo Web site around 60,000 hits on its launch day.

Bravo's selected "dolls" are in their late teens and early twenties, and have obviously been picked for their attractive appearance and friendly personalities. Audition notes made by Bravo executives reveal the tone of the enterprise.

"Up for it!" reads one. "Dead spit of Patricia Arquette!"

"She loves the camera. Ditsy. Andie McDowell vacuous style," commented another.

The dolls themselves are embracing the opportunity to expose themselves to the world.

"We are all exhibitionists anyway, although I think I may well decide to change in the bathroom from now on," admitted Arwen, a 21-year-old professional singer/model/actress/receptionist/whatever.

"It will be great publicity for me and, to be honest, I might even have done without the offer of free accommodation," she said.

"Although the good thing about us moving in together is that it gives us the secret address that we will need for security. That side of it makes me feel much better."

"I know there is always a chance that a neighbour will recognise us, but I think it's quite remote."

Joining Arwen in her new home will be a professional Hawaiian dancer

(Mylene, 20), a token Northerner (Beth, 20), and finally the "baby doll" of the quartet, Ellie Ann, aged 19, who once held the Miss Pears title.

The foursome's freshly wired home has cameras positioned in each of the bedrooms and in the communal living space, providing Net surfers with live images that are updated every 10 seconds. The bedrooms are also being fitted out with a computer terminal,

By offering its viewers intimate access to these four young lives Bravo hopes to turn them into, at the least, minor celebrities.

so that the residents can chat online with visitors to the site.

Just like *GirlCam*, which chronicled almost every moment in the life of the actress Sara West, *The Dolls' House* site was put together as a way of creating a regular feed-in feature for Bravo's magazine show for men, *The Basement*.

By offering its viewers constant intimate access to these four young lives, Bravo hopes to turn its living dolls into, at least, minor league celebrities. Every week, one or other of the virtual dolls will appear on *The Basement* to offer viewers more information (what more can there possibly be?) about their lives, loves, hopes and ambitions.

Bravo are naturally banking on the fact that male fans will develop a penchant for their own favourite "fabulously sexy doll". The four will each post a weekly diary of their lives, and will be required to reply conscientiously to viewers' e-mails.

The Web page itself has been designed to resemble the plan of the house, so that discriminating visitors can choose which bedroom, out of the five, to go into. In addition, Bravo is offering online profiles of all the tenants and, eventually, a league table to show which doll is scoring the most hits each week.

In spite of claims it was *it* of the project, the voyeuristic familiar conceit.

It was born, with *Jennica* Jenni Ringley in London DC has first went she dare, and from lion hits a wee Happy to see when it seen was fervent in site. She cor wildlife docum was a site abo about sex.

Whatever I Jenni may have set, the idea is lating for max swift to spot. A deal it has str new dolls is project. If their had simply v parade in fror eras, without the frisson of would have been all, watching are deliberate for an audience dull.

On the other however honor resist the c watch some they don't know are there? Ye West's experie *GirlCam* is s to go by, the v visitor to the likely to be pointed. The tion she was most often was: "When a going to tidy u mess in room?"

'The Dolls' Ho can be found at http://www.bravo.co.uk



BYTES

ANDY OLDFIELD

IT HAS emerged that Microsoft bullied Intel into shelving new technology efforts that conflicted with its own ambitions. Following depositions from Intel employees ahead of the anti-trust case to be brought against Microsoft, the US government is investigating whether the company used its market strength to force Intel to abandon moves into Internet and multimedia technology.

MICROSOFT ENGINEERS in 1991 discussed the possibility of introducing a bug into the Windows operating system. An e-mail from David Cole, head of Windows development, to another executive described "some pretty wild ideas" to "put competitors on a treadmill".

The e-mail was prompted by what Microsoft saw as a clone of its DOS operating system by Caldera, which two years ago brought an anti-trust action against Microsoft saying that the company intended "to destroy competition in the software industry". Caldera is claiming that Microsoft has yet to provide all the DOS and Windows source code it was ordered to hand over.

A STATE law exempting Internet-related business from new or discriminatory local taxes for three years, has been passed in California, which leads the way in regulating the Net in the US.

Sales are forecast to reach \$300bn in the next four years. "We need to allow the Internet and its related industries to develop without the market distortions caused by a haphazard tax structure," said California's Governor, Pete Wilson.

Last week California also passed a bill allowing e-mail providers to sue "spammers" to recover losses caused by their unsolicited bulk e-mail.

TEXAS INSTRUMENTS can now build the smallest transistors ever, with a length of 0.07 microns - 1,000 times thinner than a human hair. Instead of 125 million transistors on one chip, more than 400 million could be fitted, resulting in smaller, faster products. A two-to-three-year production schedule is possible.

LUCCENT TECHNOLOGIES' Lucent Speech Application Platform will enable developers to build Windows-based applications for speech-enabled products. E-mail readers, voice-controlled Web browsers and automatic news readers are likely to be the first desktop applications to benefit. The technology may, however, need fast Pentium II processors to run efficiently - a point not lost on Intel, which has joined with Lucent to develop remote-access applications.

TWO MATHEMATICIANS based in Zurich unveiled a new security system last week which is designed to prevent hacking on the Internet. The researchers said they plan to give away their findings free, to bolster public confidence in the security of the Internet.

Pitfalls that lurk for unsuspecting Customs men

"LURKING", in Net parlance, is the name given to the act of passively auditing services such as Usenet news groups, chat rooms and e-mail lists.

Lurking is one way in which media types glean hot news tips. In fact, lurking is a near-ideal way for reporters on the hi-tech beat to get story leads. Lots of things emerge on lists and news groups, despite the penalty of wading through much that is not particularly newsworthy.

Thus it was with great amusement that I read recently the plight of one hapless member of the press who was dragged off by HM Customs after alighting from a Eurostar train. You may have read the tale, first offered in *The Independent* on 17 August (<http://www.independent.co.uk/net/980817net/story1.html>), before becoming a global item. Two badge-flashing gumshoes snatched Kenneth Cukier, a technology commentator, and led him off behind a wall, where they proceeded to shake him

down for "illegal drugs, fire arms, bomb-making materials, lewd and obscene pornographic material..."

Cukier, it should be noted, is more likely to be seen lecturing at prestigious universities, or in the chambers of international commissions pondering weighty technological standards, than up against the wall in Waterloo Station.

It quickly materialises that what HM Customs really wants to do is scan Cukier's hard drive for porn, presumably because computers make relatively poor places to hide drugs, guns and bombs. We lurkers, in turn, can share the absurdity of the moment, deliciously written by Cukier, without having to put up with the ignominy of being dragged from a train platform.

To be sure, lurkers also don't have to deal with what must no doubt be the difficult mission of HM Customs officials. They somehow have to pick potential miscreants out of throngs of legitimate travellers, a task that

must make for many awkward situations similar to the one recounted by Cukier. And, of course, we forget that these same agents do nail crazed bombers and other less-than-perfect citizens.

But lurkers need have little pride, so it's no problem to be hugely amused by the outrageous implausibility of this particular situation. With probably millions of ways for porn to travel into the UK - over the Internet; by dial-up connection; over private networks; via satellite link, transatlantic cable, clandestine short-wave data broadcast and even newsstand and videotape - HM Customs is stopping people with computers alighting from Continental trains.

You can't help wondering what leap of progress it was when they started checking trains instead of chariots, or pedestrians returning from pilgrimages to Jerusalem. Can you imagine a memo directing agents to cease looking for porn



CHRIS GULKER

What HM Customs really wants to do is scan Cukier's hard drive for porn...

etched upon stone tablets. In favour of lap-top computers, complete with instructions on how to tell the difference? Will the next technological leap involve dunning people who arrive with lap-tops on - wonder of wonders - aeroplanes?

But back to our e-mail protagonist. Says he, no, there are no guns, bombs or porn on this computer. So, say Her Majesty's agents, you won't mind if we scan your hard drive? Visions of a leering cop, a hot spotlight and the other accoutrements of a B detective movie. The agent even asks, "Do you have Internet on this thing?" as if the Internet would fit on a hard drive. This is priceless, as lurking goes.

The story gets even better: leering agent pulls the bag apart only to discover that the traveller's computer is, horrors, an Apple. Her Majesty's finest technologists, it seems, have not cracked the problem of scanning a Macintosh.

Techie lurkers are doubled up in fits of laughter, at this juncture. There are, no doubt, more than a few British 14-year-olds who have scanned hard drives belonging to such fortified and, theoretically, technologically inaccessible bastions as the military, the

nuclear power industry, England's mightiest banks and, I would guess, HM Customs' computers themselves, to name a few. I presume that HM Customs has computers.

Pimples kids have earned notoriety by cracking secure systems running UNIX, Windows NT and mainframes running arcane, unknown, ancient operating systems with shadowy names such as Guardian. But HM's troops can't scan a hard drive on a computer so easy to use that it's the choice of many primary schools.

My five-year-old godson has mastered the Mac. Suddenly, my image of British technology, replete with James Bond and the phlegmatic Q's whizzy gizmos, is getting a sharp reality check. I hate it when that happens.

Unless, of course, it's funny. Our hero can't believe it: he's tempted to lash into these obvious techno-wimps, but a pressing meeting calls. He packs up, with only a few

slighting remarks aimed at the now willing agents who advise him, gruffly, to move along.

With a zillion unguarded electronic portals, HM Customs is camping out at the train station, shaking down suspect-looking foreigners, who turn out to be university lecturers. The only more amusing story would be Customs' apprehension of some gang who really do choose the train to move slowly, and at great risk, bits that could have quickly and surreptitiously moved in many other ways.

It's a little like hiring guards and charging them to stop any bikini-clad Swedes from smuggling copies of *Playboy* in to the choir while they sit at Evensong, only to learn that Danes and Finns easily pass through, owing to the guards' inability to detect scantily clad persons of other nationalities.

Even a lurker might be able to help in that situation, or, at least, to the laughing.

cg@gulker.com

The beat goes online

Digital music distribution is nearly here. Goodbye record shops.

By Mark Chadbourn

In five years' time you won't be able to wander into your local record shop to pick up the latest release from the last remaining Spice Girl: there won't be any record shops. Anywhere. At the same time, the big record companies will have been brought to their knees, desperately strip-mining their back catalogues because they have no new music to release. And all because of digital music distribution.

If you believe that scenario, you're touchingly uncorrupted by Net cynicism, brought on by the regular, wild predictions of cyberspace doomsmongers who trumpet the death of this or that commercial dinosaur. Yet if you take a walk through the halls of the music industry multinationals, there is unmistakable anxiety etched on the faces of many top executives.

The big record companies have always known that the development of cyberspace is going to change completely the way they operate. But now, new advances in the digital delivery of music have sent things spinning out of their control.

Typically, it's the smaller, more streamlined record companies that are leading the way, with US label Twin/Tone at the head of the pack. After 21 years launching bands such as Babes in Toyland and the Replacements, for the Minneapolis-based company the CD has already gone the way of vinyl. All its product will now be sold over the Web as CD-quality sound files, downloaded into the machines of fans and paid for very cheaply by credit card. At their Web site, you can try out the music before you buy it in the online equivalent of those booths they used

to have in Fifties' record stores. And this way they can boost the number of bands they sign - at least 1,000 by the end of the year.

Twin/Tone's revolution has been made possible by a new delivery system called Liquid Audio. It used to take hours to download a single track. Liquid Audio does it in less than 10 minutes, with Dolby Digital technology providing CD-quality sound. The software is free, downloadable from the Liquid Audio site, and if you're up to date with your music technology, and have a CD recorder, with Liquid Audio you can "burn" your own CD, with tracks of your choosing in the order you want to hear them. Half the fun of buying a CD is getting the sleeve and album information, but with Liquid Audio you get those too - album graphics, lyrics and liner notes.

Paul Stark, Twin/Tone's boss, is adamant that he has chosen the right way forward: "The present distribution chain is too inefficient for getting music in the hands, or ears, of the music fans. For indie labels, as well as new bands on majors, this antiquated system can eat up over 70 per cent of the selling price of each CD sold. "When the industry gets to the point when it can deliver movies and other full screen-motion videos in real time, via home delivery over the Internet, there will be no need for home storage of video tapes, CDs, DVDs etc. It's the future and it's coming sooner than anyone imagines."

The advantage of Liquid Audio over other delivery systems, such as A2R, MPG-3 and Real Audio, is that it allows encryption and watermarking, vital security measures to prevent bootlegging. When a track is downloaded, the buyer's credit

card number is encrypted within it, allowing the producers to trace any bootlegged track back to the source.

But the multinationals, naturally, plan to go their own way. IBM is currently in secret negotiations with Warner Music and Sony to launch a digital music distribution system with the Mission Impossible-style code name, The Madison Project. Few details have emerged, but the software is believed to have cost around £12 million to develop.

The level of secrecy surrounding the project shows how seriously digital delivery is being taken by the multinationals. Any call about it results in an uneasy silence and then a sudden passing of the buck to the next level of the executive ladder. Five calls wended a trail back and forth across the Atlantic until Patricia Keel, Sony's US vice-president of corporate communications, finally said, "We're not making any comment whatsoever at the moment about the Madison Project. I think you'll find that no other companies will comment either." Warners and

IBM backed her up on that front.

At the same time, Sony, Warner and BSB have become partners in Music Choice, which will provide 44 channels of DJ-free music, from opera and Sounds of India to love songs and "generation rock", as part of Sky's new digital TV system. Sky's system can be routed through music systems and PCs as well as TVs, although Simon Bazalgette, Music Choice's sales and marketing director, was adamant the technology wasn't there "at the moment". "The experience of downloading from the Web is pretty poor at the moment," he says. "And the consumer demand and marketing isn't there yet, but that can be developed over time."

"Right now, we are trying to build up a core music service. Sony and Warners are well aware that if more people listen to more music they will buy more music." The sudden urgency exhibited by the multinationals is fired by the knowledge that some of their biggest-earning artists are already investigating digital de-

livery systems. There would be nothing to prevent bands of the calibre of REM or U2, with a well-established, techno-smart fan base, from cutting out the record companies completely. In the long term, bands could show New Labour a thing or two about reaping the fruits of their labours.

Twin/Tone's Paul Stark agrees. "For some groups, there will be no need for major labels. Majors won't go away, but the landscape will really change. Most majors are connected to television, movie and game companies. I would guess that the record divisions will turn into promotional wings for the other divisions, using sound tracks and albums to promote other products."

"For the big groups, the money is in touring and merchandising. Record labels are used as marketing companies. Groups who can have their own staff will soon ask why they are giving up so much of the profits to their label."

Stark is taking the long view, which is always a healthy sign where

technology is concerned. But whether the multinationals find some way to make digital delivery work for them or not, there's barely a glimmer of hope for record stores. Artists with the commercial clout of All Saints, the Spice Girls or Boyzone don't come along very often, and their phenomenal success over the last couple of years masks the fact that the music industry is already in crisis. Record sales are generally falling year-on-year - down 7 per cent in the US last year, despite almost twice as many releases as the year before. Record shops are cutting back on the number of titles they stock and supermarkets and chain stores are cutting the amount of shelf space they have for CDs (cassettes are almost gone). To lose even more sales to digital delivery would be a blow too much.

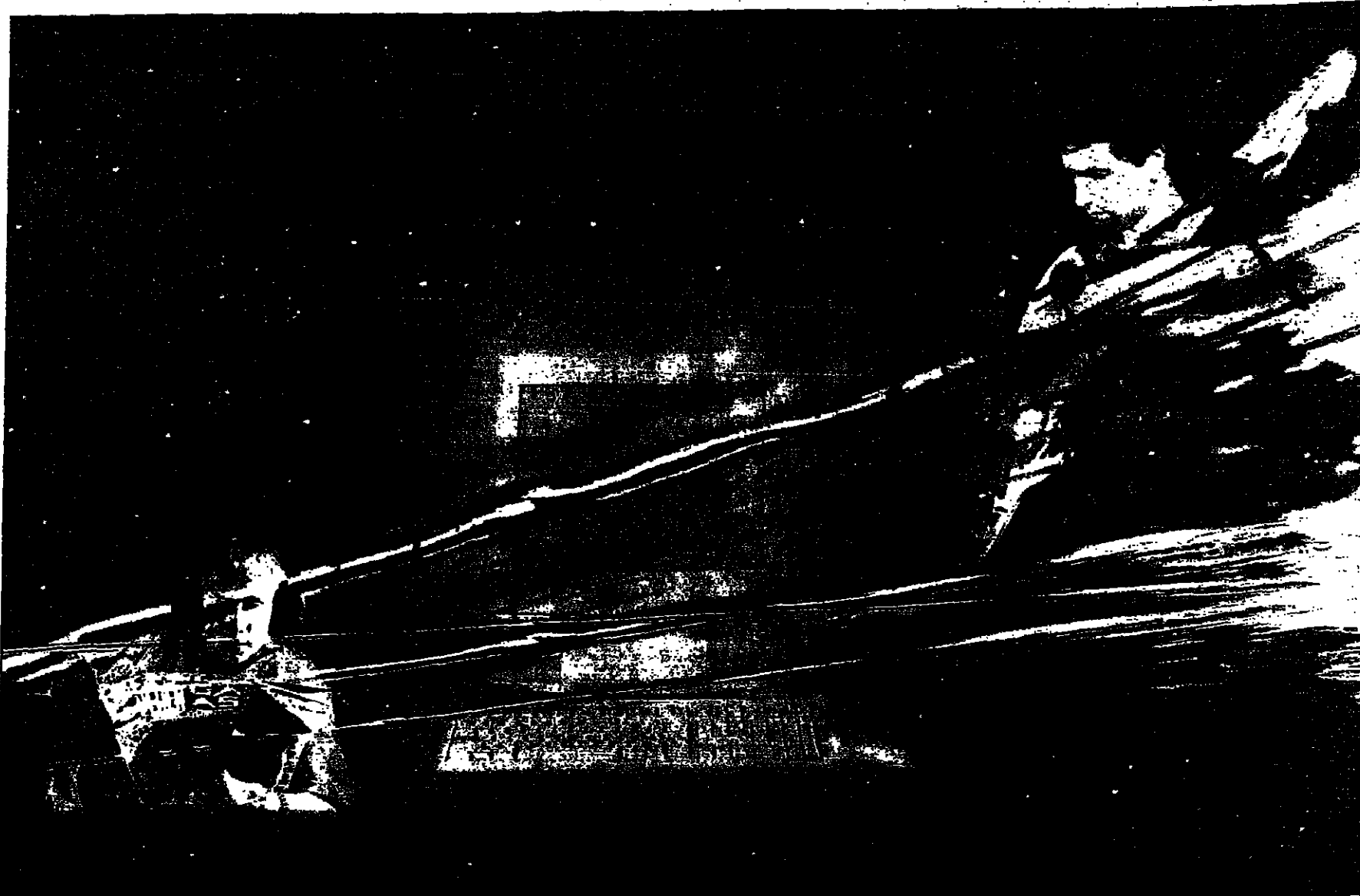
The time scale of all this is still open to debate, but with the potential (big) losers identified, who will actually gain? Certainly the bands, who will directly reap the financial benefits of their own music. But most

of all, it will be the fans - or at least the fans who are wired. They'll get the music cheaply, easily, and without any interference from the record company executives who think they know better than the artists about what makes a good song.

Besides, there's not a lot of sympathy left among music fans for the overbearing, multinational record companies. Anger at the allegedly artificially inflated prices of CDs has been simmering for years, and it's hard to shake the feeling that each new format, CD, DAT or Mini disc, is designed to put more cash in the coffers of big business rather than for the benefit of the financially strapped music lover. As in many other areas in the development of cyberspace, power is gradually shifting away from the big corporations to the people who deserve it.

And that will be music to most people's ears.

Twin/Tone: <http://www.tt.net>
Liquid Audio: <http://www.liquidaudio.com>



WEBSITES

BILL PANNIFER

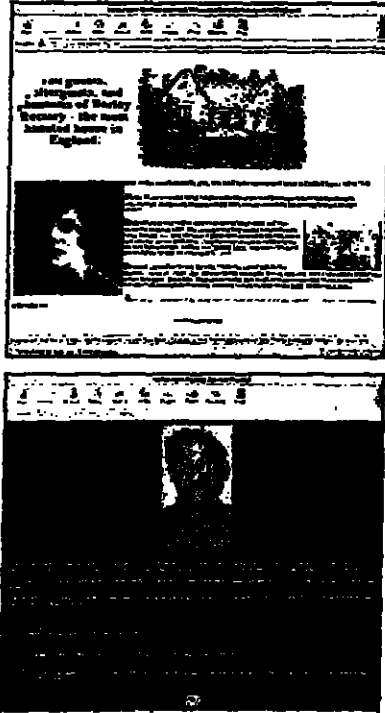
Jihads, poltergeists and how to avoid ageing

Azzam Publications

<http://www.webstorage.com/~azzam/index.html>
For some unsettling insights into recent events, try this site for Azzam, a "jihad-oriented publishing company". The aim is to make available relevant texts in English, and to "incite the believers", either into making donations or, preferably, setting off to defend Islam abroad. Documents include a lengthy and influential tirade from Osama bin Laden. Within the same, seemingly unproblematic spectrum, there are accounts and photographs of attacks by mujaheddin against Russian troops in Chechnya and Afghanistan and of the deaths of volunteers fighting for the Bosnian Muslims against the Serbs. Books and tapes are on sale, celebrating various martyrs, and there's lots of interesting, though contentious, text on jihad as a religious obligation. The company emphasises it does not support "terrorist acts against innocent citizens".

Borley Rectory - the most haunted house in England

<http://www.borleyrectory.com/>
These intriguing pages team with ghosts, poltergeists and phantoms but are also about a search for roots. Ipswich-born, Utah-based Vincent O'Neill's account of a notorious haunted house in Suffolk also involves discoveries about his own adoption and the colourful past of his foster-mother. Trouble at the Rectory - including an inexplicable flying brick photographed by Life magazine in 1948 - seems to have been caused by a medieval nun walled up nearby for an adulterous liaison. When O'Neill's mum stayed there in the Thirties, she witnessed hundreds of putatively paranormal goings-on, though she herself seems not to have been convinced. Much of the ectoplasm is commercial-grade: there are ghost tours, and chapter-by-chapter links to O'Neill's books which, once the reader is hooked, finish - with the URLs of subsequent instalments available at \$10 each. An



audio clip of Mother's favourite movie is also included - Psycho, inevitably.

The Museum of Science & Industry in Manchester

<http://www.msimg.org.uk/shocked/home.html>
Appropriately, this site is both high-tech and very busy. VRML, QTVR, video-streaming and hi-fi sound are all present and correct, and include some startling stereo sound effects, an animated demo of how an aeroplane flies, and film clips of astronauts. The presentation is slick, but perhaps more endearing are online versions of old-fashioned, low-tech thrills. Here's one of those games where you pass a loop along a wire without making contact and setting off a buzzer (trickier than remembered from school fetes). Somewhat overdone - with ethereally floating links and "distressed" old-8mm-movie scratches - the site also includes a stroll through a 19th-

century sewer which bears a vague resemblance to a labyrinthine Windows screensaver. The museum version of this includes realistic sounds and smells - the latter, fortunately, still beyond the reach of the most ambitious Web designer.

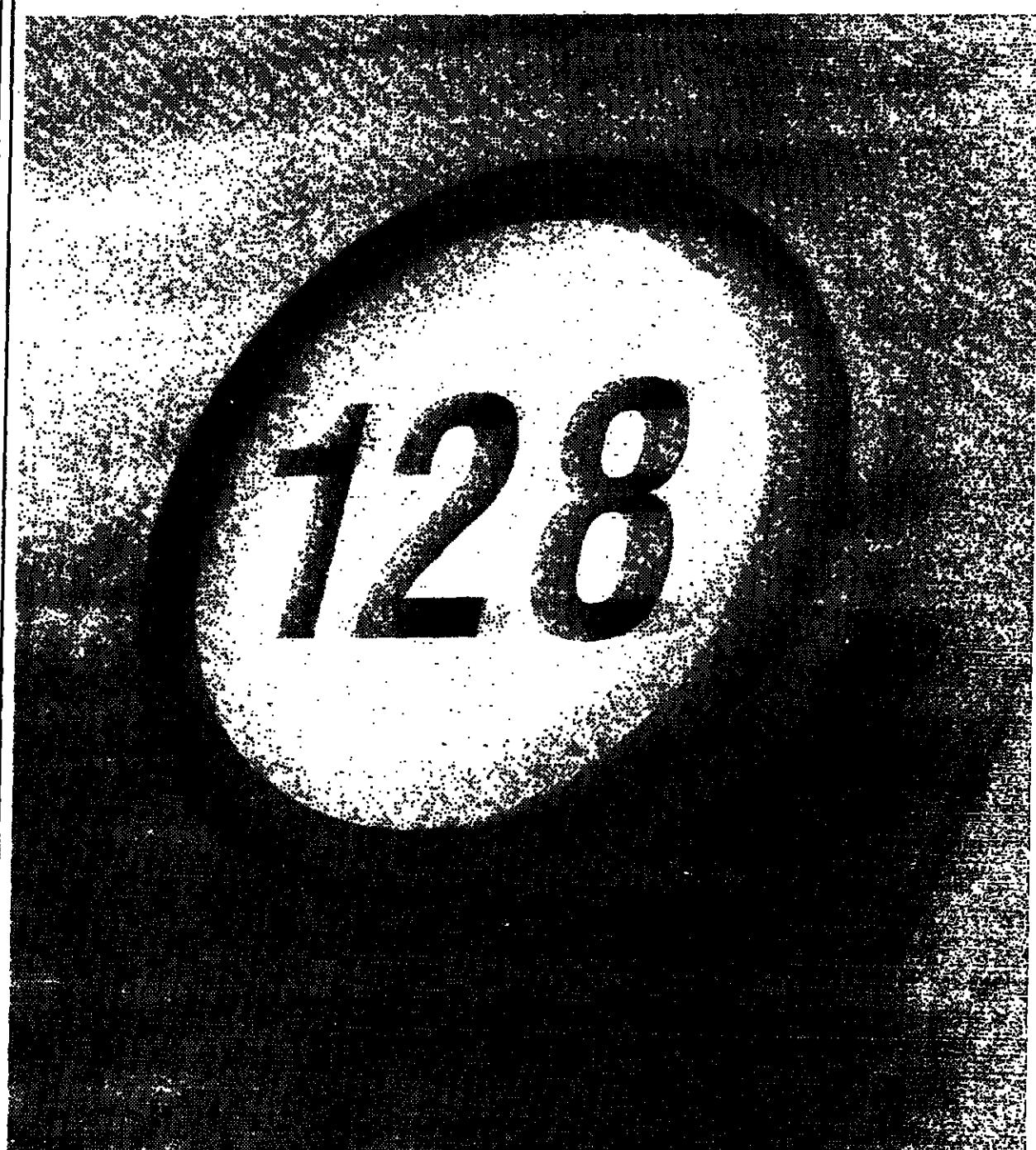
Ageing! Ageing! Ageing!

<http://www3.hmc.edu/~clewis/aging/>
This may seem like a misspelt triple cry of despair, but the title page shows a cheerful chap morphing gracefully through 40 years or so, and emerging in old age wrinkled but without visible distress. Other images are definitely haunting, though, as the years accrete in a few seconds. The site addresses the inevitability - or otherwise - of "senescence". Is it all about accumulated DNA damage, or are we programmed to self-destruct? And should we interfere? Silly question: the site looks at the prospects on offer, from antioxidant boosting to obscure genetic mutations in worms, and sounds a note of optimism. "Human knowledge is increasing at an exponential rate. By this logic, some scientists believe the human life span could be increased to between 400 and 1,000 years within the next 20 years." Keep eating those vitamins.

Pure Spam - Let's Fight It

<http://www.pureaniga.co.uk/spam/>
Lovely spam, wonderful spam, sang the Pythons, but times and attitudes have changed. Programs linked here seethe with murderous intent: Spam Slammer, Killer, Chomper, Buster, Hater, Exterminator... This site outlines most of the available, inadequate remedies, including obvious advice on how to add a spoiler to your address when posting to newsgroups, and how to complain to the spammer's ISP. Intriguingly, 7.04 per cent of respondents went against the grain and claimed to "love" being spammed. Who are these people and why?

Send interesting, quirky or even (at a pinch) cool site recommendations to websites@dircon.co.uk



**BT's Highway connects you to the internet
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Every internet user knows all about the World Wide Wait. Unless you're one of the few with a digital ISDN line, you've been confined to 28.8 or, if you're lucky, 56 Kb per second.

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called BT Highway will turn an ordinary phone line into a digital line, giving you speeds of 128 Kb per second.

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BT Highway will be available from September 15th. Visit our web site at www.highway.bt.com, and find out how you could soon avoid the wait.



BT HIGHWAY IS AVAILABLE ON MOST BT EXCHANGES AND IS SUBJECT TO SURVEY

مكتبة العصر

Bafta gets virtual and welcomes in the anoraks

FORTY YEARS after the British Academy of Film decided to open its doors to that upstart medium, television, it has made a second unanimous concession. The board of the academy has voted to allow interactive Web-heads (that is, those people working in new media) to be admitted as members.

It is a case of the dinner jacket finally acknowledging the anorak, in an era when there can now be no real doubt about which is the trendier of the two. There is no indication so far, however, that the title of the

august institution will be getting any longer. The desirable acronym Ba-fan (British Academy of Television, Media and the Net) seems sadly out of the question. The luvvies of the film and television world will, after all, have enough to cope with as they make room for the baggy-trousered, body-pierced, pony-tailed newcomers in the academy's bars and restaurants.

Aside from opening up a whole new membership pool for Ba-fan, the move was prompted by the academy's desire to shape up

and get virtual for the start of the new millennium. As a result, in October it will launch its own Interactive Entertainment Awards, to be run in association with ICL, the IT systems and services' company.

Jane Clarke, the chief executive of Ba-fan, sees her welcoming overtures to new media as a process of reinvention. "We are confident that the new members will bring a whole new dimension to Ba-fan as we enter the 21st century," she says.

In the run-up to its awards event, the academy says it will now be

pleased to recognise the work of games developers, testers, musicians, modelers, graphic designers, interactive producers, content and Web editors, all of whom will be eligible to join the ranks of Ba-fan's 3,000 members.

The founding interactive members of Ba-fan will include Tim Corrigan of NoHo Digital, Richard Creasey of The Digital Village and Sue Totton of Macromedia. These three will join Andreas Whitam Smith, founding editor of *The Independent* and now president of the

British Board of Film Classification, and nine other new media luminaries on the judging panel for the Interactive Entertainment Awards.

The awards are intended to encompass all platforms of the interactive media, and entries are being sought to reach the academy before the looming deadline of 11 September. The awards will be made in 11 categories, covering comedy, news and magazines, games, children's sites, moving images and sound, as well as special categories for design and computer programming. The

winners will be announced on 29 October at a gala ceremony to be emceed by Stephen Fry, a man renowned, among other things, for his involvement with film, television and the Net.

Free membership of Ba-fan will be offered to three representatives from all those companies who are shortlisted for the awards. For others, full annual membership will cost £160 a year. The touted benefits of Ba-fan membership include use of the bars and restaurants for meetings and lunches, free or discounted

tickets to its lectures, events and seminars, and access to an average of two Ba-fan screenings a week. Membership also provides the opportunity to purchase tickets at a third of the usual price for the film and television awards ceremonies (controversially separated for the first time this year).

More information about the Interactive Entertainment Awards is available on the Ba-fan website at: <http://www.ba-fan.org>

VANESSA THORPE

A Net to catch the dark side of the moon

Can't get to Cornwall next year for the total solar eclipse? Never fear. You can watch it in safety on the Internet. By Stephen Pritchard

IN JUST under a year's time, the lights will go out across much of southern England. This will not be a premature manifestation of the millennium bug, but a total solar eclipse.

The "line of totality" for the eclipse on August 11 cuts across Cornwall, through northern France, Luxembourg, Budapest and on to Turkey, across Asia Minor and the Indian subcontinent. The last time a total eclipse was visible from Britain was in 1925; the next will be 2090. More than 3 million people headed to the North-east of England to witness the last phenomenon, and that was at a time when private cars were a rarity. The authorities in Cornwall are already gearing up for congestion and possibly, chaos. Roads will be closed, and there is talk of water shortages.

Travelling to Cornwall will not be the only way to witness the eclipse, however, if the efforts of a BT employee come to fruition. Gary Shainberg, who lives in the village of Portleven - just a mile from the line of totality - is planning to broadcast the whole eclipse, which will last for two minutes and six seconds, over the Internet.

For more than a year now, Shainberg has been working on a website, <http://www.total-eclipse.co.uk>, originally planned as a commercial venture. The site is now being sponsored by BTnet, and will act as a technology showcase as well as providing services and background information for eclipse-watchers.

A basic site is already running,

and the main site will be live by November. Initially, it will offer information about the eclipse, with vantage points and timings, an emergency accommodation directory, and a What, Where and When directory of local information. The site also has an official link to NASA's website. The heart of the Total Eclipse site, though, will be the live pictures. Shainberg will capture events as they happen and broadcast them over the Web using three technologies. The simplest is a Web cam, which uses push technology to refresh the image four times a second. The Active Imaging camera is already on hand, focused on to the high street from the bedroom of his eldest son, Tom.

Live video will come on to the site from a digital video camera mounted on the roof of the Shainbergs' house. The camera will provide images both as RealVideo and using Microsoft Netshow, via a twin-processor Pentium II at Portleven connected via a 192Kbps KiloStream leased line, and linked through the Internet to a server at BT Labs at Martlesham Heath, in Suffolk.

As Shainberg points out, the whole site is based around tried-and-tested technology. The trick is to bring all the elements together in time for the eclipse. The search is still on for a suitable video-camera, as filming the eclipse needs a long telephoto lens.

Shainberg is also seeking permission to use a track from Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon* during the eclipse itself, when all that



Observers in San Jose, California, await total black-out

Juan Carlos Ulate/Reuters

the cameras will show is blackness. By an unerring coincidence, the track, which is called "Eclipse", lasts for precisely two minutes and six seconds.

After the event, the plans are to archive the footage as Quicktime movies, and add still images. BT plans to use part of the video as a screen saver.

Gary Shainberg is promoting the site as the "safe way to watch the eclipse". Looking directly at the sun is dangerous - the intense light can burn the retina of the eye - but

watching on screen will be completely safe. For people who do want to watch, Total Eclipse will be selling disposable, protective sunglasses, and there will be advice on safe viewing on the site.

Shainberg readily confesses that he is not a die-hard astronomical enthusiast. It is more the chance to put the latest Internet technologies to the test that drives him. The greatest threat to the site is the weather. Cornwall is tipped as western Europe's best location, because the weather records for August are

good. The best alternative location to view the site would be Turkey.

Interest in the eclipse is starting to grow rapidly, and Shainberg hopes that his site will make a real contribution to promoting one of England's most beautiful, but also economically disadvantaged areas. "I was looking for two things," he explains. "To showcase the technology and, originally, to make money out of it. That has changed with the sponsorship. But it is also about promoting the village, and the South-west."

The high-roller: I think big hair requires respect

MY TECHNOLOGY

JENNY ECLAIR ON...

MY ELECTRIC rollers are so old and filthy, covered in dead skin and hair. They are the sort of thing I have to hide because they do look a bit obscene.

They are easy to carry: the travel pack has 10 rollers. Then I have a very sturdy, larger set with 19 rollers for maximum bouffant effect. I started using rollers when I was about 15, and was instantly transformed from a sweet-faced 15-year-old to a 40-year-old divorcee. I never had any trouble getting drinks.

I was forever leaving the rollers on and having a panic halfway through the disco. But I

you, and I think big hair requires respect. It's a tradition that comes from Nashville, where rather insignificant women would use rhinestones and big hair.

I am incredibly swift at doing it now; I could knock it up in 10 minutes. It's the only exercise I get. I put them in and back-comb and have Fatima-Whitbread-style biceps from that. It is then lacquered, to the point where it could stand being in the centre of nuclear fallout or a night on the piss with me (which is a bit similar). There isn't much skill involved; like everything with me it looks OK from a distance.



"If it doesn't really hurt, it doesn't work" Glynn Griffiths

hated my mum and dad so much that I didn't go back to check if the house had burned down.

They are not too great for the condition of your hair. Every time I go to the hairdresser's they threaten not to bleach it because it's on the verge of snapping off at the roots. It is not just neglected; it's been abused. I shouldn't be allowed anywhere near my hair.

I like having two looks. My hair is very thin and very small naturally, so when I am not working I tend to put it in plaits and look like Heidi with a premature ageing disorder; then if I want to do the full-blown Eclair that requires a big hair-do. I can't go on stage without full hair because no one would notice

People try to tempt me with curling wands but they are just not the same, and foam rollers don't really work - you need to burn your scalp. I reckon, if it doesn't really hurt, then it doesn't work. Anyone who has dead straight hair wants curls. Every girl should have a set.

The other thing I use is a telephone permanently welded to my ear. I don't approve of mobiles; mine is gaffer's-taped together. I have a pager as well but don't know how to set it - it's full of old messages. I am absolutely clueless. I still can't set up the ironing-board. A complete Luddite.

INTERVIEW BY JENNIFER RODGER

Bringing the design community together

RICHARD HALL is a Brit who has transplanted from London to California, where he is now the producer of Netscape's developer websites DevEdge Online (<http://developer.netscape.com>) and Open Studio (<http://openstudio.netscape.com>), the two most prominent guides to creating websites on the Internet.

Richard was first exposed to the Web while studying IT Management at London Business School, when some friends introduced him to Mosaic. Since that time he has set up websites for clients of the agency Euro RSCG Wnek Gossop as well as the <http://www.zorg.com> site for the Sci-Fi Channel. Richard started working for Netscape in 1996, producing the Netscape developer site which "fulfilled a dream of wanting to work in the [San Francisco] Bay Area".

Jason Cranford Teague: I've enjoyed Open Studio and DevEdge Online's articles and

found them to be useful, regardless of the browser I'm programming for. How does Open Studio deal with the cross-browser issue?

Richard Hall: We understand that deploying sites which work cross-browser is important. Writing two versions of a Web page is not an ideal solution. Some time ago, as a result of this feedback, we geared up to make all our new Dynamic HTML examples on Open Studio cross-browser. When I hear about a new piece of sample code being produced for the site, the first question I ask the coder is whether it's cross-browser and, if not, whether they can take the extra time to ensure that it does work cross-browser. We host nearly as many cross-browser code examples as Navigator-specific examples on Netscape Open Studio.

JCT: "Online Communities" is one of the big buzz-words going around these days. How does

Open Studio try to foster a sense of community? Is it working?

RH: Online Communities are still very much in their youth, and they're becoming increasingly valuable resources to obtain expert opinion and help. Open Studio includes newsgroups for members to connect up with their peers and get solutions to their issues.

With Open Studio, we've sought out experts in many aspects of website-building to contribute to the site - it's not just articles from Netscape contributors, but a forum where, for example, you can read Richard Hoy, who moderates the online-advertising mailing list, and explains the critical issues faced by banner advertisers today. We understand that there's a wider audience out there that has more expertise, and Open Studio is there to bring the website design community together.

The potential mass audience of the Web provides an amazing

WEB DESIGN



JASON CRANFORD TEAGUE

We've only just started to see the potential of the Web for new talent

draw for creativity. For those who are truly capable, the Internet provides a mechanism for notoriety to be achieved so much more quickly - take a look at South Park. It emerged from a

video clip sent around the Net to TV executives. South Park went on to reach cult status. I think we've only started to see the creative potential the Web has of bringing new talent into the light of day. Working at Netscape on Open Studio is great, because we're helping others to unleash their creativity on a medium that Netscape played a key role in bringing to a wide audience.

JCT: You mention that the Web fosters new talents. Have you discovered any "new talent" while running Open Studio?

RH: Sure. Jeff Rouyer dabbled in Dynamic HTML in his spare time and won a recent Netscape Dynamic HTML competition. His site was totally original and impressed even the Netscape coders who had built the functionality into the browser. His site, [HTML Guru](http://www.htmlguru.com) (www.htmlguru.com), really shows how you can make a site that stands apart from the crowd. He now writes books on

website design. We've also encountered some great games that use DHTML technology, such as *Online Frogger* (www.usagreen.org/frogger/) by Dan Haddix, and a tribute to *Spawm* (developer.netscape.com/docs/demos/spawm/index.html) by a Spanish programmer, Paco Gracia.

JCT: It's good to hear that XML will be a part of Navigator 5.0, but I'm a little fuzzy on what XML will mean to Web designers. What potential do you see for XML in Web design?

RH: I think the real value of XML is the ability to separate content from presentation in terms of Web page design. For instance, if a designer wants to change the "look and feel" of a site, they could take advantage of XML tags to change the presentation, without having to re-code manually each individual Web page and without affecting pre-existing content. Website-builders frequently need to

change the design of their sites and it can be a big undertaking. XML provides an effective way to adapt sites more quickly.

From a website-builder's perspective, support for XML is also important on the back-end, ensuring that Web servers, and/or content databases that serve their Web pages, also support XML.

It will ultimately be the proliferation of XML-enabled clients - like Navigator 5.0 that contains an advanced XML parser - that will enable website-builders to begin building not just Web pages, but to architect their entire sites to be viewed through a combination of XML and Cascading Style Sheets (CSS).

To see a list of the links in this column and other related links: <http://www.webdesignenvironments.com/examples/34.html>. Send e-mail comments and queries to Jason Cranford Teague at jct@indwebdesign.com or mindspring.com.

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Requirements:
Visual Basic and VBScript
SQL understanding and language command
Database experience essential
some knowledge of accounting helpful

Concur Technologies is the leading provider of employee facing applications. Concur's integrated state of products automates core business processes that impact all employees, such as travel expense management and procurement – dramatically improving employee productivity and business bottom-line success. Its flagship product, the Xpense Management Solution (XMS), is currently used on hundreds of thousands of desktops in over 125 companies worldwide.

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Application Packs for the above posts are available from our 24 hour Recruitment Line 0171 364 4438. A special 24 hour service is available for those with hearing and speech impairment on 0171 364 4439. Please quote the relevant post reference number above when requesting your application form.

Closing date: Thursday, 17th September 1998.

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For an application pack, please write to: The Personnel Department, Octavia Hill Housing Trust, Soane House, 303/315 Latimer Road, London W10 6RA. Or telephone: 0171 460 3998 (24 hr answerphone). Please quote ref: SSA/1. Closing date: 14 September 1998.



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Salary: CIRCA £14 - 18,000 DEPENDENT ON EXPERIENCE

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The Person: Ideally the person will be educated to graduate level and have eighteen months to two years relevant experience with skills or knowledge of the following, REX Routers and Bridges, Cabletron Hubs, HP Openview, and UNIX administration, Windows NT and VMS would also be an advantage.

For an application pack please contact: Personnel Services Department, Joyce Green Hospital, Dartford, Kent DA1 5PL. Tel: (01322) 283599 (24 hr answerphone).

Please quote reference number: 273/3/JW

Closing date for completed applications: 21st September 1998



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The Personnel Department, Bankside Underwriting Agencies Limited, Beaufort House, 15 St Botolph Street, London EC3A 7PA.



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Email: swc@swc.com

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- experience of PC hardware & software installation & configuration
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For an informal discussion please contact Audrey Oakley on 01874 624437
For further details and application form please send large SAE to Head of Support Services, Brecon Beacons National Park, 7 Channing Street, Brecon LD3 7DP.
Closing date: 1/9/98 Interviews: 21/9/98



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CIMA results.

See them first on Sunday 6th September
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THE INDEPENDENT
ON SUNDAY

To advertise in this section please call Dave Hague on
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NEW FILMS

APRIL STORY/FRIED DRAGON FISH (NC)

Director: Shunji Iwai
Starring: Takako Matsui, Kari Fuki (April Story); Miyuki Yoshimoto (Fried Dragon Fish)
April Story is a wistful drama about love and friendship centred around a teenager beginning university. Fried Dragon Fish is a tongue-in-cheek on thriller. Both demonstrate a lack of imagination and a tendency to fall back on the mannerisms of their respective genres. West End: ICA Cinema

THE HORSE WHISPERER (PG)

Director: Robert Redford
Starring: Robert Redford, Kristin Scott Thomas
Robert Redford has never directed himself before, and we should be grateful - the love-affair on screen between Robert Redford and Kristin Scott Thomas is one of the most intensely unsettling ever seen. He plays Tom Booker, a Montana farmer who specialises in equine psychology. A New York magazine editor (Kristin Scott Thomas) whose daughter has been traumatised in a riding accident brings her daughter and the girl's horse to Booker, hoping for them to be cured. The picture is efficiently acted, but it's despicably shallow. West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Barbican Screen, Chelsea Cinema, Clapham Picture House, Hammersmith Virgin, Notting Hill Coronet, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Leicester Square, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Screen on Baker Street, Screen on the Hill, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Road

LOCK, STOCK AND TWO SMOKING BARRELS (18)

Director: Guy Ritchie
Starring: Dexter Fletcher, Vinnie Jones
While Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels mixes deadpan humour with cold brutality à la Tarantino, the film's defining characteristic is its resilient morality.
Ritchie's direction is showy to the point of distraction, but, beneath the cruel violence and coarse humour, this is a nostalgic piece, as

hinted at by the closing nod to *The Italian Job*. West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Elephant & Castle Coronet, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, Ritzy Cinema, Screen on Baker St, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End

MIR NICE GUY (15)

Director: Sam Hoang
Starring: Jackie Chan, Richard Norton, Miki Lee
This largely disappointing addition to Jackie Chan's oeuvre does have its moments. But the combination of comedy and adventure doesn't gel. West End: Virgin Trocadero

THE REAL HOWARD SPITZ (PG)

Director: Vadim Jean
Starring: Kelsey Grammer, Amanda Donohoe
From the director of *Leon the Pig Farmer* comes this sunny little comedy starring Kelsey Grammer as a grouchy kids' writer who hates children. Makes up in verve and wit what it lacks in originality. West End: UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Trocadero

THE PROPOSITION (15)

Director: Leslie Link Glatzer
Starring: Kenneth Branagh, Madeleine Stowe
Historical drama unavailable for preview at time of going to press. West End: ABC Pantion Street

THE SPANISH PRISONER (PG)

Director: David Mamet
Starring: Campbell Scott, Steve Martin
David Mamet's intricate little thriller is a playful exercise in twisting a plot until it locks; there is a scientific detachment about the way he explores every permutation of his Kafkaesque scenario, though the movie is also stily funny.
West End: Gate Notting Hill, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Phoenix Cinema, Ritzy Cinema, Screen on the Green, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Haymarket, Warner Village West End

Ryan Gilbey

GENERAL RELEASE

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (U)

A perfect antidote to the bombast of *Armageddon* can be found in Michael Curtiz's merry and inventive romp, one of the greatest swashbucklers ever made. West End: Clapham Picture House

ARMAGEDDON (13)

This deeply stupid film purports to be a tender love story, a meaty action adventure and a global disaster movie in which a meteor is on a collision course with Earth. Every moment is carefully engineered to include something for all the family, yet its jumble of styles will end up pleasing no one. West End: ABC Tottenham Court Road, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Plaza, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End

THE AVENGERS (12)

Ralph Fiennes dons the bowler hat and wields the cane as Steed, Una Thurman pours herself into a bathtub as Emma Peel, while Sean Connery sashays around in a tux as August De Wynter. In some ways a disappointment - to both lovers of the original, and to fans of the main performers. West End: Odeon Kensington, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End

BARNEY'S GREAT ADVENTURE (U)

Feature-length exploits for the big, jolly dinosaur whose blend of nursery rhymes, dino colours and moral lessons makes him ideal for the more understanding pre-school viewer - but an endurance test for anyone else. West End: UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Trocadero

LE BOSSU (13)

Sumptuous swashbucklers are fast becoming French cinema's stock-in-trade. This effort doesn't break much new ground, but is acted and shot with such magnificent braggadocio that its lack of originality is never a problem. And it's great to see the superb Daniel Auteuil in an action role. West End: Curzon Mayfair, Richmond Filmhouse

THE CASTLE (15)

When his family home is threatened with demolition to make way for an airport, truck driver Darryl Kerrigan (Michael Caine), together with his family and friends, decides to fight back and stand up for his rights. A warm, enjoyable - and funny - journey into the lives of a family of "Aussie battlers". West End: Empire Leicester Square, Odeon Swiss Cottage

THE DAYTRIPPERS (15)

Worried that her publisher husband (Stanley Tucci) may be having an affair, Eliza (Hope Davis) confides in her parents, only to find that the whole family insists on accompanying her to Manhattan for the day to confront him. Writer-director Motola charts the tensions of the family car journey with unerring wit. West End: Odeon Camden Town, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Haymarket

DR DOLITTLE (PG)

Surphy shows that his talents are more pliable than they might have first appeared. West End: Elephant & Castle Coronet, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End

EVE'S BAYOU (15)

Rites-of-passage drama set in Louisiana locations which have been devolved by too many Southern Comfort ads. Despite some intuitive observations, this feels for the most part like reheated *Priests*. West End: Odeon Mezzanine, Plaza, Rio Cinema, Ritzy Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Trocadero

FIRELIGHT (15)

Starchy 19th-century melodrama starring Sophie Marceau as a Swiss governess who bears a child to the wealthy aristocrat Stephen Dillane, then devotes the rest of her life to finding the girl. West End: Curzon Minima

ADJO DULO (15)

Stephane, a young Parisian, journeys through rural Romania on a quest for Nora Luca, the

gypsy singer whose music he discovered through his father. There is a warmth and humour to the storytelling and an integrity which pushes this film way beyond being mere sentimental travagance. West End: Renoir

GANG RELATED (15)

A new thriller which gives a few welcome twists to the formulaic routine of drive-by shootings and jive-talking homeboys. James Belushi is spectacularly sleazy as a corrupt cop who accidentally kills an undercover officer. West End: Elephant & Castle Coronet, Virgin Trocadero

GODZILLA (PG)

The team which cooked up such blockbusters as *StarGate* and *Independence Day* is generally very adept at constructing enjoyable adventures. Unfortunately here their light touch has deserted them. West End: Empire Leicester Square, Odeon Camden Town, UCI Whiteleys

HANA-BI (18)

Director-star Kitano picked up the Golden Lion at last year's Venice Film Festival with this violent yet elegant portrait of a brutal Japanese policeman pushed over the edge by his traumatic personal life. West End: ABC Shaftesbury Avenue, Clapham Picture House, Metro

THE LITTLE MERMAID (U)

This sprightly adaptation of Hans Christian Andersen's story began a string of hits for the newly rejuvenated Disney Studios. Pleasantly jazzy holiday fare. West End: Odeon Kensington, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Ritzy Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Warner Village West End

LOST IN SPACE (PG)

Lost In Space is yet another cult 1960s television series to get an expensive makeover but the filmmakers have remained faithful to the original tone and the movie looks terrific. West End: Odeon West End, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea

LOVE AND DEATH ON LONG ISLAND (15)

A warm, subtle comedy starring John Hurt as a reclusive widower who becomes obsessed with a young film actor (Jason Priestley). West End: ABC Piccadilly

THE MAGIC SWORD: QUEST FOR CAMELOT (U)

The first full-length product of Warners' new animation division, this Arthurian adventure seems even cheesier than the average Disney effort. But there's an edge of genuine weirdness that will keep parents entertained. It doesn't frighten on the children out of their wits. West End: Odeon Marble Arch, Rio Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Trocadero, Warner Village West End

METROLAND (18)

Seventies suburban morality tale in which Christian Bale plays a man festering somewhere in the commuter belt when his oldest friend thinks that he ought to be out having fun. There are some endearing moments but, on the whole, director Philip Saville shows a dispiriting lack of ambition. West End: Metro, Virgin Haymarket

THE WEDDING SINGER (13)

A shamelessly dumb but very winning comedy about a hopelessly romantic wedding singer who falls in love with a waitress (Drew Barrymore). West End: Warner Village West End

THE X-FILES (15)

See *The Independent Recommends*, above
West End: ABC Baker Street, ABC Shaftesbury Avenue, Clapham Picture House, Elephant & Castle Coronet, Hammersmith Virgin, Odeon Camden Town, Odeon Haymarket, Odeon Kensington, Odeon Marble Arch, Odeon Swiss Cottage, Odeon West End, Ritzy Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Chelsea, Virgin Fulham Road, Virgin Trocadero

ZERO EFFECT (15)

Pleasant thriller starring Bill Pullman as Daryl Zero, the world's greatest private investigator. Ultimately, the film feels a little shallow but it puts a smile on your face. Nice to see a rare screen appearance from Ryan O'Neal. West End: Clapham Picture House, Warner Village West End

THE INDEPENDENT RECOMMENDS



Film Ryan Gilbey

BOOGIE NIGHTS earned its despicably young writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson two Oscar nominations (one for his sprawling and ambitious screenplay, the other for Burt Reynolds' touching performance as a porn director, left). How good is it? Very good in places, though confused about its own intentions. Savour this tawdry through the porn industry for its performances, including Reynolds, displaying a chipmunk cheeriness as rising porn idol Dirk Diggler. It doesn't hang together as well as the masterful soundtrack, which is assembled like a delicate mosaic.
Prince Charles Cinema, London WC2 (0171-437 8181) 3pm
I'm not a fan of *The X-Files* television series, but the film version works well, perhaps because the show was so cinematically inclined in the first place. No surprises, but some nice "boo!" moments, as well as the understated (and underrated) comic charms of David Duchovny.
On release

Theatre Dominic Cavendish

TONIGHT SEES the unveiling of New York Theatre Workshop's much-admired staging of Eugene O'Neill's *More Stately Mansions*, a rough draft that survived against his wishes. Part of an unfinished epic historical cycle about "a far from model family" embarked on during the Thirties, the play receives an appropriately Expressionist treatment from Flemish director Ivo van Hove.
Royal Lyceum, Edinburgh (0131-473 2000) 7pm
Play *Wistful for Me* inspects the added, brilliant life and work of Peter Cook (right) with a batch of pastiche material so good it sounds like it's been rescued from the archives.
The Pleasance (0131-556 6550) 11.30pm (last day)



Pop Tim Perry

OREGON'S QUIRKY complex pop-punksters, the Dandy Warhols, bring their show to Scotland to promote their excellent *Come Down* album. Though singles like "Everyday Should Be A Holiday" and the current "Boys Better" are catchy pop numbers, there's a lot of thought-provoking music on offer as well. *The Garage, Glasgow* (0141-339 8383) 8pm
London's Borderline venue kicks off its new season of occasional Americana gigs on the best possible foot with the UK debut of young rustic punks, Slobberbone (right). This Texan band really are something else: they blew the rest of the all-country brigade away at this year's prestigious SXSW Festival in Austin and the bowl of singer Brent Best and their general noisy swagger are the perfect excuse to continue partying after Reading. Other highlights to come include cult songwriter Chris Whitley (21 Sept), lo-fi scary-blues man Johnny Dowd (12 Oct), desert mood merchants Hazeldine (17 Oct) and the excellent country blues of Alvin Youngblood Hart (24 Oct).
Borderline, London W1 (0171-734 2095) 8pm



Comedy James Rampton

ONCE PART of the astronomically successful (and overtyped) duo, Newman and Baddiel, Rob Newman (right) has returned to the live stage after a three-year absence. A sell-out run in Edinburgh demonstrates pretty conclusively that he has still got what it takes as a live performer. He is particularly strong on bizarrely imaginative routines. For instance, he conjures up the absurd idea of Stephen Hawking meeting the man who provides his artificial voice. *Edinburgh Suite, Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh* (0131 226 2428) 10pm
The sweet American stand-up, Aj Barker, winner of last year's *Purrier Best Newcomer* Award, has a mean way with a one-liner. "I'm in love with a philosopher, and she doesn't even know I exist," he moans. "What's worse, she can prove it." Later he muses that he's thinking of asking his doctor for a prescription for some medicinal marijuana: "I set my car keys down, and five minutes later I know exactly where they are." *Upstairs, The Pleasance, Edinburgh* (0131 556 6550) 9.15pm



CINEMA

WEST END

ABC BAKER STREET (0171-935 9772) @ Baker Street
Psycho 1.20pm, 3.40pm, 6pm, 8.30pm, 10.50pm
The X-Files 2.20pm, 5.30pm, 8.20pm

ABC PANTION STREET (0171-930 0631) @ Piccadilly Circus
The Big Lebowski 1.15pm, 3.40pm, 6.05pm, 8.30pm
Jackie Brown 1.30pm, 4.40pm, 7.45pm
Live Flesh 1.40pm, 4pm, 6.20pm, 8.40pm
The Proposition 1.10pm, 3.40pm, 6pm, 8.25pm

ABC PICCADILLY (0171-437 3561) @ Piccadilly Circus
Lost In Space 1.20pm, 3.40pm, 6pm, 8.40pm
Love And Death On Long Island 1.25pm, 3.40pm, 6.10pm, 8.40pm

ABC SHAFTESBURY AVENUE (0171-836 6279) @ Leicester Square
Gang Related 1.10pm, 3.20pm, 5.30pm, 7.40pm, 9.40pm
Hana-Bi 1.30pm, 3.40pm, 6.10pm, 8.50pm
The X-Files 12.25pm, 3.05pm, 5.45pm, 8.25pm

ABC SWISS CENTRE (0171-439 4470) @ Leicester Square
Piccadilly Circus Deconstructing Harry 1.10pm, 3.20pm, 5.30pm, 7.40pm
The Singers 1.10pm, 3.20pm, 5.30pm, 7.40pm
Man 3.55pm, 8.40pm
La Grande Illusion 1.10pm, 3.40pm, 6.10pm, 8.40pm
Kurt & Courtney 6pm, 8.30pm
The Thief 1.15pm, 6.30pm

ABC TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD (0171-636 6148) @ Tottenham Court Road
Armageddon 1.45pm, 5.30pm, 8.40pm
The Horse Whisperer 1.05pm, 4.45pm, 8.20pm
Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.10pm, 3.15pm, 6.40pm, 9.15pm

BARBICAN SCREEN (0171-382 7000) @ Moorgate/Barbican
The Blob 6.45pm
The Horse Whisperer 2.30pm, 5.30pm, 8.30pm
Invasion Of The Body Snatchers - 1956 version 8.45pm

CHELSEA CINEMA (0171-351 7422) @ Sloane Square
The Horse Whisperer 1.05pm, 4.25pm, 7.50pm

CLAPHAM PICTURE HOUSE (0171-369 1272) @ Clapham Common
The Adventures Of Robin Hood 2.30pm, 4.45pm
Hana-Bi 7pm
The Horse Whisperer 1.30pm, 5pm, 8.30pm
The X-Files 1.45pm, 4.15pm, 6.45pm, 9.15pm
Zero Effect 9.15pm

ELPHANT & CASTLE CORONET (0171-703 4968) @ Elephant & Castle
Dr Dolittle 1.40pm, 3.40pm, 6pm, 8.40pm
Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.30pm, 4pm, 6.15pm, 8.35pm
The X-Files 2pm, 5.15pm, 8.25pm

EMPIRE LEICESTER SQUARE (0171-437 1234) @ Leicester Square
The Castle 3.15pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm
Godzilla 3pm, 5.30pm, 8.40pm

GATE NOTTING HILL (0171-727 0403) @ Notting Hill Gate
The Spanish Prisoner 1.40pm, 4pm, 6.25pm, 8.50pm

HAMMERSMITH VIRGIN (0870-9070718) @ Ravenscourt Park/Hammersmith
Armageddon 5pm, 8.30pm
Dr Dolittle 12.15pm, 2.20pm
The Horse Whisperer 1.20pm, 4.50pm, 8.15pm
Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 12.40pm, 3.30pm, 6.30pm, 9.10pm
The X-Files 12.15pm, 3pm, 6pm, 9pm

ICA CINEMA (0171-930 3647) @ Charing Cross
April Story/Fried Dragon Fish 4.45pm, 7pm, 9.15pm
Dandy Dust Mon 6.30pm, 8.30pm
Majorities In Space: Five Gay Dales From France 5pm, 7pm, 9pm

METRO (0171-437 0757) @ Piccadilly Circus/Leicester Square
Hana-Bi 2pm, 4.15pm, 6.30pm, 8.45pm
Metroland 3pm, 5pm, 7pm, 9pm

CURZON MINIMA (0171-369 1273) @ Knightsbridge
Freight 3.30pm, 6.30pm, 8.45pm

NOTTING HILL CORONET (0171-727 0705) @ Notting Hill Gate
The Horse Whisperer 1.15pm, 4.35pm, 8pm

ODEON CAMDEN TOWN (0181-315 4229) @ Camden Town
Armageddon 8.15pm, 11.30pm
The Daytrippers 1.15pm, 3.45pm, 6pm
Godzilla 11.50am, 1.20am
Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 12.40pm, 6.15pm, 7.45pm
Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 12.15pm, 2.55pm, 6.15pm, 8.40pm
The Spanish Prisoner 2.50pm, 5.50pm, 8.55pm
The X-Files 12.45pm, 3.20pm, 6.05pm, 8.50pm

ODEON HAYMARKET (0181-315 4212) @ Piccadilly Circus
The Big Lebowski 1.15pm, 4pm, 6.45pm, 9.30pm

ODEON KENSINGTON (0181-315 4214) @ High Street
Kensington Armageddon 1.45pm, 5.10pm, 8.35pm
The Avengers 3pm, 5.15pm, 7.30pm, 9.50pm
Dr Dolittle 12.15pm, 2.25pm, 4.35pm, 7.20pm
The Horse Whisperer 1.25pm, 5.05pm, 8.45pm
The Little Mermaid 11.40am
Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.40pm, 4.40pm, 7.40pm
The Horse Whisperer 12.15pm, 2.45pm, 5.40pm, 8.35pm, 9.20pm

ODEON LEICESTER SQUARE (0181-315 4215) @ Leicester Square
The Horse Whisperer 12.50pm, 4.15pm, 7.50pm

ODEON MARBLE ARCH (0181-315 4216) @ Marble Arch
Armageddon 1.50pm, 5.10pm, 8.30pm
Dr Dolittle 12.20pm, 2.30pm, 4.40pm, 6.50pm
The Horse Whisperer 1.15pm, 5.05pm, 8.40pm
Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 12.15pm, 3.25pm, 6.10pm, 8.55pm
The Magic Sword: Quest For Camelot 11.50am, 12.15pm, 3.05pm, 6pm, 9.05pm

ODEON MEZZANINE (0181-315 4215) @ Leicester Square
Eve's Bayou 1.45pm, 4pm, 6.20pm, 8.45pm
Titanic 12.05pm, 3.45pm, 7.25pm

ODEON SWISS COTTAGE (0181-315 4220) @ Swiss Cottage
Armageddon 2pm, 5pm, 8pm
The Big Lebowski 1.30pm, 4.40pm, 7.40pm
Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 2pm, 6.40pm
The Horse Whisperer 12.30pm, 4.05pm, 7.45pm
The Little Mermaid 12.10pm, 2pm, Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.40pm, 4.40pm, 7.40pm, 9.40pm
The Spanish Prisoner 1.30pm, 3.55pm, 6.20pm, 8.45pm
The X-Files 12.25pm, 3.15pm, 6pm, 8.35pm

ODEON WEST END (0181-315 4221) @ Leicester Square
Lost In Space 1.20pm, 3.40pm, 6.10pm, 8.40pm
The X-Files 12.45pm, 3.30pm, 6.15pm, 9pm

PHOENIX CINEMA (0181-444 6789) @ East Finchley
The Spanish Prisoner 2pm, 4.20pm, 6.40pm, 9pm

PLAZA (0171-437 1234) @ Piccadilly Circus
Armageddon 1.30pm, 4.45pm, 8.15pm, 11.45pm
Eve's Bayou 12.45pm, 3.15pm, 5.50pm, 8.35pm
Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 12.30pm, 3pm, 6pm, 8.40pm
The Spanish Prisoner 1pm, 3.25pm, 6.05pm, 8.25pm

RENOIR (0171-937 8402) @ Russell Square
Dance Of The Wind 1pm, 2.55pm, 4.50pm, 6.45pm, 8.45pm
Gedjo Dilo 2.10pm, 4.20pm, 6.30pm, 9pm

RIO CINEMA (0171-254 6677) @ Dalston Kingsland
Eve's Bayou 6.15pm, 8.45pm
The Magic Sword: Quest For Camelot 2pm, 4.15pm

RITZY CINEMA (0171-737 2121/733 2229) @ Britton Ave's Bayou
4.25pm, 6.50pm, 9.10pm
Life Is All You Get 2pm, Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.55pm, 4.10pm, 6.40pm, 9pm
The Spanish Prisoner 1.40pm, 4.05pm, 6.30pm, 8.50pm
The X-Files 1.50pm, 4.15pm, 6.45pm, 9.15pm

SCREEN ON BAKER STREET (0171-696 0068) @ Baker Street
The Horse Whisperer 3.05pm, 7.45pm, Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 3.25pm, 6.25pm, 8.45pm

SCREEN ON THE GREEN (0171-226 3520) @ Angel The Spanish Prisoner 3.45pm, 6.20pm, 8.45pm

SCREEN ON THE HILL (0171-435 3366) @ Belize Park
The Horse Whisperer 3.05pm, 7.50pm

UCI WHITELEYS (0171-792 3332) @ Bayswater
Armageddon 1.20pm, 4.40pm, 8pm, 8.50pm
The Avengers 1.15pm, 6.45pm
Barney's Great Adventure 11.15pm

BARBICAN (0181-507 8444) @ Barbican
Armageddon 1.40pm, 4.50pm, 7.55pm
Dr Dolittle 1.05pm, 3.05pm, 5.05pm, 7.05pm, 9.05pm
Flubber 11.10am
Godzilla 12.15pm, 3pm, 5.40pm
The Horse Whisperer 1pm, 4.25pm, 7.45pm
Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.15pm, 3.35pm, 6pm, 8.25pm
Lost In Space 8.20pm
Paws 11.05am
Star Kid 11.05am
The X-Files 12.30pm, 3.10pm, 5.50pm, 8.30pm

ODEON (0181-507 8444) @ Barking
Armageddon 1.40pm, 4.50pm, 7.55pm
Dr Dolittle 1.05pm, 3.05pm, 5.05pm, 7.05pm, 9.05pm
Flubber 11.10am
Godzilla 12.15pm, 3pm, 5.40pm
The Horse Whisperer 1pm, 4.25pm, 7.45pm
Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.15pm, 3.35pm, 6pm, 8.25pm
Lost In Space 8.20pm
Paws 11.05am
Star Kid 11.05am
The X-Files 12.30pm, 3.10pm, 5.50pm, 8.30pm

ODEON (0181-507 8444) @ Barking
Armageddon 1.40pm, 4.50pm, 7.55pm
Dr Dolittle 1.05pm, 3.05pm, 5.05pm, 7.05pm, 9.05pm
Flubber 11.10am
Godzilla 12.15pm, 3pm, 5.40pm
The Horse Whisperer 1pm, 4.25pm, 7.45pm
Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels 1.15pm, 3.35pm, 6pm, 8.25pm
Lost In Space 8.20pm
Paws 11.05am
Star Kid 11.05am
The X-Files 12.30pm, 3.10pm, 5.50pm, 8.30pm

ODEON (0181-507 8444) @ Barking
Armageddon 1.40pm, 4.50pm, 7.55pm
Dr Dolittle 1.05pm, 3.05pm, 5.05pm, 7.05pm, 9.05pm
Flubber 11.10am
Godzilla 12.15pm, 3pm,

MONDAY RADIO

Radio 1
(97.6-98.8MHz FM)
6.00 Greatest Hits Breakfast.
9.00 Kevin Greening and Zoe Ball. 4.00 The UK Top 40 - the Year So Far. 7.00 Lamacq Live. 12.00 The Breakfast. 2.00 Charlie Jordan. 4.00 - 6.30 Chris Moyles.

Radio 2
(88.90-92.4MHz FM)
6.00 Mo Dutta. 7.30 Alex Lester. 9.30 Ken Bruce. 12.00 Jonathan King. See *Pick of the Day*. 1.00 Steve Wright. 3.00 Ed Stewart. 5.00 John Dunn. 7.00 Gershwin Swings. 8.30 Chris Barber Jazz Diaries. 9.30 Mark Lamarr. 10.30 Richard Allinson. 12.05 Steve Madden. 3.00 - 4.00 Annie Othen.

Radio 3
(90.2-92.4MHz FM)
6.00 On Air.
9.00 Masterworks.
10.30 Artist of the Week.
11.00 Sound Stories.
12.00 Proms Composers of the Week: Hanns Eisler and Kurt Weill. 1.00 Lunchtime Concert.
2.00 Dancing Masters.
3.30 BBC Proms 98.
3.45 Outdoor Pursuits.
3.45 Concert, part 2.
4.45 Music Machine. (R)
5.00 In Tune.
6.00 BBC Proms 98. A virtuoso programme by the Los Angeles Philharmonic, including a new piece by tonight's conductor, Esa-Pekka Salonen. Copland: El salon Mexico. Salonen: LA Variations (first UK performance).
8.35 The Conductor Talks. In an interval series of three interviews with conductors appearing at the Proms, Anthony Burton tries to find out how a conductor goes about his job. In this programme, he speaks to the Finnish conductor and composer, Esa-Pekka Salonen.
8.55 Concert, part 2. Stravinsky: The Firebird.
10.30 Postscript. Five conversations in which Michael Billington talks to actors and singers about their experiences of playing the same character in theatrical and operatic productions.

PICK OF THE DAY

TALES OF Red Indians, robbers and medieval knights should keep the kids amused if it's a rainy bank holiday Monday. Julia McKenzie's (right) rendering of E Nesbit's Edwardian frolic *Five Children and It* (2.15pm R4FM) tells the story of a gaggle of children who are granted a series of wishes when they stumble across a sand fairy on the beach. The poet Simon Armitage makes

some bizarre confessions in his rib-tickling new collection of prose, *All Points North* (9.45am R4), while in *Sounds of Summer* (12noon R2), Jonathan King, talks to Eurovision Song Contest winner Katrina Leskanich (of Katrina and the Waves fame) in his quest for the consummate summer ditty. It's a bit late for that now, surely?

FIONA STURGES



1: Joan Rodgers and Andrea Gascoigne talk about playing the Governor in Henry James' *The Turn of the Screw*. (R)
10.35 Phantasm. Music by the French virtuoso masters of the viola, performed by Phantasm. Sainte-Colombe: Les regrets. Marais: Chaconne; Tombeau de M. Meliton (Pieces de viole). Forqueray: La leclair; Chaconne la buisson (Pieces de viole). Marais: Suite in D.
11.30 Jazz Notes.
12.00 Ulster Orchestra.
1.00 - 6.00 Through the Night.

Radio 4
(92.4-94.8MHz FM)
6.00 Today.
9.00 Word for Word.
9.30 Up on the Manor.
9.45 All Points North. See *Pick of the Day*.
10.00 NEWS; Woman's Hour.
11.00 Mapping the Town.
11.30 Little Novels. (R)
12.00 NEWS; You and Yours.
12.57 Weather.
1.00 The World at One.
1.30 Words in Music.
2.00 NEWS; The Archers.
2.15 NEWS; Holiday Special: Five Children and It. See *Pick of the Day*.
3.45 On the Fringe.
4.00 NEWS; Food Programme.
4.30 Four Corners.
5.00 PM.
5.57 Weather.
6.30 Six O'Clock News.
6.30 Very World of Milton Jones.

7.00 NEWS; The Archers.
7.15 *Front Row*. In a rare radio interview, Stephen King talks to Mark Lawson.
7.45 *Dear Jayne* Brown. 'Honest Man' by Valerie Georgeson. Charles Agnew is so widely hailed as an honourable man that Jayne regards it her solemn duty to unmask him. (1/5)
8.00 NEWS; Diana, Princess of Wales - a Moment in Mourning. In the week following the death of Diana, Princess of Wales, hundreds of thousands of people travelled to London and created a floral tribute which stunned commentators around the world. One year on, Sara Parker makes sense of those who played a small part in this overwhelming expression of grief.
8.30 In This Together. Tony Blair has presented a vision of Britain in which no one is left out. How is it shaping up in practice? 5: 'In a Foreign Land'. Asylum seekers come to Britain seeking membership of a new society. The Government has promised a firmer, fairer system for dealing with escalating numbers who want this.
9.00 NEWS; The Influence of Efficient. The largest civilian project in the USA is Boston's sewage treatment plant - seven billion dollars' worth of cutting-edge technology. But need it cost this much to save our seas?
9.30 Word for Word.
10.00 The World Tonight. At Bed-

time: First Love. Ivan Turgenev's classic story of adolescent awakening, translated by Isaiah Berlin, read by Nigel Anthony (1/5).
11.00 Radio 4 Appeal. Alistair Cooke speaks on behalf of the National Council for the Welfare of Prisoners Abroad, the only charity supporting and campaigning for Britons held in prisons overseas.
11.02 The Lost.
11.30 Music That Binds Us.
12.00 News.
12.30 The Late Book: Tales from Ovid. (R)
12.48 Shipping Forecast.
1.00 As World Service.
5.30 World News.
5.35 Shipping Forecast.
5.40 Inshore Forecast.
5.45 Prayer for the Day.
5.47 - 6.00 Farming Today.

Radio 4 LW
(98kHz)
9.45 - 10.00 Daily Service.
11.00 Test Match Special. 12.00 News Headlines; Shipping Forecast. 12.04 - 1.00 Test Match Special. 1.30 Test Match Special. 5.54 Shipping Forecast. 5.57 - 6.30 Test Match Special.

Radio 5 Live
(93.9, 90.9kHz MW)
6.00 Breakfast Programme.
9.00 Nicky Campbell.
12.00 The Midday News.
1.00 Oldroyd and Co.
2.30 Sport on Five.
5.30 Nationwide.
7.00 News Extra.

7.30 Master Managers. Bryon Butler reassesses the careers of six outstanding football managers. 2: Bill Nicholson.
8.00 Trevor Brooking's Monday Match. Featuring full commentary from Bramall Lane where Sheffield United take on Crewe Alexandra in Division One.
10.00 Late Night Live. Nick Robinson sets tomorrow's agenda today. Including at 10.30 a full round-up of the day's sport, and at 11.00 a late news briefing.
1.00 Up All Night.
5.00 - 6.00 Morning Reports.

Classic FM
(100.0-101.9MHz FM)
6.00 The Classic FM Top 100 Summer Classics. 8.00 Henry Kelly. 12.00 Jane Markham. 3.00 Nick Bailey. 7.00 Smooth Classics at Seven. 9.00 Evening Concert. 11.00 Alan Mann. 2.00 Ak Griffiths.

Virgin Radio
(1215, 1197-1260kHz MW 105.8MHz FM)
6.30 Chris Evans. 9.30 Bobby Hain. 1.00 Nick Abbot. 4.00 Mark Forster including London Calling at 6.45. 6.45 James Merritt (AM only). 7.30 James Merritt (AM/FM). 9.00 Paul Coyte. 1.00 Peter Poulton. 4.30 - 6.30 Jeremy Clark.

World Service
(198kHz LW)
1.00 Newsdesk. 1.30 Westway. 1.45 Britain Today. 2.00 Newsdesk. 2.30 Seven Days. 2.45 Bringing Up Baby. 3.00 Newsdesk. 3.30 On Screen. 4.00 World News. 4.05 World Business Report. 4.35 Sports Roundup. 4.30 - 7.00 The World Today.

Talk Radio
6.00 Claire Carford. 9.00 Scott Chisholm. 1.00 Premiership Show with Alan Mulvey. 3.00 Nationwide League Live Commentary. 6.00 Rough Guide to Classical Music. 7.00 Nick Abbot. 9.00 James Whale. 1.00 Ian Collins. 5.00 - 7.00 The Early Show with Bill Overton.

INDEPENDENT PURSUITS

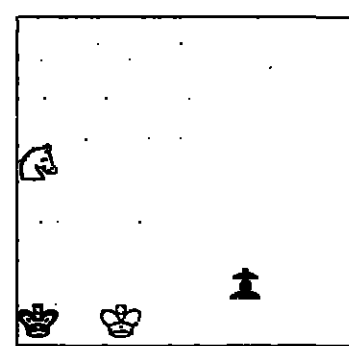
CHESS

WILLIAM HARTSTON

AUGUST is traditionally the silly season, so before it slips away, let's have a silly problem. This one, composed by T.R. Dawson in 1947, is a series-helpmate in 17, which means that Black must play 17 consecutive moves - without moving into check or delivering a check himself (except possibly on the last move).

For such a series-helpmate to be any good it has to have precisely one solution, even allowing no changes in move order. If you solve this one, you will see how elegantly it all works and what a remarkable achievement it is to do so with so few pieces on the board.

Fortunately, it is not too difficult. For the knight to mate, the black



king will have to be in the corner with a rook on a2. So here goes: 1.Ka2, 2.Ka3, 3.Kb4, 4.Kc3, 5.Kd3, 6.Ne2, 7.Ne1, 8.Nf2, 9.Ng3, 10.Nh4, 11.Ng3, 12.Ne2, 13.Nd4, 14.Nc3, 15.Ka2, 16.Ka1 17.Ra2 and Nb3 is mate.

BRIDGE

ALAN HIRON

"WAS THERE a case for ducking the second heart lead as well?" queried North after his partner had made a good start in his spade contract on this deal but had still failed. "I thought of it," South lied stoutly, "but East is a shrewd enough player not to have ptered in hearts with a doubleton."

I think he flattered East too much - there were certainly contradictions. West opened One Heart and, after two passes, South contented himself with One Spade. West passed, North raised to Three, and South went on to game. West led ♠K against Four Spades and, sensibly enough, declarer allowed this to hold and East followed with the two. He won the continuation of ♠J (and at least had eliminated the possibility of East getting in with a heart to return a club) and drew trumps in two rounds, ending in dummy.

Then came a low diamond. The plan, if East played low, was to put in the nine and then, with West on lead, the diamonds could be tested for a 3-3 break. It did not go like that - the defenders co-operated well when East played ♠J and, after South had won with his ace, West unblocked with his queen. Now there was no way to develop the suit without East gaining the lead for the punishing club return and the game failed.

Certainly East, a cunning player, might have refrained from ptering in hearts with a doubleton, but I cannot imagine West keeping quiet on the second round if his hearts were as good as K.Q.J.10.9.8. You can see North's point - if declarer lets ♠Q hold (as well as the king), he can later discard a diamond on ♠A. Then a diamond ruff in hand established a winner for a club discard.

Love all; dealer West	
North	South
♠ Q 10 5	♠ 7 2
♥ A 4 3	♥ 10 7 2
♦ K 7 6 5	♦ J 10 2
♣ A 4	♣ J 10 8 5
West	East
♠ 9 8	♠ 7
♥ K Q J 9 8	♥ 10 7 2
♦ K 8 4	♦ J 10 2
♠ A Q 2	♠ J 10 8 5
South	North
♠ J 6 3 2	♠ 7
♥ 6 5	♥ 10 7 2
♦ A 9 3	♦ J 10 2
♣ K 3	♣ J 10 8 5

Bridge news: The round of 64 in the knockout stages of the Vivendi Rosenblum Cup World Championships saw the remaining British teams enjoy mixed fortunes. The Hackett team (Paul, Jason and Justin Hackett, Tony Forrester and David Mossop) won in relative comfort against a Greek team, as did Gus Calderwood (Dick Shek, Neil Rosen & Andrew McIntosh) against another British team led by Peter Goodman. The Armstrong team (John Armstrong, Andrew Dyson, Phil King, Les Steel, John Collings & Martin Jones) had a tougher fight - all square at the three-quarters stage, they ran out winners by 14 IMPs.

In the Louis Vuitton McConnell Cup (the equivalent women's event) the sole British team (Liz McGowan, Heather Dhondy, Paula Leslie & Suzanne Cohen) were in danger when they trailed by 12 IMPs entering the last quarter but then they out-scored their Tunisian opponents heavily to win by 50 IMPs and so enter the round of 16.

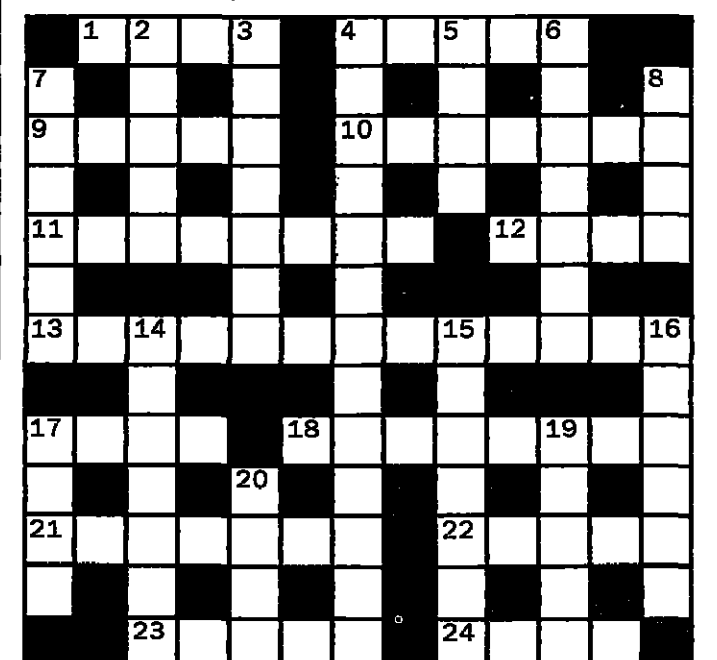
PUZZLE

MAD STREAM
AIM PLASTIC
MOTH LOCKS
OPEN CHANGE
RUBS LESS

Which of those is the odd one out?
(Answer tomorrow)
Friday's answer:
Sausage, egg, chips

CONCISE CROSSWORD

No.3703 Monday 31 August



ACROSS

- Sit for portrait (4)
- Sample (5)
- Defence of being elsewhere (5)
- Screach (7)
- Bombing attacks (3-5)
- At the summit of (4)
- Corrosive chemical (9,4)
- Flavour (4)
- Perfume spray (8)
- French country house (7)
- Mix (5)
- Intoxicated (5)
- Millennium structure (4)

DOWN

- Willow used in basket-making (5)
- Tombstone inscription (7)
- Dumbfounded (13)
- Spirit (4)
- Flexible (7)
- Poster (6)
- File (4)
- Cord for whistle etc (7)
- Temporary sleeping accommodation (4-3)
- Scorn (6)
- Sherwood friar (4)
- Energetic source (5)
- Young man (4)

Solution to last Saturday's Concise Crossword:
ACROSS: 1 Hampers, 5 Sands (Amperands), 8 Ulcer, 9 Carbine, 10 Tail-end, 11 Endure, 13 Eagles, 14 Slicky, 17 Rabbi, 19 Nursery, 22 Dervish, 23 Child, 24 Maybe, 25 Marshal. DOWN: 1 Haulm, 2 Mocking, 3 Eerie, 4 Serrate, 5 Serpent, 6 Nalad, 7 Scenery, 12 Ear-drum, 13 Edifice, 15 Cherish, 16 Anthem, 18 Barry, 20 Recur, 21 Vodel.

SATELLITE AND CABLE

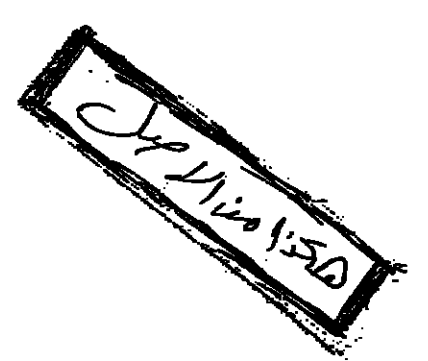
PICK OF THE DAY

BRITISH TENNIS player Greg Rusedski made his name at the US Open (3.30pm Sky Sports 3) last year, when he reached the final against Pat Rafter. He will be

Brits, though, will have to face the traditionally stiff challenge of the reigning Wimbledon champion and local favourite, Pete Sampras. What better way to pass the final bank holiday Monday of the company of Vivien Leigh (Clarke Gable)? And wallow in the glory of one of ever made - and (9pm TNT). JAMES RAMPTON



Sky Movies Screen 1
6.00 Cocoon (1985) (50257), 8.00 Kiss Me Goodbye (1982) (43637783), 9.40 Jane and the Lost City (1987) (6002986), 11.00 Cocoon (1985) (47583883), 1.00 David Copperfield (1977) (38032489), 3.30 Kiss Me Goodbye (1982) (43050580), 4.00 Pirates of Penzance (1938) (6344), 5.00 Outbreak Island (1995) (50533), 6.00 Shes the One (1995) (49050616).



Sky Movies Screen 2
6.00 Cocoon (1985) (50257), 8.00 Kiss Me Goodbye (1982) (43637783), 9.40 Jane and the Lost City (1987) (6002986), 11.00 Cocoon (1985) (47583883), 1.00 David Copperfield (1977) (38032489), 3.30 Kiss Me Goodbye (1982) (43050580), 4.00 Pirates of Penzance (1938) (6344), 5.00 Outbreak Island (1995) (50533), 6.00 Shes the One (1995) (49050616).

Sky Sports 3
12.00 Ford Golf USA - NEC World Series of Golf (5051832), 2.00 Superbikes - Austria Race (5202508), 3.30 Tennis - US Open See Pick of the Day (4317508), 10.00 Sky Sports Classics Cricket: West Indies v England 1994 (3947825), 11.00 Olympic Series Olympic Destines (4457625), 11.30 Close.

Eurosport
7.30 Athletics (56784), 8.30 Cycling (16412), 10.30 Rally (53444), 11.00 NASCAR (50986), 12.00 Football: World Cup Legends (43444), 1.00 Triathlon (70764), 2.00 Tennis (33528), 3.30 Athletics (24219), 5.00 Xtrame Sports (661), 6.00 Four Wheel Drive (708), 6.30 Vio Outdoor Special (4528), 7.00 Xtrame Sports (661), 8.00 Tractor Pulling (35528), 9.00 Strength (15764), 10.00 Football: Eurogoals (83054), 11.30 Boxing (5764), 12.30 Close.

UK Gold
7.00 Crossroads (563702), 7.30 Neighbours (8201257), 7.55 EastEnders (837948), 8.30 The Bill (675508), 9.00 The Bill (655567), 9.30 Bergerac (643750), 10.30 The Sullivan (668073), 11.00 Dallas (494325), 11.55 Neighbours (335062), 12.25 EastEnders (301325), 1.00 All Creatures Great and Small (788783), 2.00 Dallas (607401).

(100948), 2.55 The Bill (671899), 3.25 The Bill (606412), 3.55 Bergerac (218822), 4.55 EastEnders (626677), 5.30 Angels (549677), 6.00 All Creatures Great and Small (787821), 7.00 The Comedy Alternative: Don't Wait Up (7555444), 7.40 The Comedy Alternative: Dads Army (535293), 8.30 The Comedy Alternative: Some Mothers Do 'Ave 'Em (652567), 9.00 Only Fools and Horses (6470219), 10.20 Films Highlander (1986) (56443948), 12.30 The Bill (670468), 1.00 The Bill (728459), 1.30 Chelmsford 123 (4375082), 2.00 Films: North Arizona Skies (467695), 2.50 - 7.00 Shopping at Night (6252637).

Living
6.00 Tiny Living (5836219), 9.00 Special Babies (653618), 9.30 Beyond Belief: Fact or Fiction (776519), 10.00 Diana: a Day in the Life (679948), 10.50 Polonda (4464948), 11.40 Brookside (6314948), 12.40 Jimmy's (5800054), 12.45 Rescue 911 (8429054), 1.15 Ready, Steady, Cook (6076431), 1.50 Can't Cook, Won't Cook (4294529), 2.20 Diana: a Living Issues Special (3649764), 3.20 Diana: a Day in the Life (6773122), 4.30 Tempest (6036702), 5.00 Ready, Steady, Cook (2094035), 5.35 Can't Cook, Won't Cook (3729716), 6.30 Jerry Springer (3830306), 7.00 Diana: a Living Issues Special Update (5842290), 7.30 Rescue 911 (4237687), 7.30 Beyond Belief: Fact or Fiction (251218), 8.00 Murder Call (3067948), 9.00 Diana: Her True Story (6000035), 11.00 The Sex Files (2725561), 12.00 Close.

TNT
9.00 Films: Gone with the Wind (1939) See Pick of the Day (4334788), 1.00 Films: The Last Run (1971) (32182994), 2.45 Films: Beau Brummel (1954) (5994536), 5.00 Close.
Paramount Comedy Channel
7.00 Cooby (2290), 7.30 Roseanne (669), 8.00 Grace under Fire (8238), 8.30 Caroline in the City (6883), 9.00 Spin City (8235), 9.30 Elan (7529), 10.00 Frasier (60899), 10.30 Cheers (48219), 11.00 Duckman (6787), 11.30 In Bed with Medlin (16412), 12.00 Late Night with David Letterman (66739), 1.00 Frasier (7888), 1.30 Cheers (7536), 2.00 Caroline in the City (67849), 2.30 In Bed with Medlin (6887), 3.00 Roseanne (82352), 3.30 Spin City (80555), 4.00 Close.

VISION VARIATIONS

(3738046), 5.00 (62739).
except: 7.00 Joe (5852).
except: 12.45 Twigg's, 1.30 News; Weather, 2.00 Antiques Trail, 2.30 Antiques Trail, 3.00 Antiques Trail, 3.15 Film: A, 3.30 Antiques Trail, 3.45 Film: A, 3.55 Film: A, 4.00 Antiques Trail, 4.15 Film: A, 4.30 Antiques Trail, 4.45 Film: A, 4.55 Film: A, 5.00 Antiques Trail, 5.15 Film: A, 5.30 Antiques Trail, 5.45 Film: A, 5.55 Film: A, 6.00 Antiques Trail, 6.15 Film: A, 6.30 Antiques Trail, 6.45 Film: A, 6.55 Film: A, 7.00 Antiques Trail, 7.15 Film: A, 7.30 Antiques Trail, 7.45 Film: A, 7.55 Film: A, 8.00 Antiques Trail, 8.15 Film: A, 8.30 Antiques Trail, 8.45 Film: A, 8.55 Film: A, 9.00 Antiques Trail, 9.15 Film: A, 9.30 Antiques Trail, 9.45 Film: A, 9.55 Film: A, 10.00 Antiques Trail, 10.15 Film: A, 10.30 Antiques Trail, 10.45 Film: A, 10.55 Film: A, 11.00 Antiques Trail, 11.15 Film: A, 11.30 Antiques Trail, 11.45 Film: A, 11.55 Film: A, 12.00 Antiques Trail, 12.15 Film: A, 12.30 Antiques Trail, 12.45 Film: A, 12.55 Film: A, 1.00 Antiques Trail, 1.15 Film: A, 1.30 Antiques Trail, 1.45 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